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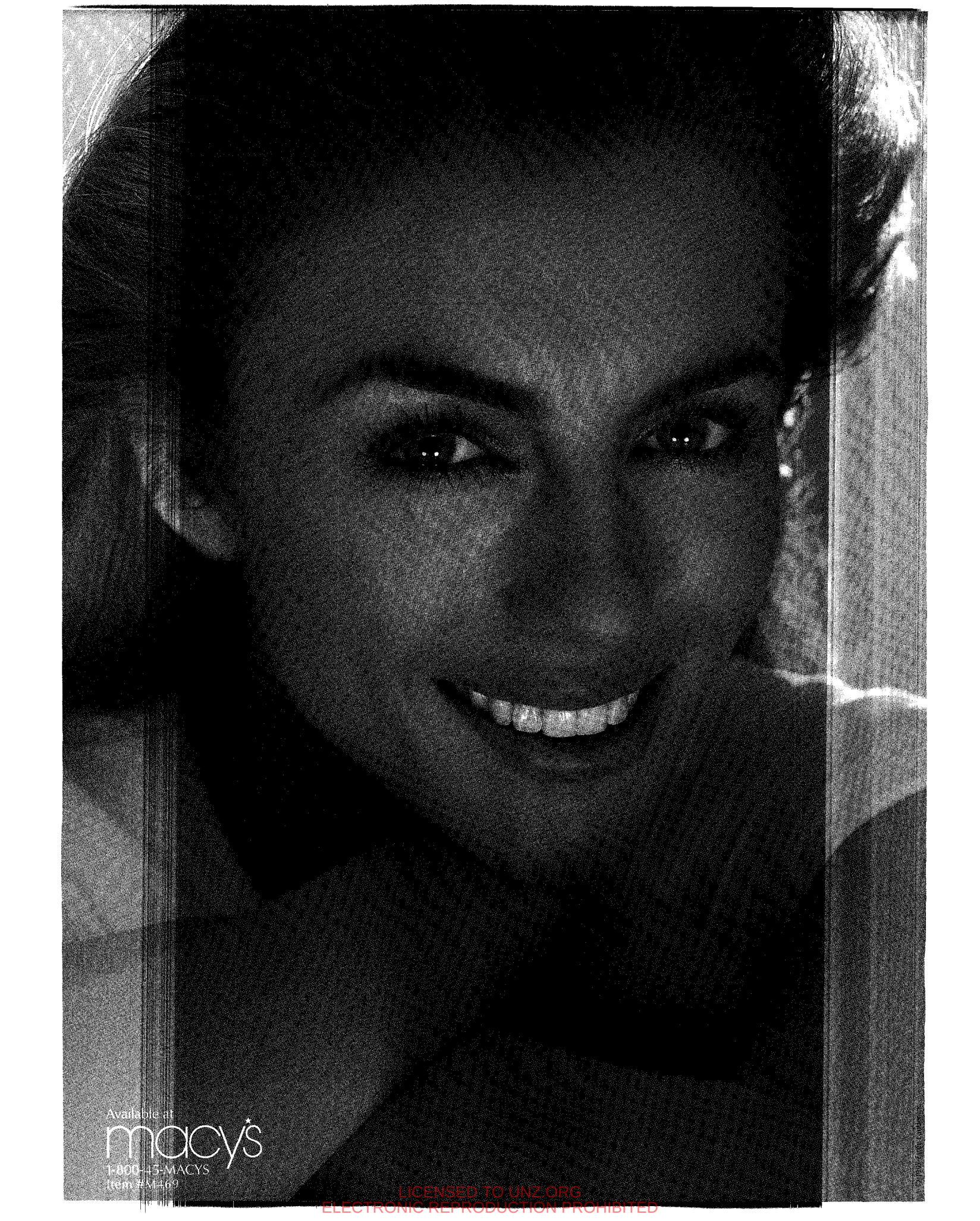
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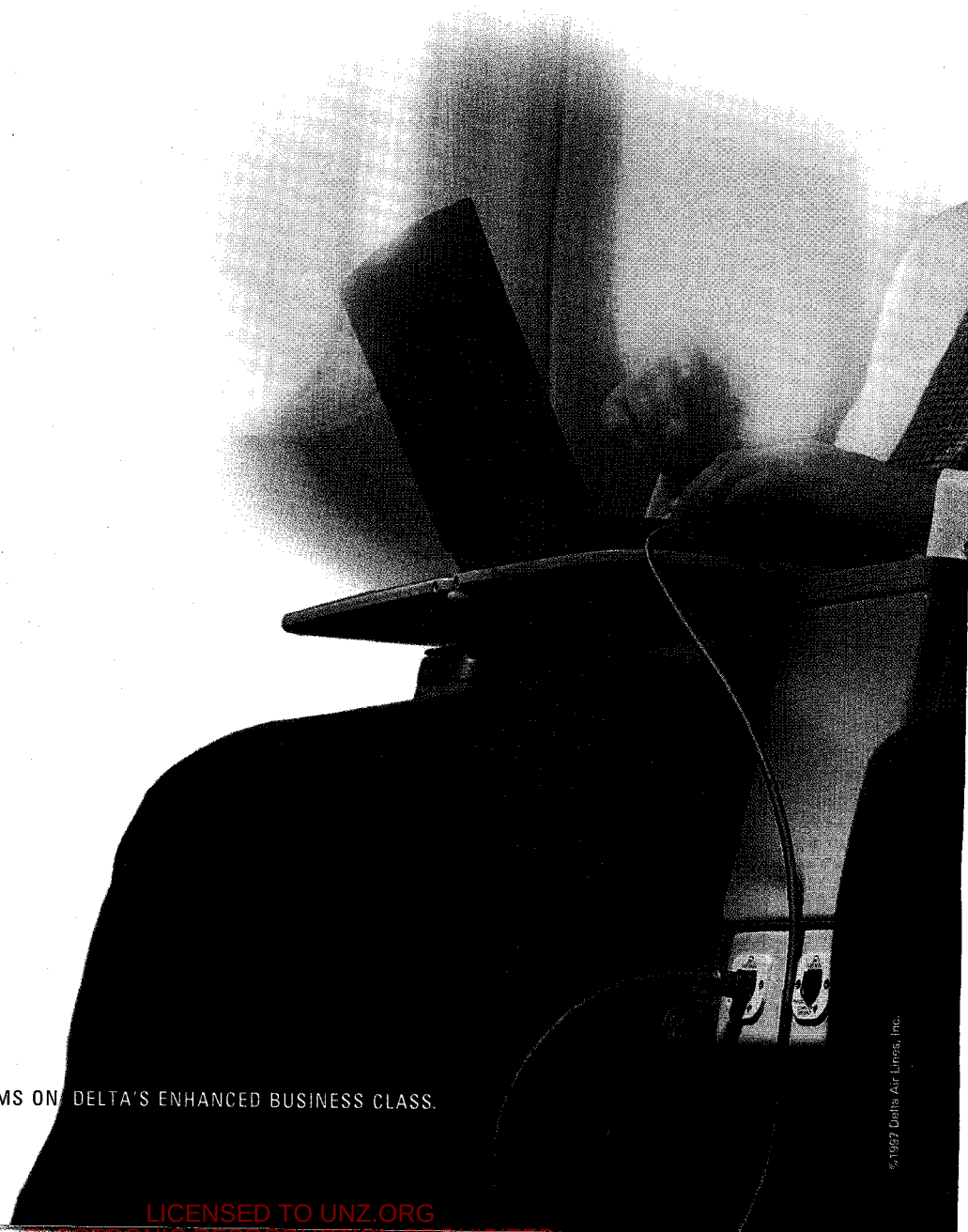
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Summer fun

37 Get Away

Swimsuits on the subway, sand in your sunscreen, the car radio blasting that summer song: a guide to amusement in and around the sweaty town.

Plus: Best Bets for every escape.

38 The City

With even the window boxes wilting, the city can lose its edge. But it gains a curious resortlike appeal. **The Square Deal** by Nancy Jo Sales Pot smokers, dog runners, chess players: the worldview from Washington Square Park. **Here to Stay** by Sarah Bernard and Patricia Falvo A guide to the snacks, swimming, and sports available just off everyone's front stoop. **Plus:** City cemeteries offer repose for the living; and day-tripping on the Bronx version of the Vineyard, minus Carly Simon.

54 The Beach

For numerous New Yorkers, the choice is between certain madness . . . and a swift exit to the shore. **How the Other Half Lives** by Ethan Smith The sometimes uneasy relationship between townies and summer people on the South Fork. **Surf and Turf** A guide to the best area beaches for styling, sunning, and parking. **Plus:** The dawning of the New Age in the Hamptons; sailing without spending in the Sound.

68 The Road

Start your engines. Exploring the area in search of the unknown, unexpected, or merely un-urban. **Roller Coaster Ride** by Ted Cohen From Coney Island's rickety charm to Great Adventure's plastic fantasies, rating the real theme parks. **Tunes in the Trees** by Peter G. Davis Outdoor concerts without amps. **Plus:** Bucking broncos in the Garden State; speed demons on the beaten track.

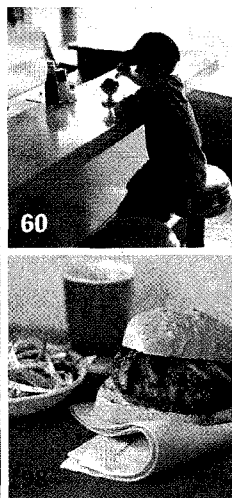
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Jumping for joy: Four members of the Stuyvesant swim team.

89 Head Trips

Heat doesn't have to put your brain on hiatus. And culture isn't necessarily a dish best served cold. **The Other Red Meat** by Gillian Duffy What could be more American than a buffalo burger? **Lapping It Up** by Jade Hobson Charnin Suits for turning flips—and heads. **Plus:** Literate beach reads; summer cinema sans Will Smith (it exists); and Central Park is country country.

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19 Blessing sperm; climbing the walls; spinning the mayoral race

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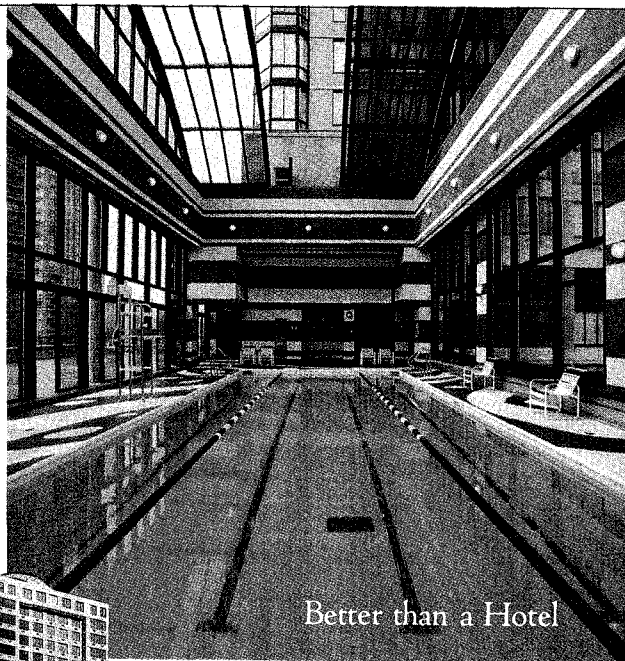
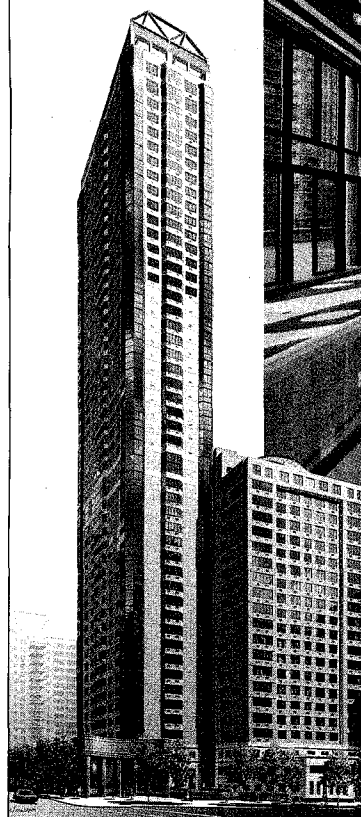
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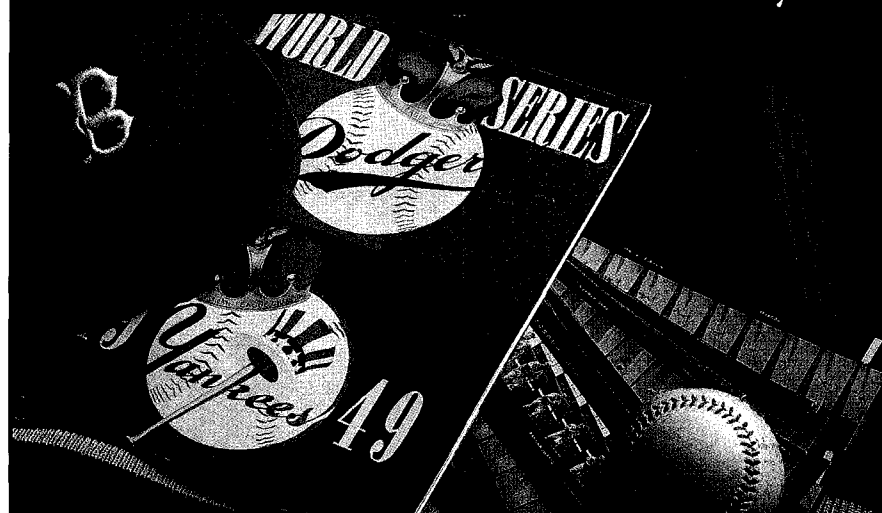
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Competitive Canapés

ONE SENSES A KIND OF HOLLOWNESS about catering from "Night of the Long Knives" [by Meryl Gordon, June 2]. It reeked of the treadmill of profit that catering has become, a world defined by chicken breasts and baby vegetables.

Happily, I remember other dinners: feeding 500 guests boeuf à la ficelle in gleaming copper pans, with salt cellars and fresh horseradish on the table, the winter air laced with the smell of reduced broth. Donald Bruce White set the standard for all that has come since. Sadly, it seems there are no more aromas, just pretensions.

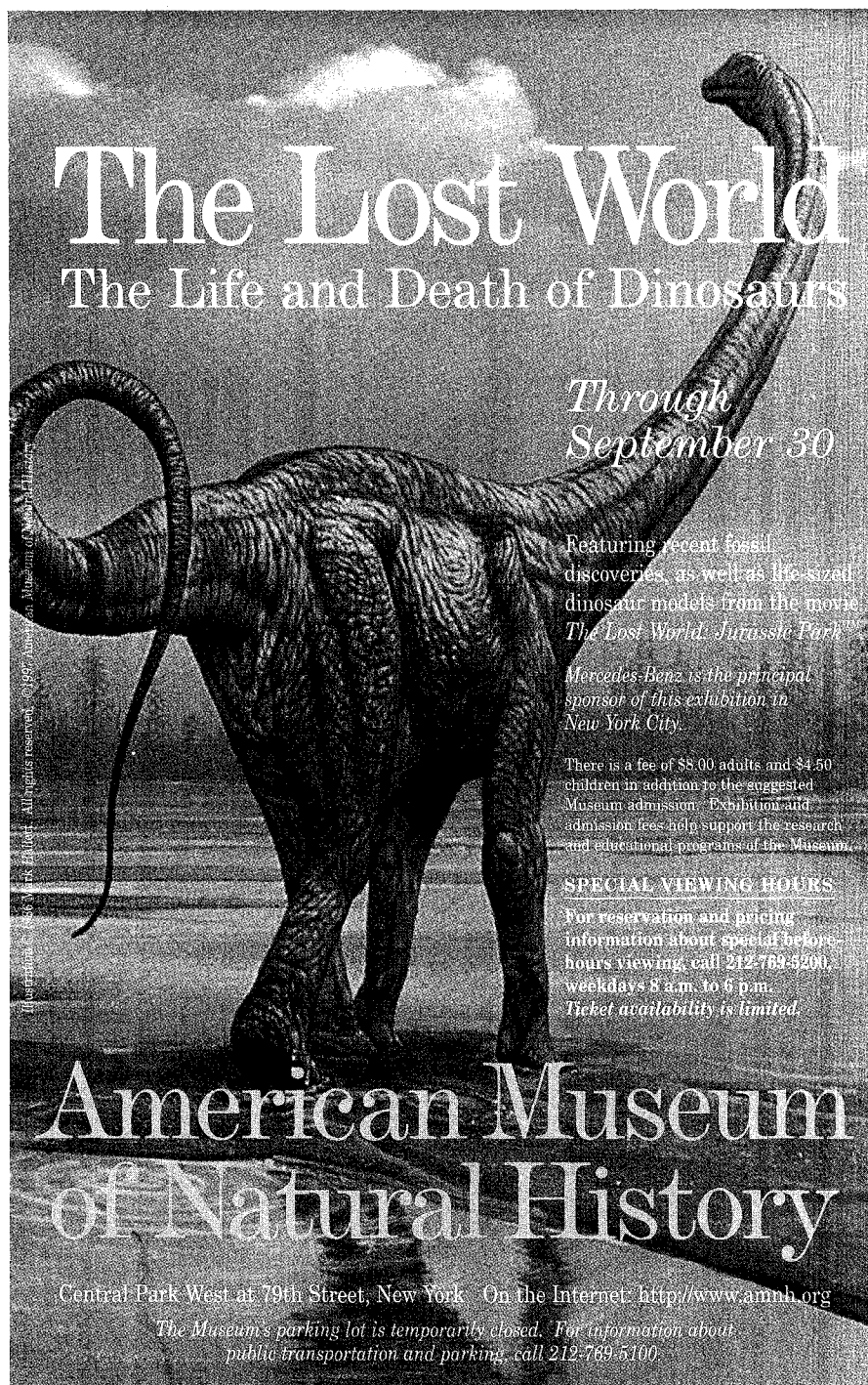
Lauren Stacy Berdy
MANHATTAN

AT LEAST FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, MY HUSBAND, Fred, and his friend and partner, Joseph Punk, had a catering business in New Jersey. Fred and Joe had been famous locally for their lavish dinner parties, and eventually someone suggested they should do this for money. They thought it over for a few martini-laden moments and decided it might be a good idea. And so Chefs de la Maison was born. In the end, the demand on their time became so great that they considered doing it full-time and resigning from their "real" jobs. Regretfully, they decided instead to terminate their catering business.

You state that Glorious Food "is widely credited with having reinvented catering in New York" with, among other things, "such nouvelle luxuries as caviar with new potatoes." We take great pride in being able to tell you that in little (relatively speaking) Toms River, Chefs de la Maison served that very dish many years ago. Little did they know they were the early innovators. Perhaps they should consider going back into the business after all these years. Is New York haute cuisine ready for two guys from the Jersey Shore?

Judy Rose
WASHINGTON, D.C.

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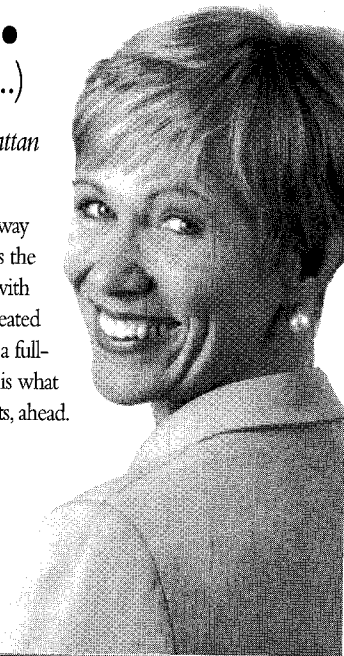
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LETTERS

Innocence Lost

ANNETTE FOGILINO ACCEPTS ON FAITH THE recollections of Sammy Gravano in *Underboss* as though they were the Gospel rather than the memoirs of the confessed murderer of nineteen people ["Don't Call Me Princess," June 2]. Abandoning the objectivity of a journalist, Ms. Foglino embraces the tactics of a gossip columnist, repeating Mr. Gravano's ramblings with conviction and disparaging the daughters of his victims as "Mafia princesses."

What she forgets is that Mr. Gravano has a distinct advantage over those he accuses of crimes—the dead don't talk back, don't write books, and can't defend themselves. Since my father's voice has been silenced forever, I'd like to set the record straight. Louis Milito was *not a convicted murderer*. Sammy Gravano *was*, and seeks to profit from his crime.

Deena Milito-Conelli
STATEN ISLAND

Annette Foglino responds: I'm sorry to hear Milito-Conelli criticize my reporting, since she and some of the other women in the story refused to be interviewed after our initial meeting, and did not return my phone calls. Despite this, I did my best to be fair and compassionate.

The Peanut Gallery

BERNARD GERSTEN'S STATED PHILOSOPHY about theater production in Rebecca Mead's June 2 "Broadway Without Flops?"—"The correct assumption anytime you produce a work is that it will fail"—goes a long way to explaining two of the recent disastrous shows mounted by his Lincoln Center Theater. Did anyone even consider what it would be like to sit through one of these shows? Perhaps a more honest philosophy would be "The audience be damned!" And while I'm no great fan of the megamusical, at least theater impresario Garth Drabinsky's audience gets some bang for its buck and can usually count on leaving the theater humming, not cursing.

Eric Marcus
MANHATTAN

Downtown Diamonds

ON MANHATTAN ISLAND, HARD BY THE World Trade Center, the boys (and girls) of summer play baseball with passion: It's a small town in the shadow of the skyscrapers ["Baby Bombers," by Chris Smith, June 2]. Only five

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years old, the Downtown Little League does not have a clubhouse, and its lush green field is only on loan from the Battery Park City Authority, soon to be ringed by other tall buildings as Battery Park development progresses. But last year the DLL proudly hosted the state finals, and this year the league has fielded ten T-Ball, ten Junior Minor, eight Minor League, six Major League, and two softball teams for downtown Manhattan kids passionate about running, hitting, throwing, and being part of the *team*.

If you wander past the West Side Highway and Chambers Street on weekends, you'll see a steady stream of all-size baseball uniforms running in and out. If you hang around the fields, you'll hear the kids ask the coaches "When do we practice?" as often as "What was the score?" DLL Minor Leaguer Zeke Tell hit a home run the second week of play (estimated at 150 feet) and took the ball to school for show-and-tell as "The Most Exciting Thing That Ever Happened to Me."

Barbara Fultz
MANHATTAN

Storm-Trooper Seats

I FOUND THE REFERENCE TO THE AERON chair in "Home Alone" [March 24] as "Darth Vader's ergonomic chair" quite amusing, since the conference room at Lucasfilm's THX division in San Rafael has a couple of dozen Aeron chairs. They are green and black rather than all black, though. The décor at Skywalker Ranch is classic, not modern. Darth will just have to stick to San Rafael.

Jim Millick
MANHATTAN

Out of the Race

IN THE MAY 26 "CUE: MOVIES" ESSAY, what exactly is meant by the phrase "Ryan and Broderick are hopelessly white"? Is this anything like hopelessly black, hopelessly Asian, or hopelessly Jewish? This little blonde girl, for one, is starting to get tired of being made to feel guilty for her white skin.

Leslie Janik
MANHATTAN

Corrections In last week's "Best Bets" section, the telephone number listed for Febres was incorrect. The correct number is 980-0022. In the June 2 "Sales and Bargains" column, the end date of a sale at Couture Cafe was listed as June 30. In fact, the sale ended May 30. ■

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JUNE 23-30, 1997 NEW YORK 13

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A black and white photograph of a man wearing a dark fur hat and a dark jacket. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background is blurred, showing other people in a crowd.

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INTELLIGENCER

NINFA SEGARRA'S PERSONAL RENT WAR

City Hall salaries may not be lavish, but one well-known staff member seems to be having a hard time just making the rent. Deputy mayor **Ninfa Segarra** is being hauled into small-claims court for back rent on the Riverdale apartment she shared with longtime love **Larry Allison**. When Segarra left Allison in December after ten years with him, her name remained on the property's lease, thereby making her responsible for half the rent until the lease expired or other tenants rented the apartment. By the time the apartment was rented in March, Segarra still hadn't paid her share for the previous two months, provoking the landlord to file a claim

WILL GO-GO BE GONE-GONE ON MAD AVE.?

Rumors of impending financial troubles have been circling around art dealer **Larry Gagosian** for years. Now comes the court case: On June 6, Polo Ralph Lauren filed suit to evict Gagosian Gallery from 980 Madison Avenue. At issue is \$723,089.64 in back rent, along with interest, costs, and attorney's fees. According to the complaint, Polo Ralph Lauren sublet the space in 1988 to Gagosian, whose rent by mid-1996 was \$130,905.83 a month, although that was reduced to \$84,592.25 last month. He first fell behind in May 1996, with an unpaid balance of \$9,828.80 for the month—and the same amount remained unpaid every month through the end of the year, according to court documents. By January 1997, the documents indicate, he had stopped paying rent altogether. "Larry stopped paying rent because of a legitimate dispute about the state of the roof," says Gagosian's publicist, **Nadine Johnson**. "And the back rent is in escrow." "We don't comment on legal matters," says a spokesman for Polo Ralph Lauren.

for \$1,600. "The matter has been settled to the mutual satisfaction of myself and my landlord," claims Segarra. "Well, I haven't received a check from her since Decem-

ber," responds the landlord, who declined to comment further. The Bronx small-claims court confirms that a hearing is still set for September.

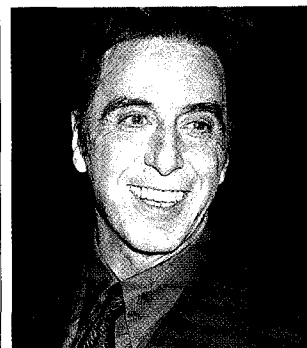
FIONA APPLE: ROTTEN TO THE CORPS

If *Entertainment Weekly's* cover shoot for the all-female music tour Lilith Fair last Monday was any indication of things to come, **Joan Osborne**, **Sheryl Crow**, and **Sarah McLachlan** really have their hands full with **Fiona Apple**. "I don't know what was troubling her, but she was emotionally distressed and acting like a brat," reports one observer. According to another source on the set at Pier 59, the 19-year-old British chanteuse locked herself in a bathroom during the shoot, screaming and crying and refusing to emerge. After she eventually did turn up, an elaborate set of a bed was constructed for the final cover shots. Apple suddenly announced she wouldn't be sticking around. After frantic coddling and coaxing, she finally agreed to sit, but just for one roll. "All the other girls were nice and professional. **Sarah McLachlan** tried to talk to her and help her, but she just had a horrible attitude," says the source. But according to a spokeswoman for Apple, "Everything was absolutely fine. There were no problems at all."

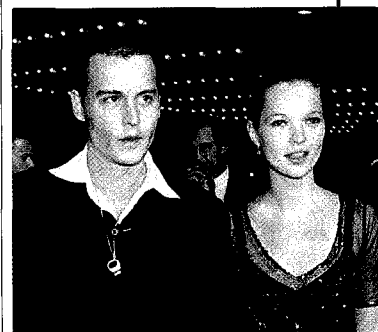


JOHNNY DEPP: LIKE A ROLLING STONE

It looks like that coolest of couples, **Johnny Depp** and **Kate Moss**, may have gone the way of Calvin and Kelly. According to fashion-world insiders, Kate has told friends that she called it quits with the hot-tempered heartthrob last week because they were having too many fights. Says the source, "They've had small separations before, but this was a major breakup. It looks like she'll still show up at his premieres and events—the plan is to try and stay friends." Depp's spokesperson didn't return calls; Moss's publicist declined to comment on his client's personal life. It's a good thing Depp didn't get a KATE FOREVER tattoo.



Al Pacino:
The right material?



Johnny Depp and Kate Moss:
21 Dump Street

PACINO: AN OFFER HE COULD REFUSE

Tim Ouellette and **Bob Watman**, partners in Polly Esther's, just found out how tough showbiz can be. When their seventies disco was picked as a location for **Al Pacino's** new movie *Chinese Coffee*, fans Ouellette and Watman turned over the space gratis and cut short a trip to London, shelling out an extra \$1,400 (in lost theater tickets and new plane tickets) to be home in time for the film crew on June 10. "Obviously, we changed our plans to meet theirs," says Ouellette. Except that the film crew's plans changed again, and no one told Ouellette. No one



Curtis Sliwa:
Tele-angelic



Judith Regan:
Second act

showed on June 10; they never even called. "It was just a scheduling change," explains a film spokesman. When the location manager asked whether they could come back this week, Ouellette laid down some conditions: He wants either a \$1,400 check or a personal apology from Al, who's still a personal hero of Ouellette's. "I'm sure he's not even aware of what's going on," Ouellette insists.

THE FLYING DOCTOR; THE PICKUP ARTIST

A FRESH START: Word around Sag Harbor is that **Nancy Richardson** is buying a home in the area. Flush from divorcing financier **Frank Richardson**, Nancy is said to have paid around \$1.25 million for a stately 1860s cap-

FOR SLIWA, CRIME PAYS

Guardian Angels head **Curtis Sliwa** may be able to buy his volunteers some new berets soon. Since the production company Abrams/Gentile Entertainment announced plans for a syndicated Guardian Angels drama for fall 1998 ("I play someone like the **John Forsythe** character in *Charlie's Angels*," explains Sliwa), interest in another Sliwa project called *Crime Time* has started to heat up. Sliwa, who's hosted a talk-radio show for the past six years, is now developing a weekly crime-update program for television. Based on the radio show, *Crime Time* will feature, among other things, "wheel of scams," "best cop of the week," and "criminal justice outrage of the week" segments. The show will also benefit from what Sliwa calls an "international cadre of Guardian Angels from Tokyo to Moscow" who will report from crime scenes. The red beret credits the Abrams/Gentile deal for suddenly making *Crime Time* possible. "Before, it was like flies in the Kalahari Desert; now it's like elephants making love in the tall grass," he says cryptically. "I'm getting all these interested calls from the same zhubs who a year ago told me this show would never work." No word on whether the MTA will be tuning in.

tain's house, which sources say the former *House & Garden* contributor is planning to restore. "She liked Sag Harbor when we were going out," reports the writer **Michael Thomas**, Nancy's former beau. "It's ironic—and terrific—that she ends up about five minutes from me."

RON'S MEDICINE MAN: It turns out that when **Ron Perelman** travels, he not only takes his own Gulfstream but also brings along a private physician, just in case. Last week, New York's richest man took off for Europe with his pal the director **Penny Marshall**—and **Dr. Robert Krasner**. A rear admiral, Krasner was Congress's attending physician until Perelman lured him away to be Revlon's staff doc in 1994. Perelman pals get the congressional treatment, too—when **Rosie O'Donnell** got sick just before her appearance at the recent Fresh Air Fund gala, Perelman sent Krasner to treat Rosie. She got better and the show went on.

ROLL IN THE GAY: The ever-expanding arena of women writing on the subject of sex has ranged from raunchy to intellectual types, but the

author who wrote the June 12-19 *Time Out New York* article "Wham, Bam, Thank You Sir" presents a whole new twist. **Cathay Che**, who offers women a guide to one-night stands with members of the opposite sex, turns out to have had more relationships with women than with men.



Ron Perelman:
Hermetically healed

She hosted a gay-oriented entertainment cable show called *Party Talk* and was the membership director of GLAAD (Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation). Says an amused Che, "I'm one of the **Anne Heches** of the world. I'm very proud of my relationships with women, but I'm technically bisexual. I'm not in a relationship now, so I'm having casual sex, and it's easier to have casual sex with men than women."

Additional reporting: Kate Coyne.

JUDITH REGAN—BOOK HER

Is **Judith Regan** seeking fame and glamour beyond the literary world? The HarperCollins editor has landed a cameo in the new **Danny Devito** film, formerly titled *The Kiss* (but likely to be renamed because of the Kathryn Harrison incest memoir of the same name). Regan plays the inhabitant of a swanky New York City apartment who's annoyed when the night manager-elevator operator, played by Devito, takes a lengthy break (look for Regan's ad-lib: "God, I could've written the great American novel by now"). Although Regan is the editing mind behind the masterpieces of megacelebrities **Howard Stern** and **Rush Limbaugh**, it wasn't her publishing connections that landed her in the film. Turns out Regan is the neighbor of **Richard LaGravenese**, the film's writer and director, and the namesake of the film's lead character, Judith. Regan now has a photo of her screen husband on her desk. "He's so much cuter than my real husband, who I've been trying to divorce," says Regan, who was enthralled by life on the set. "I got my own dressing room, and people were running around with walkie-talkies. I wish my own office ran that well." Regan says she was happy to play the role, although it ran a bit against type: "He has me yelling at the doorman, and in reality, my doormen are loyal, brave, and true—in fact, there are one or two I wouldn't mind marrying."

Imagine dying
without ever having said,
“shaken, not stirred.”

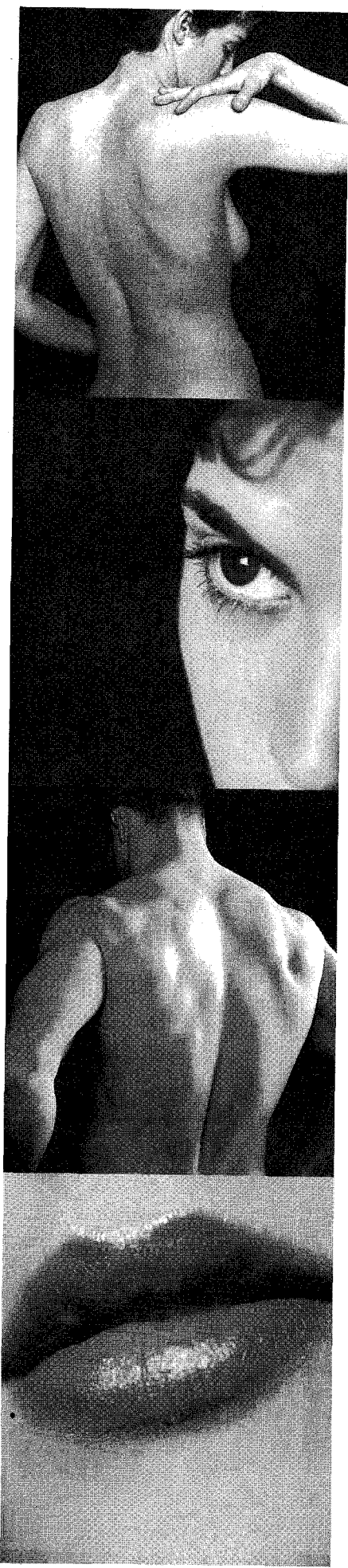
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GOTTHAM



In New York people don't go to the theater, they go to see hits—Louis Jourdan

Broadway

ANOTHER SINGULAR SENSATION: CATS PLAYS ONE FOR THE BOOKS

ON THURSDAY, JUNE 19, *CATS* will have its 6,138th performance, thereby outdistancing *A Chorus Line* as the longest-running show in Broadway history and making the tag line "Now and Forever" seem an ever-more-viable threat. Is there some supernatural significance to this figure—the numerologically disguised shoe size of Andrew Lloyd Webber, perhaps? Or T. S. Eliot's favorite Bible chapter and verse? We asked Cheryl Lee Terry, a syndicated expert in these matters for *Elle* magazine and the *New York Post*, to weigh in.

At first, she hesitated.

"Um," she said, examining the title of the show and its Broadway birth date, October 7, 1982. "This play doesn't have terribly creative numbers, no offense. I should start by telling you that." She reviewed the numbers a second time. "But I tell you, if this were a *person's* chart, I'd say that this person is very successful in business." *Cats*, the numerologist explained, has the same destiny number—that's the rough equivalent of an astrological sign—as two men who set out to rule the world: Napoleon and Rupert Murdoch. The show

has pretty much done the same thing, so far spawning 42 productions worldwide and grossing \$2.5 billion—that's not a misprint—at the box office.

"And it has an eight as a pinnacle number," Terry added. Pinnacle numbers are different from destiny numbers. Pinnacle numbers are indicators of success. "More millionaires are eights than any other number. John Paul Getty was an eight."

She considered the number, 6,138, which, numerologically speaking, is somehow a nine. She couldn't say whether this is conclusive proof that cats have nine lives. "But there are nine years in a numerology cycle," Terry said. "So this performance is like the end of one cycle and the beginning of another."

Which could mean, one supposes, that there's plenty of life in the old show yet.

Terry confirmed as much after running another set of cal-

culations: four more years.

Too bad the same could not be said of the playwright. "Is there any connection between this performance and T. S. Eliot?" she said, repeating our question. "No. T. S. Eliot is dead."

And what of the composer? Terry crunched a few more figures and announced that Lord Lloyd Webber was born under a "master number," a distinction held by the most creative people on the planet. For his next trick, she predicted, he'll aim for something a little higher than dancing felines named Tumblebrutus and Bombalurina.

"When he did this, he knew that *Cats* was going to be a commercial vehicle for him," she said. (*The Phantom of the Opera* hasn't done half badly, either.) "But the next thing he does will not be such a commercial venture."

Then she paused for a moment. "I almost want to say that the next thing he does will be a work of art."

JENNIFER SENIOR

Street

A POSTMODERN MOONDOG'S MUSIC FOR VILLAGE PEOPLE

BRADFORD REED IS ACCUSTOMED TO THE puzzlement in the faces of people who stop to watch him perform on the sidewalks of the Village. This is because he plays the pencilina, an instrument conceived, designed, and built by himself that bears no resemblance in appearance, sound, or function to any other. There's only one pencilina, and only one person who plays it, and that's Bradford Reed.

He's a slight, wiry 28-year-old man who could be considered a maestro of unsung instruments. His steady job is playing electric zither for Blue Man Group in *Tubes*, at the Astor Place Theatre. Reed has dark hair and dark eyes, and in repose he has an aspect of thoughtful and casual agreeability. But when he's playing the pencilina, the word to describe him is *intense*.

"When I was 14, I really wanted a guitar, but I didn't have any money, so I just built one out of a pine fence post," Reed says. "I had a drum set, so I used

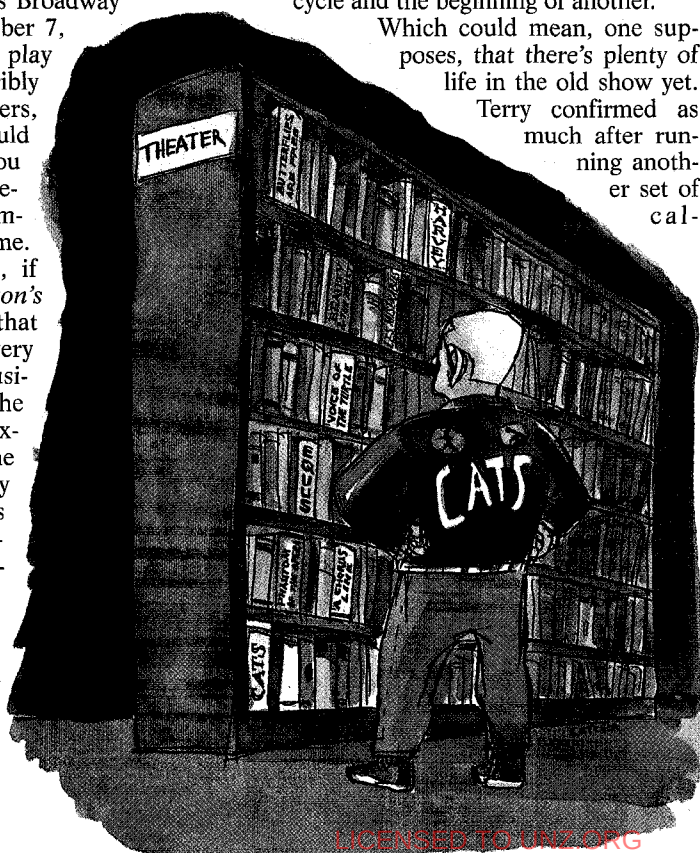


Illustration by Ben Katchor.

to put the guitar on my set and hit it with stuff." He begins setting up his invention, which has two parallel wooden necks, one fitted with six guitar strings and the other with four bass strings, each bearing an electronic pickup of uncertain vintage.

Reed sets the pencilina—which is solid-looking and heavy and at first glance resembles a slightly truncated version of the business part of a NordicTrack—on top of a collapsible metal stand and sits down facing it, using his amplifier as a seat.

"I built this one about six years ago in Philadelphia," he says, striking the strings with sticks. At first, he says, he hammered the strings with pencils, but now his method involves plucking them with his fingers, scraping them with a violin bow, beating out a rhythm on the edge of the wooden necks, and striking any of four bells attached to the neck closest to him. All the while, he is constantly adjusting the tuning keys



Making a point: Bradford Reed playing his pencilina in the Village.

and sliding a drumstick and a metal bar fitted through the strings up and down the necks to modify the pitch. The result is a kind of hybrid percussive string sound with a droning bass undercurrent punctuated by sharp metallic tones in a rapid, syncopated beat, interspersed with occasional Hendrix-style trills of squeaking and feedback.

The unusual sounds, and the frenetic sight he presents, hammering away at his arcane instrument, draw the attention of people strolling on Astor Place. Before long, Reed is surrounded by a sizable crowd, some nodding their heads and tapping their feet, others gazing on in bemusement. After several minutes, Reed pauses and lights a cigarette as the people around him applaud. A thin, goateed man in a beret, accompanied by a young woman with startlingly pink hair, picks up one of Reed's self-released CDs. "Ten dollars," Reed says, "and if you don't like it you can send it back to me."

"You got change of a twenty?" the guy asks. As Reed searches his pockets, a man with a shaved head, wearing a pair of wraparound reflector shades, leans toward him. "That was deeply weird," he says. "Thanks. I liked it a lot."

COLIN MOYNIHAN

Society

A NEW SERVICE YOU WON'T FIND UPSTAIRS AT ZABAR'S

TIME WAS, WHEN MOST PEOPLE THOUGHT *kosher*, they thought bagels, lox, blintzes, and Hebrew National hot dogs. With the kosher industry doing a booming \$37 billion-a-year business, national brands from Godiva chocolate to Lay's potato chips are finding it in their interest to get rabbinic approval for their products.

But the latest trend in kosher living won't be spotted in any deli or supermarket. This month, the Upper West Side will become home to the world's first kosher in vitro fertilization clinic when the Brandeis Center—a facility best known for an upscale clientele that often includes media personalities and Hollywood celebrities—opens a division under strict Orthodox supervision.

Observant Jews have sought treatment at fertilization clinics for years. One that offers rabbinic supervision will allow couples to avail themselves of advanced technology without transgressing religious law or breaking cultural taboos, says Moshe Heinemann, a rabbi whose Baltimore-based company, Star-K Kosher Certification, will oversee the Brandeis Center.

"Infertility is one of the

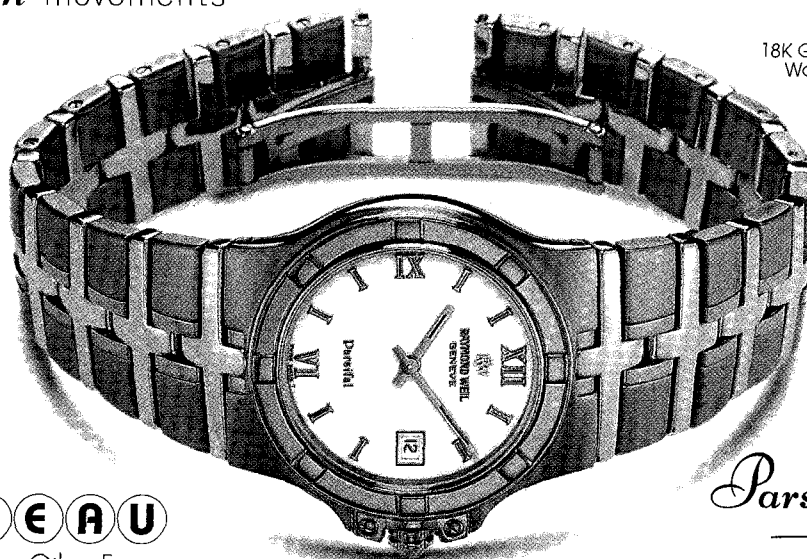
SHOT



East 81st Street near Madison Avenue, 6:30 P.M., June 10, photographed by Greg Miller.



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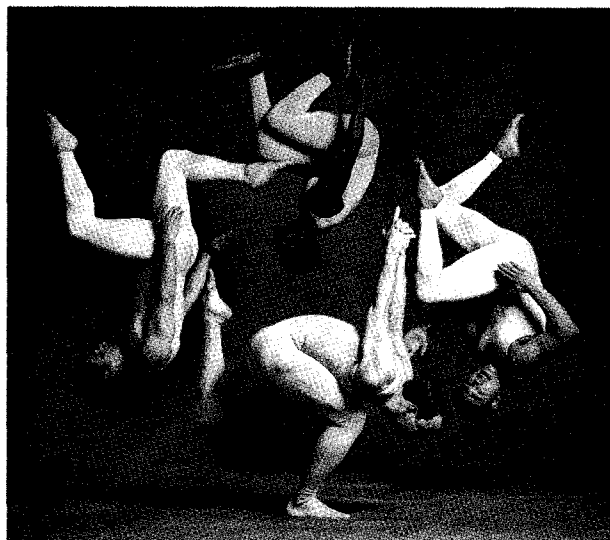
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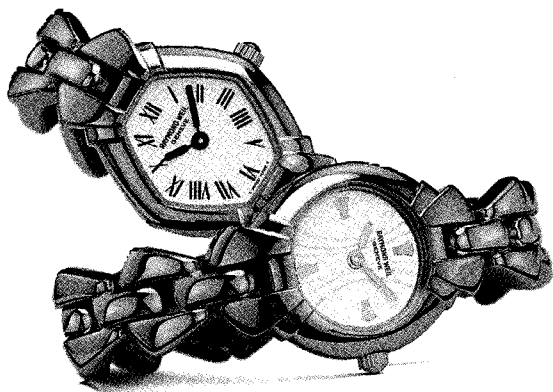
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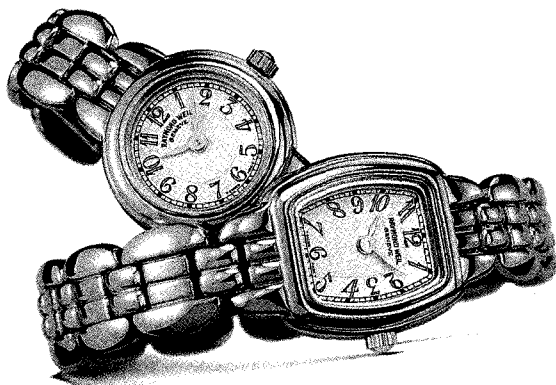
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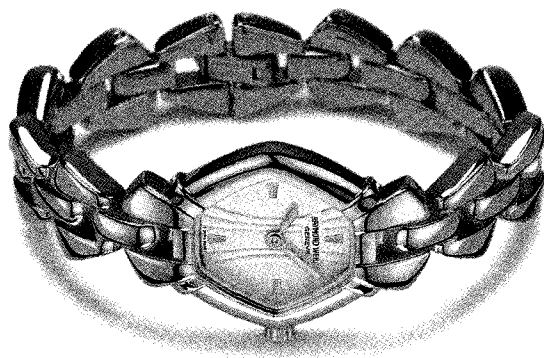
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SAKS
FIFTH AVENUE

Dangling Conversations

GOTHAM

hardest struggles any couple will endure," says the clinic's founder and director, Dr. Vincent Brandeis. "Of the utmost concern is that each couple be treated with compassion and dignity. That means seeing each patient with all of their dimensions, religious and philosophical included."

Nontraditional methods for conceiving present specific challenges to observant Jews. While masturbation is the standard method at most clinics for gathering semen, for example, at Brandeis it's a last resort for religious Jews, who frown upon the practice. At Brandeis, a couple has the option to try "postcoital collection," a technique that involves using a syringe to extract semen within an hour after intercourse.

Brandeis has been treating Orthodox Jews for years and found that their sexual habits and customs make the focus of their treatments different from those of society at large, something, he says, other fertility specialists may not be aware of. With the in vitro process usually taking several days, Sabbath-observing Jews often face problems. But Brandeis's clinic does the majority of its work in-house and can therefore alter its schedules for patients more easily.

At the clinic, semen samples will be supervised from the time the specimen is given to the clinic until the moment it is mixed with ova. Indeed, Star-K's approval was contingent upon the hiring of independent supervisors, *mashgichim*, who are both trained in lab procedure and versed in applicable Jewish law. The supervisors, all women, must sign, date, and seal every gamete sample. And they alone will have access to the incubator where the samples are stored.

Recognizing that nontraditional conception is a minefield where religious law is concerned, the National Council of Young Israel, an international synagogue group; the San Francisco-based Institute for Jewish Medical Ethics; and Star-K, in conjunction with the Brandeis Center, convened some 200 rabbis, chaplains, and counselors from across the country at the Mark hotel in May. Among the ethical issues raised during the five-hour seminar, said Rabbi Pesach Lerner of Young Israel, were the permissibility of fetal reproduction where several fetuses are aborted so that one might survive; how to—or even whether one may—dispose of excess eggs fertilized in vitro; and whether unmarried Orthodox women may be inseminated.

Does Brandeis, who runs four clinics in New York and New Jersey, plan to open a chain of kosher fertilization clinics? "That's unlikely," he says.

BINYAMIN L. JOLKOVSKY

It's not a male-bashing thing," Kathy Harris says, slipping on harness and shoes and talking about the Rock Goddesses. The name may conjure images of an alt-music band, but the Goddesses are in fact a women's club riding one of the city's most popular trends: rock climbing. To people who associate the sport with overdeveloped guys loaded down with arcane gear, these women will come as a surprise. The Goddesses—actually the local chapter of Sheclimbs, a national not-for-profit group—are dedicated to building the confidence of women climbers and breaking what Harris calls the "locker-room mentality" of a predominantly male sport.

Tonight Harris, a charismatic doctoral student and one of the group's founders, has gathered ten Goddesses of varying ages at the ExtraVertical Climbing Center, in the Harmony Atrium on West 62nd Street near Lincoln Center. It's ladies' night, and the first organizational meeting of summer. Even before attendance is taken, Goddesses are eagerly scaling the faux-rock walls, some continuing for two hours. When they do come down, they talk about things like an upcoming potluck dinner, a new video on climbing technique, and a national climbing seminar. Soon, they're dangling again.

Formed last September by Harris and New Jersey coordinator Vicki Schwartz, the Rock Goddesses are the latest evidence of an evolving local subculture as dependent on socializing as a climber is on her belayer. Striking up conversations at athletic-equipment stores and on Central Park boulders, climbers hook up with a network that helps them locate climbing partners and car rides to real cliffs upstate. And parties. It's probably no coincidence that many of the climbing fêtes occur on rooftops or decks with sweeping views of the city's man-made canyons and peaks.

The Goddesses' biggest challenge has been convincing women that rock climbing has less to do with brute strength than with a confident sense of balance. The sport favors those with experience as dancers or gymnasts, because so much precise footwork is involved. Harris recruits climbers via the Internet or by word of mouth, in a community that often shares secrets about favorite places to climb, many of them illegal or hard-to-find spots overlooking the Hudson and upstate. Harris says it should be easier to recruit now that the climbing trend's gaining, you

know, a toehold in the city. The City Climbers Club now boasts about 1,700 members, around 300 of them active. And there are more sanctioned places to climb in the city than ever before: The ExtraVertical wall is the seventh to go up here in the past eight years, joining walls at Reebok Sports Club, Chelsea Piers, Manhattan Plaza, Crunch, Central Park's North Meadow, and the first wall in the West 59th Street Recreation Center.

"Women are hard to convince that it's not really about how strong you are," says 23-year-old Craig Friis, who's been climbing for a decade, often with girlfriends. "It's a sport men and women can do equally well."



Heather Palmer, Goddess, at ExtraVertical.

"All I saw were men when I went the first times, and to see women out there is inspiring," says Veronica Ebu Isaac, 25, a sales rep from New Jersey and only a third-time climber. Tonight, she's hesitant to go up, perhaps inhibited by the rush-hour voyeurs crowding ExtraVertical's entrance, the sheer height of the wall, or the almost surreal contrast of simulated alpine setting and honking Broadway traffic.

But the group reassures her, and Harris promises to be her rope-holding backup. "One important thing is that you have to trust them," Ebu Isaac says, gingerly beginning her ascent, "because you're putting your life in their hands."

C. J. HUGHES

Scene

YOUR LIFE IN THREE MINUTES: IT COULD BE VERSE

INSIDE SOHO'S JET LOUNGE ON A RAINY Friday evening, a swarm of publicists and journalists mingle to roast Jeane MacIntosh, a gossip columnist for the *Post*'s "Page Six" who's about to go on leave. Outside, Melissa Levis has just sprinted down Spring Street in a red-flowered tank dress. One look at her acoustic guitar and the bouncer refuses to unhook the velvet ropes. "I can't believe this," Levis says. "I'm not on the list?"

She is in fact the entertainment. The 27-year-old aspiring folk-rock singer-songwriter has built a following—and a



Your song: Singer-songwriter Melissa Levis at Jet Lounge.

lucrative business—as a kind of high-society singing telegram. To Levis, the appeal of her service is obvious: "What are they going to get them, another cashmere sweater? Another pair of silk boxers at Sulka?"

Her aunt, playwright Wendy Wasserstein, gushes, "She's lively and a lot of

fun and a totally great person." And Levis doesn't come cheap: For \$1,000 to \$2,500, She compresses the honoree's life and career into a three-minute song. She has serenaded Jonathan Tisch aboard the *QE2* ("In his white socks and Armani lapels / He knows everyone's name at his fourteen hotels"), and needled Jesse

Helms on behalf of the Women's Campaign Fund ("It's clear we need women to lead us / To keep Jesse Helms away from our fetus").

"Toasts are *hard* for people," she explains.

At Jet, Levis navigates the tiptling crowd illuminated by colored lights and reflections from the shards of mir-

FIELD MEMO

Agents Provocateurs

The past month has witnessed some of the nastiest political discourse in recent memory, but the worst of it has not come from Ruth Messinger or Rudy Giuliani. It's emanated from their proxies, Lee Jones and Fran Reiter, engaged in an epic war of political spin. While it has often been an awesome spectacle to watch two masters of the craft go at one another, their clashes have begun to spin out of control. When I ask if he admires Reiter, Jones pauses. "Let me put it this way," says Messinger's communications director. "I admire the good work a pit bull does in protecting a drug dealer from getting caught, but I think the drug dealer is still poison and a despicable human being. Fran's job is to bark as loud as she can, to intimidate people and to scare people, and I guess she does that pretty well."

It isn't common for a campaign aide to compare an opposing candidate, much less the mayor of New York, to a drug dealer, but it's only a degree nastier than what came before it. Two weeks ago, the mayor remarked that Messinger's campaign could take a few tips from its audio and video surveillance of Giuliani events. "On what?" Jones retorted. "How to gain weight? How to lie?" If Jones sounds passionate about the mayor, he is. Having served as David Dinkins's press secretary, he now says he's returned to do battle after watching the mayor decimate the careers and reputations of good people for political reasons.

"They really believe they can govern this city by making up their own rules," Jones says, "and anyone who doesn't subscribe, they can humiliate them, they can investigate them, they can disgrace them. I've never seen people play hardball the way they do. They'll do anything to destroy people." The names he cites—former schools chancellor Ramon Cortines and former police commissioner William Bratton—are familiar.

Jones was a popular press secretary, widely known for a quick wit and a literate mind. But his jibes at the mayor have given his opponents an arsenal of ammunition to use against him. "He's doing a terrible job for her," the mayor's cam-

paign manager says of Jones. Does Reiter think Messinger should fire him? "Absolutely."

But Jones insists his counterpart is playing as rough as he is. After Messinger filed a complaint with the police about a Giuliani campaign photographer snooping around her offices, the *Post* quoted Reiter saying, "I think she's lost her mind." Al Sharpton sued Reiter for slander after she accused him of starting riots. She says she's avoided personal attacks—despite a relentless campaign tarring Messinger as a liberal extremist. And Reiter has been a constant and unnerving presence at Democratic

events this season, telling reporters after one debate, "I think Ruth is running away from her past."

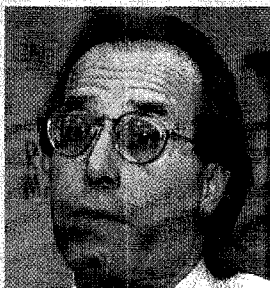
"They are attempting to demonize a candidate," says Jones. "That is personal." He claims that it's Reiter who is sprinting away from her past: As co-chair of the state Liberal Party in 1989, she was a Messinger enthusiast. "We think Ruth has been a force for good government, a force for moderation," she was quoted telling *Newsday* back then.

"It basically says she's a liar for hire," says Jones. "Her word is up for, I guess, auction." Today, Reiter says simply, "I was wrong."

It's far from clear that these broadsides are helping the candidates. "How much is this going to be about the candidates and how much is this going to be about the handlers?" asks Hank Sheinkopf, a strategist for former candidate Fernando Ferrer, adding that the mudslinging hurts Messinger more. "The whole trick [for Giuliani's campaign] is to keep the debate off the mayor," he says. "When you drift away from what impacts average citizens, there's no reason for anyone but reporters and insiders to pay attention."

The problem is, the Messinger campaign hasn't figured out how to put Giuliani on the defensive, often resorting to gimmicks: Messinger wobbling to City Hall on a bike and challenging the mayor to a race; charging up the steps of the State Supreme Court and threatening to argue a case against him. Jones is undeterred. "We are beginning to pierce this guy's armor a bit. We're beginning to give this guy trouble." Maybe. But first he has to figure out how to stop stepping into it himself.

ANDREW KIRTZMAN



Loudmouths: Giuliani's Fran Reiter (top); Messinger's Lee Jones.



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Dancers and the Dance

At the Central Park Boathouse with AmFAR and at Juilliard with the School of American Ballet.

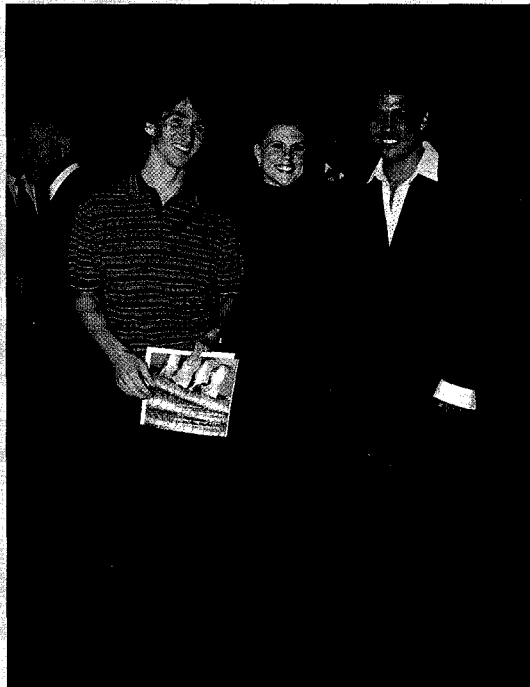
Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Clockwise from top left, Samantha Boardman at the Museum of Modern Art's annual Party in the Garden; Leisha Hailey and K. d. lang at Boathouse Rock 6, a benefit for amFAR held at the Central Park Boathouse; Brad Pitt at Iridium, where Les Paul celebrated his 82nd birthday; Adrienne and Gianluigi Vittadini at the New York Botanical Garden for the Conservatory Ball.



Above, Ray Leslee and Judy Kuhn at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theatre for the Gilman & Gonzalez-Falla Theatre Foundation's Musical Theatre Award, which was given to Leslee and Jason Robert Brown. Right, dancers Damian Woetzel, Ann Reinking, and Jock Soto at the Juilliard School for the School of American Ballet's Workshop Performance Benefit.



rors covering every wall. She's a bit worn out: The "Page Six" party, a different power sector from her usual uptown scene, is Levis's third event this week and her second of the evening. Earlier, at lawyer Michael Kennedy's 60th-birthday party, she'd taken the stage after roasts by O.J. lawyer Barry Scheck and former senator and presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy. And two days before that, Levis had entertained some 700 alumni at Vartan Gregorian's farewell-to-Brown gala at MOMA.

She has earned her upper-crust bona fides, with years spent at Middlesex and Brown University. For Jerry Finkelstein, she called his best friends Al D'Amato and Barbara Walters, and her self-produced press packet includes thank-you letters from Francine LeFrak and Susan Magrino. She's at ease singing for Bianca Jagger and Peggy Siegal, and considers her subjects friends, often joining them for dessert after her songs.

Tonight she worries that she didn't have enough time to prepare, even though she slaved all day perfecting "Hurry Back, Jeane Mac" and talked to nine of the scribe's friends. Told to wait till one friend arrives, Levis cools her heels at a silver banquet.

While she doesn't yet have an agent, she subsists on an instinct for the publicity-generating gesture. She effortlessly spools the sound-bite-worthy self-description: "People tell me I'm like the uptown Ani DiFranco."

Levis's summer job as lead singer of Melissa & the Moguls, a Hamptons affiliation of heavy hitters including *Dan's Papers'* Dan Rattiner and Jonathan Farkas, doesn't hurt, either. When the Moguls released a CD last July, Levis managed to sneak in four of her own tracks.

"In school I always got out of sports to write musicals. I even set the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to fifties rock songs." She pauses. "I'd love to sell it to Disney, actually."

The friend doesn't show, so Levis takes her place in the cramped D.J. booth. The microphone isn't loud enough to project her voice above the din, and the people in the crowd barely hear her when she sings about Jeane's raucous nights out with her wild younger sister. She returns to the dance floor, forgoing the usual fawning.

On her way out the door, Levis sizes up her second act. "Jeane seemed to like it. She asked me for a copy." Then her face lights up: "That's what it is," she leans forward, deciding how to spin the evening's end. "I got the gossip on the gossip columnist. I have *all* the privileged information."

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The Avenger

Paula Jones is finding out that when you start up with Bill, it's Bob they let out of the cage. And he doesn't like big hair. Problem is, the president's getting bitten, too.

"No, I did not give the president bad legal advice. I think I gave him very good legal advice." —Bob Bennett on CNN

ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S MOST REMARKABLE TRAITS IS his oft-noted ability to embrace opposite principles simultaneously. The latest example of this is in his selection of lawyers. One of the poles is David Kendall, the taciturn, dignified Whitewater lawyer. Even in anger, Kendall is mild. When he decided that independent counsel Ken Starr had crossed the line, Kendall wrote him a sober, high-minded missive. Kendall serves as Clinton's legal superego; Bob Bennett, Clinton's weapon aimed at Paula Jones, is his id. Bennett is paid to indulge the fury Clinton feels at his latest female tormentor. Bennett does not traffic in the written word. He is too busy hollering at Koppel on line 1, Jennings on line 2.

Last week, Bennett was so busy that he had no time for Sam Donaldson, who had to track him down at home. But it was worth the effort, since Donaldson got the quote of the week. Bennett could have said one of 10 million things denigrating Paula Jones that would have remained within the bounds of propriety—that she was part of a politically motivated witch hunt, that she was after money. Instead, he said this: "As my mother once said to me, be careful what you ask for, you may get it," he snarled. "I had a dog like that, who just wanted to catch cars. And he successfully caught one one day, and I have a new dog."

Bennett is supposed to be an improvement on the old-school Washington lawyer, who handled the matter discreetly and took your secrets to the grave. Bennett is lawyer-cum-spinner, the man to call when you need to play the courts and the press. "He is a holistic physician," Caspar Weinberger, a satisfied client, once said about him. "He treats the whole patient." He is, in short, the ultimate Washington fixer.

Personally, if I were trying to tamp an embarrassing sex scandal and keep it out of the news, I would take the old

school. But I can understand why Clinton chose Bennett. In theory, choosing a savvy spinner could have certain advantages. A media man could fend off stories before they appeared. He could call friends in the press and plant leaks. He could have Ted Koppel, Peter Jennings, and Sam Donaldson eating out of his hand.

Alas, it did not happen that way. Even by Bennett's own standards of good lawyering, his performance was a disaster. He not only failed to keep harmful stories out the press but created new ones. So far, he's spent most of his very expensive time doing damage control on himself.

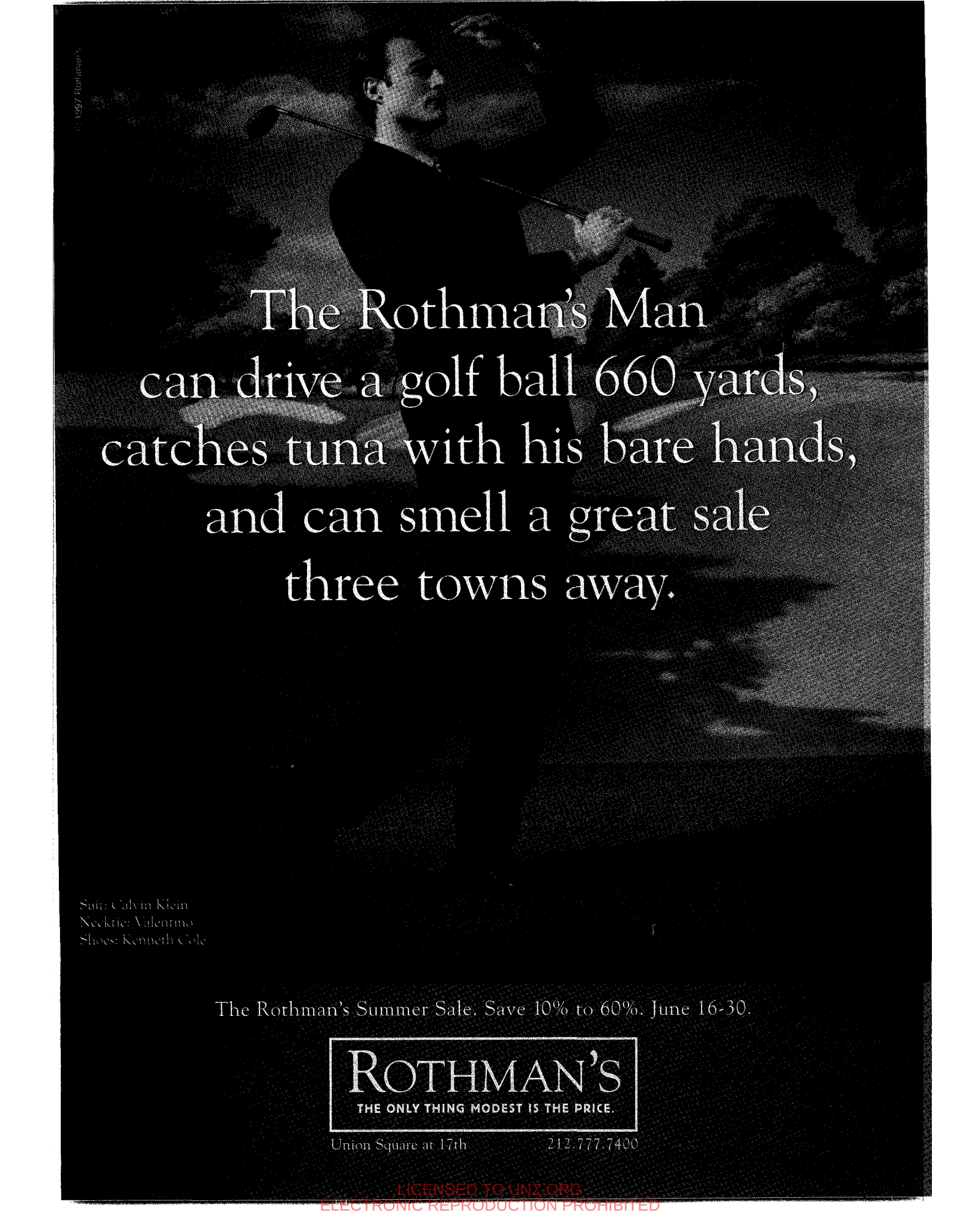
Let's begin with the elemental. If anyone was out to prove that physiognomy is destiny, a good starting point would be Bob Bennett's face. Find a tape of his rooftop press conference the day after the Supreme Court decision, and turn the sound off. Bennett stands awkwardly at the microphone, bracing his bulk against the wind. His thick skin shoves his eyes and mouth into narrow slits. His shoulders are three times the length of his head; his neck is absent. The effect is very Gravano, only two sizes larger. (The phallic Washington Monument rising in the background doesn't help.) "It was horrendous to watch that performance," says one frustrated administration official. "He should not have been standing on some anonymous roof with the wind blowing. That's Media 101. He should have been sitting in an office with a bunch of scholarly law books behind him, looking

patient and grave, saying something like 'Sorry, this case will not proceed.' Instead, he looked like a pit bull on drugs. He really blew that one."

That was merely aesthetics. Turn on the sound, and it gets much worse. In his first round of interviews, on June 1, Bennett decided his strategy would be to rough up Paula Jones but pretend not to. "I have made it a practice not to attack Paula Jones publicly, and I'm not going to start today," he said stoically on *Meet the Press*. Four minutes later, he broke that promise. "I've talked to the troopers," he snickered.



You're toast, Paula: Clinton's attorney Bob Bennett is turning up the heat.



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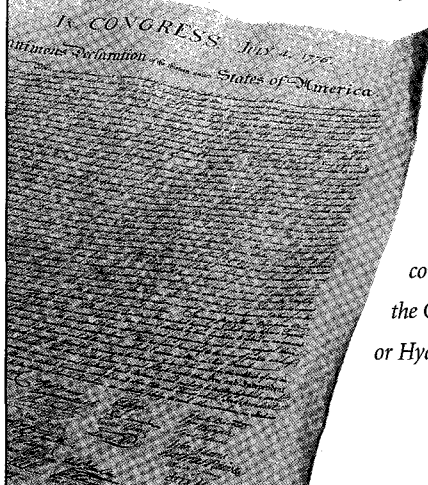


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THE NATIONAL INTEREST

"There'll be some surprises in that for you, which I'm not going to announce for your show today."

Needless to say, the strategy bombed. What passes for standard swagger in a closed courtroom turns out to be disastrous if your client is the president. Within minutes, the White House lines were thick with angry calls, and the National Organization for Women had clogged the city's fax bins. Bennett had failed the first test of damage control: He'd made his client look nasty, and kept an embarrassing story alive an extra news cycle.

Worse, he behaved in that thuggish way Americans have come to associate with the lawyers of the rich and guilty. Four days later, Bennett was forced to go back on TV and publicly muzzle himself, promising he had "no intention of dragging out Paula Jones's prior sex life."

Bennett first played the sex card two years ago, when he famously dismissed Jones's lawsuit as "tabloid trash." At the time, the strategy made sense. Most reporters thought of Jones as a trailer-park floozy dredged up from the right-wing fever swamps. But after careful reporting (notably by Stuart Taylor in *The American Lawyer*) and much agonized soul searching, the mood has shifted, and reporters are doing penance for their elitism and taking her claims seriously. This shift, however, apparently didn't register on Bennett's press radar. For a president's lawyer, a blown call like that should get him fired.

Bennett spent much of last week attempting to repair the damage. "If you don't believe I'm a good guy, you have to believe I'm not a fool either," Bennett told me, then repeated his standard disclaimer: "It was never my intention to conduct a full-scale assault on Paula Jones's prior sex life."

But even as he backtracks, Bennett continues to badmouth Jones. He denies he told the *New York Times* about a man who says he had an intimate relationship with Jones, and I believe him. (The man's friend called the *Times*.) Afterward, however, Bennett happily filled in the seamy details off the record, as well as supplying smut from dozens of other Paula Jones stories he's collected. He'll mention *Penthouse*, several times. And refer to the slut defense. Bennett will tease the reporter with a randy eye-popper, then plead innocent. "I'm not gonna use that," he'll say stoically. "Eighty-five percent of the stuff I have I'm not going to use." Bob, you just did.

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Bennett's endlessly flapping jaw should surprise no one. He is, after all, a media hound. Nothing makes him happier than Ted Koppel's trekking over to his office, paying homage with that fire-side, curlicue script—A CONVERSATION WITH BOB BENNETT. Asking him to keep his mouth shut is like asking a fish to walk. If the president's central goal is to maintain astral float above the undignified trash, why doesn't he fire this guy?

Amazingly, this question never seems to have crossed the president's mind. If he were going to fire Bennett, he would have done it two years ago. It's because of Bennett's big mouth, or at least his tolerance of big mouths, that Paula Jones is around at all. Remember, the two sides had a deal in 1994, until somebody leaked it to CNN and Jones called it off. Bennett also spent two years lying about the terms of the agreement, as Stuart Taylor proves in *The American Lawyer*.

Clinton's staff is livid about Bennett: "People basically feel he's fucked it up, from beginning to end," says one blunt administration staff member. But Clinton is livid about Paula Jones; he actually *likes* Bennett's kneecap-busting, and he personally approved all of his TV appearances.

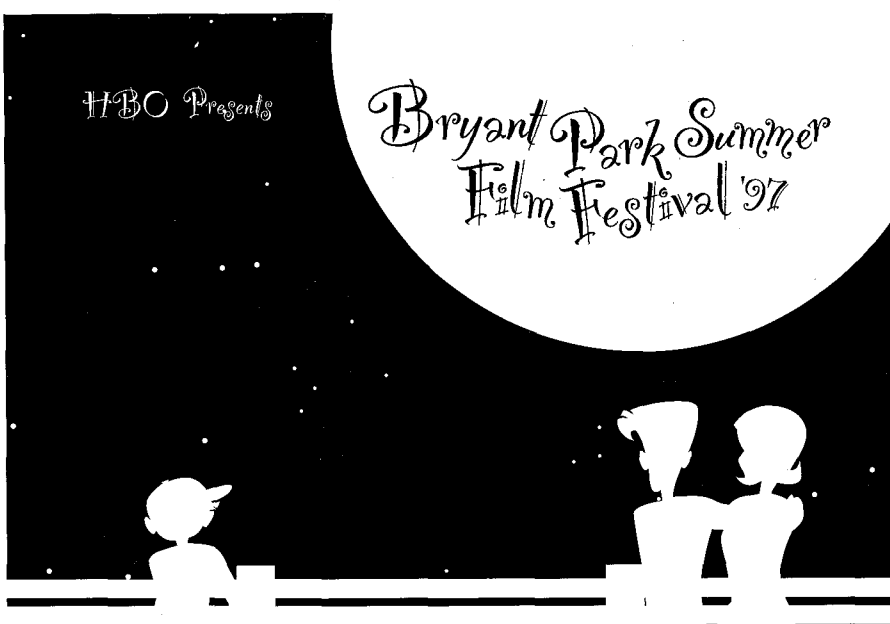
There is one big problem with Clinton's vicarious venting. Bennett's brass knuckles are doing damage to more than just his own career. He's accomplished the opposite of what he was hired to do, which is defend the dignity of the office. Even in rejecting Bennett's case, the Supreme Court has done more to preserve that dignity than he ever will.

The unanimity of the Supreme Court's decision is deceptive. The striking thing about Justice John Paul Stevens's decision and, even more, about Justice Stephen Breyer's concurrence is their restraint, in marked difference from the lower-court decision they uphold. Judge Pasco Bowman, the conservative Reagan appointee who heard the Jones case, derisively dismissed the president's request for postponement. The justices, on the other hand, agonize over the blow they deliver to the executive branch. "The sheer prominence of the president's office," Justice Breyer writes, "could make him an easily identifiable target."

On talk show after talk show, Bennett shakes his big head and mourns the loss of innocence. "It's a terrible disservice to the American people, this attempt to humiliate the president," he says. Thus far, however, that's about the only thing he's accomplished. ■

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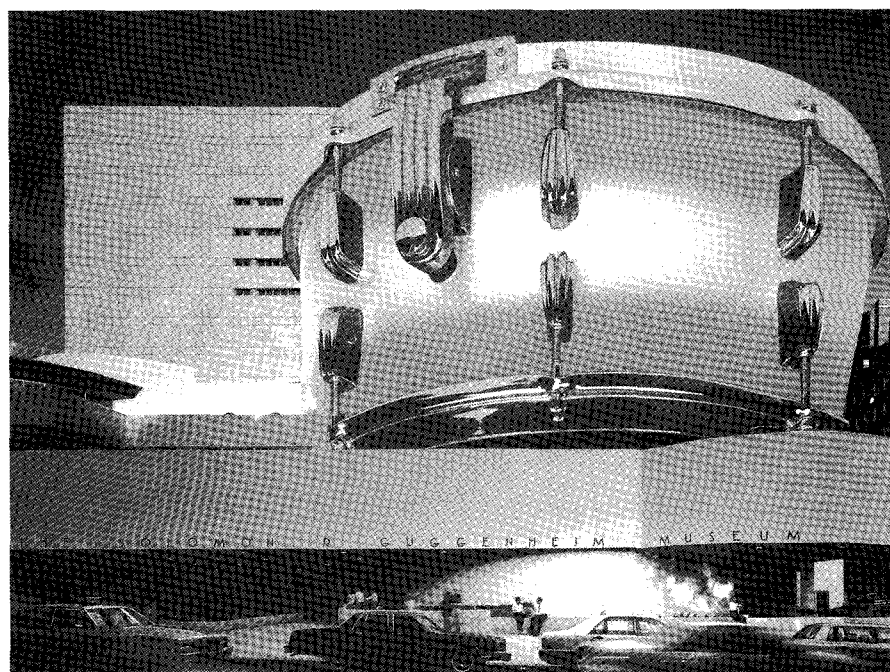
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Adultery Nation

The media hysteria over celebrity and military sex reeks of mere exploitation—but beneath it all might there lurk a collective longing for a moral course correction?

BACK IN THE MID-NINETIES, ALL we read about in the media was that virtual sex was replacing old-fashioned fornication—lap dancing was as close to physical contact as the modern man wanted to get, and otherwise people were phoning (and modeming) it in.

That didn't last long. Welcome to *The Lust World*, where the latest media hysteria is all about retro stories of dinosaur sex—men in hotel rooms dropping trou with women who are not their wives. Consider, say, Marv Albert or Frank Gifford. Both were allegedly involved in freelance assignations with blonde Southern women who work in the hotel business. The trysters seem to come from Other Woman Central, or the Larry King Factory of Wannabe Fiancées. The only new wrinkle here is that the median age of the No Excuses—mistress type seems to have risen since the Donna Rice era—these women are in their fabulous forties.

But do we even care whether sports-casters have affairs? Not really. Except as a sort of sport in and of itself, a revved-up form of media exploitation in which everyone pretends to be indignant and offended while raking in the profits. Frank's dalliance with former flight attendant Suzen Johnson was its own cross-pollinated media cottage industry: The *Globe* got four weeks of covers out of it, of course; tabloid TV covered it night and day; Howard Stern got in on the act (he and his crew read the *Globe* transcript on his show). And, speaking of perverse synergy, even *Live With Regis & Kathie Lee* got an unexpected goose: Record numbers of viewers tuned

in to see whether erstwhile *Überwife* Kathie Lee would crack on national TV. She didn't.

But what actually happened in those hotel rooms? For Marv, the jury's still out (or, rather, has yet to convene), but from the transcript printed in the *Globe*, Frank was a man on a mission who got right down to business:

Suzen: Do you want just a sip of wine?

Frank: You have beautiful breasts.

SO FAR, FRANK'S AND MARV'S CAREERS haven't suffered. The same can't be said of Lieutenant Kelly Flinn or General Joseph Ralston. Both were both caught up in the armed services' newly rabid mission (post-Red Menace) to root out sex in the ranks.

Of course Kelly Flinn, the first female B-52 pilot, rep-

resents an altogether different archetype for adulterers. For starters, the dazzling images surrounding her flyboy job—such as *dropping nuclear payloads*—are comically phallic, beyond Freudian caricature.

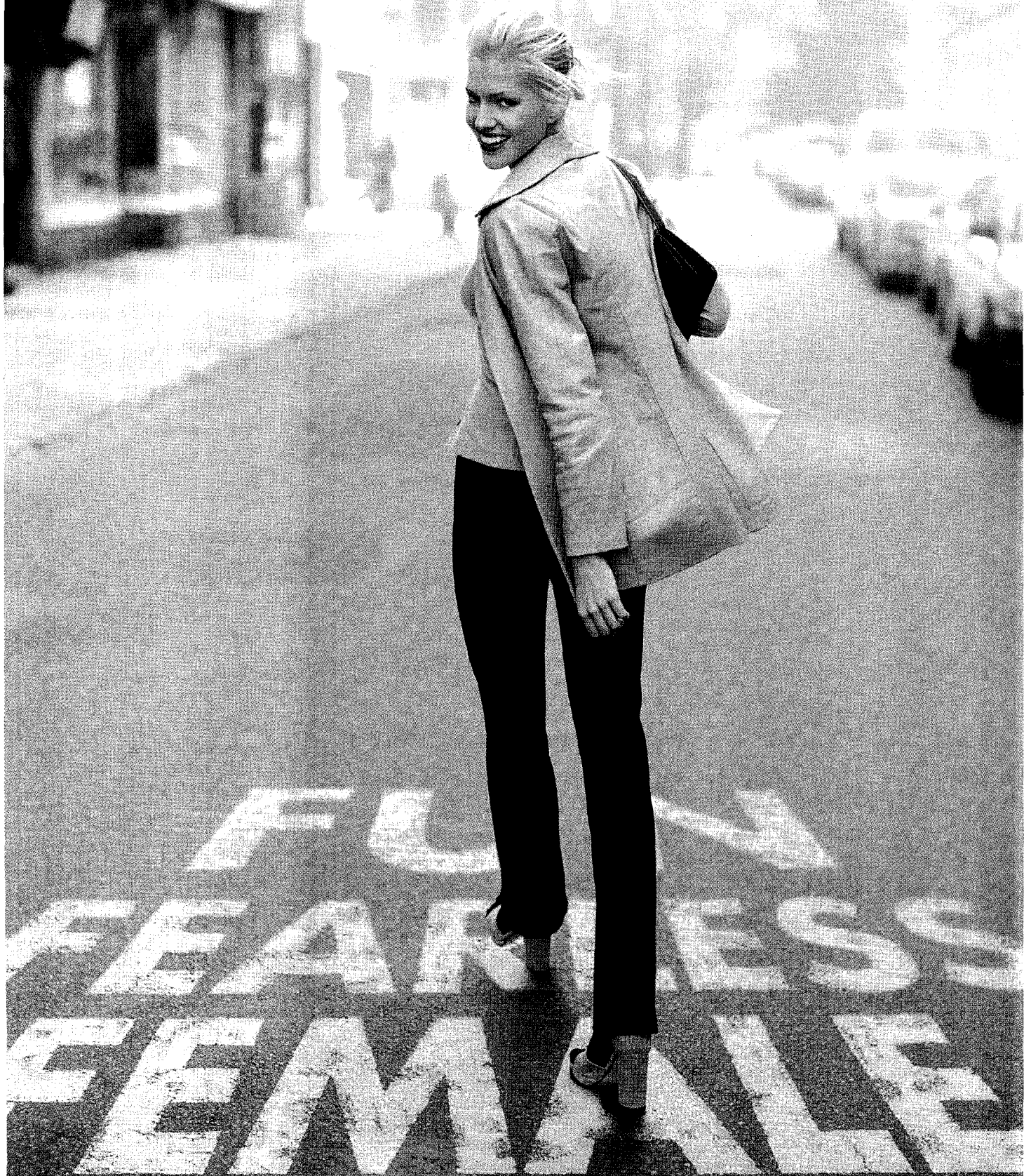
Before her flim-flam man Marc Zigo came along, the lieutenant reportedly didn't have much of a love life. Sitcom images of military women usually favor bowl cut—martinet—Miss Hathaway types. But in fact, Flinn is beautiful—Laura Dern should play her in the movie version, which would turn the standard military story treatment on its head. In the remake of *From Here to Eternity*, for instance, in the famous beach scene Kelly Flinn would have to be the Burt Lancaster figure. Or imagine *An Officer and a Gentleman*—with Flinn in her flight suit, triumphantly carrying her lover, civilian Marc Zigo, out of his workaday drudge job (at the rec center). Perhaps he could wear *her* officer's hat at a rakish angle.

If she'd had better judgment, she might have tested the romantic waters with, say, a fellow officer. But given the power and stature of her rank, the pool of available, unthreatened men may have been limited. It's not surprising, then, that Flinn would be vulnerable to the first head case to come along with a thing for women in uniform. (His ex-wife is Airman Gayla Zigo.)

By comparison to bomber pilot Flinn, Marc Zigo is the brazen hussy, the Jennifer Flowers of the base. Flinn's relationship with Zigo also presents a startlingly new version of the triangle involving the Other Woman. As the wife, Gayla Zigo wrote in a letter to Air Force Secretary Sheila Widnall, "How could I compete with her? She had power, both as an officer and [an] Academy graduate. . . ."



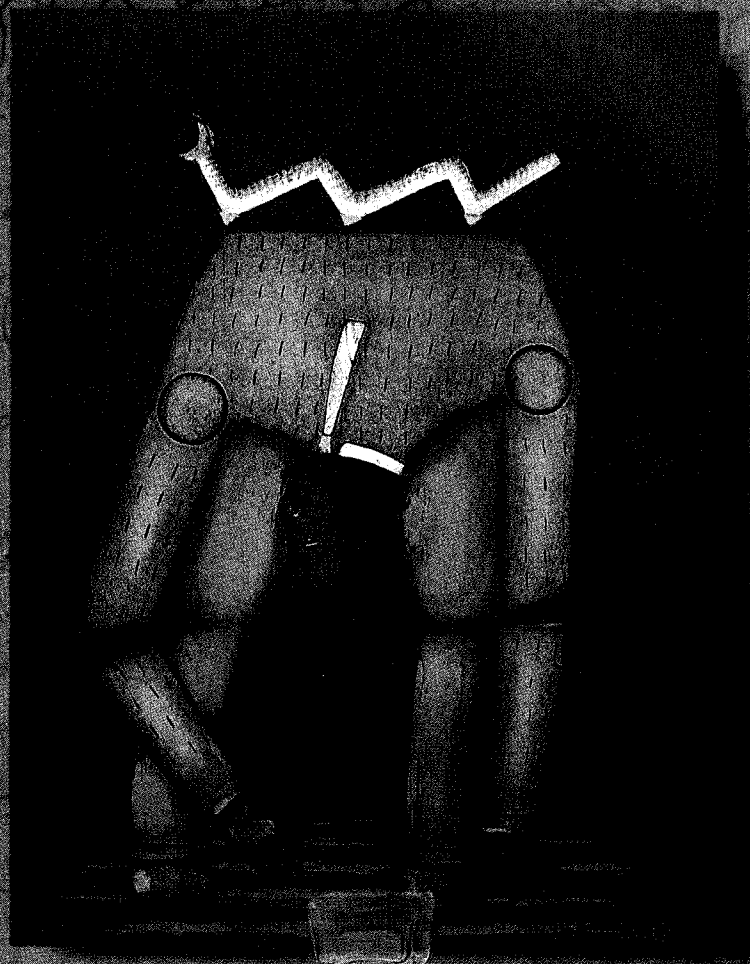
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THE IMAGE

ACCORDING TO ROBERT WRIGHT, author of *The Moral Animal*, "Nearly 1,000 of the 1,154 past or present human societies ever studied, and these include most of the world's 'hunter-gatherer' societies, have permitted a man to have more than one wife. These are the closest things we have to living examples of the 'ancestral environment.' . . . So while both sexes are prone under the right circumstances to infidelity, men seem much more deeply inclined to acquire a second or third mate—to keep a harem."

Presumably, the gene-coding defense ("Honey, I'm sorry, but it's my evolutionary propensity!") can explain away the alleged behavior of Marv, Frank, an entire brace of Kennedys, et al. But obviously Lieutenant Flinn's warrior plumage and behavior changes the harem-keeping equation. For all the complex, seemingly unfixable problems in the military regarding gender and equality, what it really comes down to is not so much sex as power.

What makes the *faux* piety disorienting is that in the frenzy of attention to adulterers, both the media and the military are applying nineteenth-century images of the family as a sacred refuge, in which the husband lives in the brutish public sphere and the wife is the moral custodian of all things private. The update for the late twentieth century is that the wife can be smart and have a high-powered job on the outside—and the husband's still allowed an occasional strumpet-on-the-side. This is the model that Clinton apparently followed, and it didn't disqualify him from being elected commander-in-chief, twice. But then, the baby-boom generation, which still has a problem with authority, wasn't really searching for a father figure. And we're not exactly looking for a blanket enforcer, either. Still, it's worse than disconcerting that Bubba should be in a position so compromised by his past sexual shenanigans that he couldn't weigh in on a Joint Chiefs nomination—General Ralston's fitness to lead the nation's coed troops. Call it the Six Degrees of Sexual Separation or the Adultery Boomerang Effect—marital morality has resurfaced, even though we'd previously dismissed it as if it were a long-ago affair.

Underneath the recent sex hysteria, it seems, we're looking for some kind of moral course correction, clarity on the fronts of fidelity and power. It's *the* issue facing the nation—well, aside from that other thorny question: Will you forgive him, Kathie Lee? ■

The Mike Myth

On the eve of Holyfield-Tyson II, with one of the richest purses in sports history, the real battle is over whether Don King ruined Mike Tyson.

FEEDING THE SEALS" IS DON King's ungenerous description of the press conferences he presides over whenever it's time to hype another Mike Tyson heavy-weight-title fight. The feeling is mutual. When Tyson, as is his custom, failed to show up on time for February's packed news conference announcing his rematch with Evander Holyfield (who'd topped him on a TKO in a huge upset last November), a grizzled sportswriter loudly explained to the main "print" table in the Tower Room of the Equitable Building on Seventh Avenue, "He's downstairs, stealing some hubcaps." Mike Katz of the *Daily News* made his feelings even plainer: "Holyfield-Tyson II—The Fix!" he proclaimed.

The reference was to the fact that the first Holyfield-Tyson fight grossed more than \$100 million—boffo movie-box-office money—and Tyson had been a 10-to-1 betting favorite, expected to knock Holyfield out in one or two rounds. The rematch, on June 28 at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas, has the fighters at virtually even money and is perceived as a turning point for Tyson—another loss could conceivably end his career. But since both boxers are among the biggest pay-per-view draws in sports history (Holyfield's personal career earnings are estimated at close to \$200 million; Tyson's at \$300 million-plus), a Tyson win would virtually guarantee a third fight. And since this one is expected to be the highest-grossing pay-per-view sports or entertainment event ever, earning between \$175 million and \$200 million in worldwide cable sales for Viacom's Showtime Event Television and Don King Productions, the projected box-office drop on the next one is mind-boggling. King's minions are already seeding the "possible triple-crown event" buzz with rumors of a \$300 million "electronic" gate for Tyson-Holyfield III. Those are Jim Carrey and Steven Spielberg numbers.

Of course, the "fix" remarks and racist cracks never quite make it into anyone's column. The enmity between



Iron Mike, extra starch: Tyson and promoter Don King in full press conference.

the King-Tyson camp and the New York sports press is old and corrosive but fairly sophisticated by now, dating back to 1988, when Don, according to the conventional wisdom, "stole" Mike away from promoter Bill Cayton, the money man behind Tyson's original discoverer and trainer, Cus D'Amato, and his first manager, Jimmy Jacobs (both of whom have gone to their rewards). D'Amato, a saintly eccentric, had found Mike upstate at the Tryon School for Boys when he was only 14 and serving an indeterminate term for mugging old ladies in Brownsville. Cus then channeled the kid's mesomorphic rage into the one sport where "acting out" pays off handsomely.

Out of such roughage came the media's "Cus and the Kid" myth, a John Badham-style fairy tale scripted by sportswriters from an outline by Jacobs and Cayton—who were nothing if not image-savvy. According to the story's architects, Mike's life under D'Amato's tutelage, in a bucolic country house in Catskill, overlooking the winding Hud-

son, was on the level of, say, Rudy Giuliani's in his dad's wholesome postwar nest in Brooklyn. It was only when bad Don King, the sho'nuff numbers boss of Cleveland's Tenth Ward, seduced Tyson after Cus's death that Mike began to go wrong—spending lavishly, partying with "ho's," and reawakening a kind of Mr. Hyde who'd slumbered peacefully within him during the good years. And, the pundits implied, it was Don's rotten influence that started Mike down the path that finally led in 1992 to an Indiana rape conviction and three-year sentence: "King destroyed Mike as a fighter and human being," rumbled Katz of the *News*, righteously quoting Cayton (who could hardly be objective, having just lost the biggest-money fighter in boxing to Don). "King . . . contributed to the diminishment of Tyson's talent and character," screamed Jack Newfield in the *New York Post* (Newfield's own ties to Cayton can fairly be described as "social"). "Tyson, this nightmare in a suit," chimed Mark Kriegel, then at the

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SPORTS

Post. "Psycho-pup!" barked Robert Lipsyte, the normally mild sports essayist of the *New York Times*.

This is blind pack journalism, King and Tyson's obvious flaws notwithstanding. By buying into the standard Saint Cus story line, these writers ignore the fact that Tyson was frequently in trouble in Catskill under Cus and had been running away to Albany and Brooklyn for years to indulge his gangster fantasies. By the time he let King manage and promote him, he was older and richer and more jaded than he'd been when D'Amato pulled him out of reform school. His resulting troubles—as he'll tell anyone—"were of my own making." In the end, Tyson chose King over Cayton and the white press not because he had been hustled by King but because, as fellow felons, they were two against the world. They also cracked each other up.

Which is not to say that Tyson is happy with King. While Mike was serving time in the Indiana slammer, Newfield and Katz broke a number of stories detailing alleged illegal debits to Tyson's accounts by Don—\$750,000 for professional "upkeep" of King's former offices; a \$2 million deduction from Tyson's purse for a 1991 Razor Rud-dock fight; and questionable payments to Don's wife and daughter out of Mike's end on virtually every fight.

But Tyson seems less exercised by such perceived fiscal irregularities than he was by King's failure to get him out of prison early or to make certain fights happen (he badly wanted to box Riddick Bowe, a neighbor and rival from Bedford-Stuyvesant, now retired, and Lennox Lewis, a "pretty boy" from England who had "dissed" him and "needs a lesson") and by King's vulgar huckstering. More than once, Mike has told Don before reporters to "shut up while I'm talking," and at the Tower Room press conference, he interrupted King's Shakespearean soliloquy on St. Ides Malt Liquor, the corporate sponsor of Holyfield-Tyson II, to announce that (as a Muslim) "I don't drink. . . I don't sponsor liquor. I don't believe in it, and I'm not sponsoring St. Ides. . . You don't hear me on the radio rapping about it like Snoop Doggy Dogg. . ."

Tyson's personal code of honor, it would seem, allows him to let King manipulate his finances occasionally, as long as Don makes it up later. It's a form of mental bookkeeping incomprehensible to those who've always had money, or who possess conventional corporate sensibilities, like Seth Abraham (president of HBO Sports and a

deadly King enemy since Don pulled Mike out of his HBO contract in 1990 and signed him with Sumner Redstone's competing Showtime network) or like syndicated columnist Mike Lupica or NBC sports commentator Bob Costas, two media stars who've assumed the burden of "cleaning up boxing," turning it into a healthy, family-oriented game like baseball, and who periodically weigh in on the evils of Mike and Don.

In response, Tyson has dug himself deeper into his persona, surrounding himself with a Tonton Macoute-style crew who only hurt his public image: John Horne and Rory Holloway of Albany, two old running buddies who are nominally his "managers" but whose real role seems to involve throwing up a color-coordinated, homburg-hatted wall of defense against the hated media ("We're suppress agents," Horne told me); "Crocodile," a loudmouthed street guy who acts as a private cheerleader—a darker version of Muhammad Ali's man, the late Bundini Brown; Richie Giachetti, Mike's current trainer and a former bad-debt collector whom King picked up in Cleveland; "Death Threat," a short gentleman who once advised me to stop interviewing Don's son Carl...

By continuing to employ such "real" people, Tyson may think he's being true to his roots, not "going corporate," as fellow boxers Sugar Ray Leonard and George Foreman did; not shilling for "the man," as even Ali and Michael Jordan do, with their d-Con roach spray and sneaker commercials. Tyson's surliness at press conferences and refusal to hustle St. Ides are the last vestiges of a street code that cohered in Brownsville in the early eighties. He's a pure puncher, like Jack Dempsey and Sonny Liston were, trapped in a Website culture that gapes at but doesn't really credit what it is he does for a living: He hurts guys.

Tyson is 31 now; he quietly married his longtime girlfriend Monica Turner, a Georgetown doctor, recently; he's losing interest in training, and if his performance in Holyfield I was any evidence, in boxing altogether; he's postponed seven major fights, three of them since coming out of jail two years ago.

King, too, is scaling back, giving up a number of his fighters, diversifying his interests, and bracing for yet another federal insurance-fraud case in September. King will be 67 soon after the trial starts, and whether Tyson wins or loses on June 28, his era is about to end. It's just corporate boxing now. Which isn't the same thing as saying the sport has been cleaned up.

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VISITING
MENONITES
BEND A
LOCAL EAR.

UNITED STATES OF THE PARK

The civilizing madness of Washington Square Park, the original gorgeous mosaic. By Nancy Jo Sales

A hot afternoon in the park. The arch shimmers white in the baking sun. Sprawling into the square are thousands of people, so many you can barely move. The feeling is that of a party where the uninvited have stormed the doors. There's a wild-eyed old man with a duck bill on his nose zooming around on a pink little-girl's bike. Gleeefully, he crashes through a cloud of soap bubbles being blown by a reedy fellow in a Z-100 shirt. Two stoned 15-year-olds, swimming in baggy jeans, try to catch the bubbles with their mouths. They laugh. A *Mad About You* couple sits on a stone wall, taking it all in serenely.

One proffers the other the remainder of a knish.

A bunch of just-graduated NYU students, all bald heads and hairy underarms, are cross-legged on the ground attempting to play Prince's "Kiss" with four out-of-tune guitars. A tall, toothless homeless man with a guitar of his own stands by, grimacing. He sidles up and kicks in with a bluesy riff, and for a minute, everybody sounds better. The NYU students bounce their heads à la *Wayne's World*. The homeless man grows self-conscious and ambles off.

A six-foot model, a wraith in Gucci sunglasses, scoops up her basenji and lopes out of the park. Sarah Jessica Parker and Matthew Broderick enter holding hands; no one bothers them. They

stroll past Chucko, a portly middle-aged clown in enormous red shoes and a yellow polka-dot top hat. "It's not like 'Here's a balloon sculpture, kid, now gimme a dollar,'" Chucko says, screechily twisting a long-necked dinosaur for an impatient toddler. ("Bloon!" she demands, shaking her palm.) "I just did Conan," Chucko says, "there's a check in the mail, and it's fun to walk around in a clown suit."

The park is teeming, but the crowd is curiously soft-spoken. You can hear the cry of the hirsute Italian man getting drenched in the middle of the fountain. He turns his face to the sky. "You done good!"

"WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK IS THE CENTRAL chill spot of the Village," offers one habitué, "and a microcosm of the entire city." Created in 1828 as a military parade grounds, it was soon coveted as a place to chill by New York's growing wealthy class. In the 1890s, the old Knickerbocker families moving into the Georgian townhouses on Washington Square North hoped the space would serve as a barrier between them and their poor black and Italian neighbors just south. But they were wrong. The park has never served as a divider—much the opposite. Recent immigrants soon relaxed on the benches alongside proper ladies with baby carriages, one of which could have held Henry James ("I know not whether it is owing to the tenderness of early associations," the writer remembered fondly in *Washington Square*, "but this portion of New York appears to many persons the most delectable"). The park has always been a crossroads within a crossroads, the original gorgeous, if occasionally intoxicated, mosaic.

"Who took my fucking beer?" says the guy they call Louie the Loser. He used to be a contortionist, known as Rubber Band Man, until he got started drinking and grew a belly. "Give me back my beer!" Louie screams. Master Lee, currently performing in the fountain, ignores him, too busy juggling fire and apples. For his finale, a blindfolded Master Lee will cut a cucumber in two with a three-foot sword on the stomach of an audience member, usually some hapless-looking young man. Master Lee makes the young man stick the cucumber halfway down his pants.

The park has bred an infinite variety of performing subspecialties. There's Joey Joey—"no relation to Louie Louie or Duran Duran"—whose unique talent

is to heft corpulent girls from Staten Island and Queens on his shoulders as he rides around on a unicycle. He's a wiry little guy.

There's Al, the comic who makes his living insulting hecklers: "You *Brady Bunch*—watching motherfuckers!" And there are the Calypso Tumblers, six phenomenons of the gym who spring around like steroid kangaroos, relaying messages of racial harmony. "We're all one people!"

Later, a lazy shout goes up from the crowd lounging around the circle: "Showtime!"

A longhaired hippie dude's carving a pot pipe out of soapstone; a pretty Puerto Rican couple's cuddling on the steps. A thirtysomething mom is pausing on an evening walk with her 7-month-old. About 50 other people are resting in the summer twilight. "Brokin' Glass," says the hippie dude, not looking up from his work. "Brokin' Glass," echo several fans languidly.

Brokin' Glass, the park's reigning poet, stands before them squeezing his nipples, pumping his buttocks back and forth, rolling his head. Since he resembles a librarian, this odd preparation has a comic effect. People begin to laugh, not uneasily.

Brokin' Glass: "Whassup, y'all?"

A few people: "Whassup?"

Brokin' Glass begins:

I'm 28, I'm single, no kids, and life's great.

You're right, she's all that—the better I've had up to date.

Have I ever neglected you? Told you once, you couldn't hang?

Your father brought you here, me and him have in common one thing,

And nowadays it brings your mother such joy,

That in the middle of the night if you're awake you can hear her say . . . "Oh, boy."

So there'll be no catch on the grass, baseball games, school proms . . .

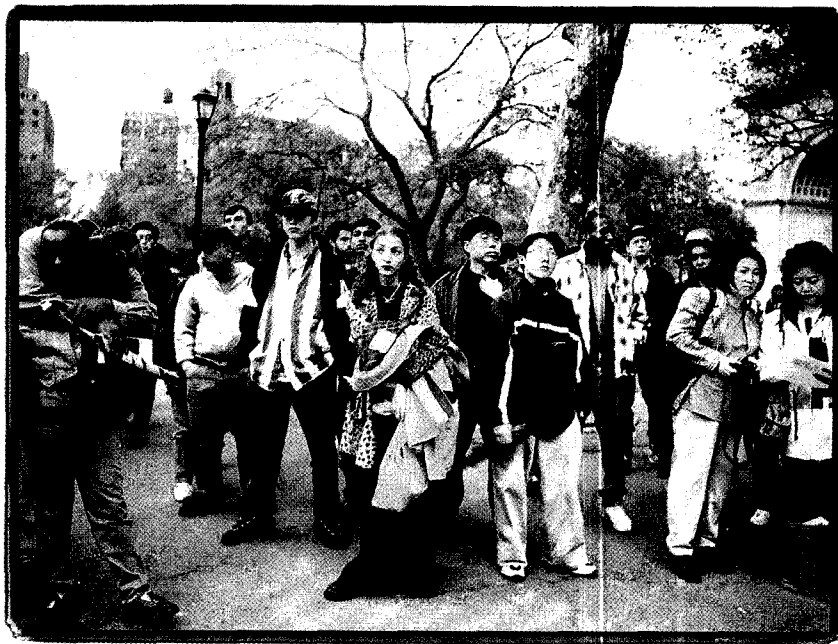
To put it bluntly, kids, I'M JUST BONIN' YOUR MOMS!

"This park is the only place I'm not harassed by police," Brokin' Glass says with a shrug.

PERFORMERS COME AND GO. THE CHESS CIRCLE, at the southwest corner of the park, is a multi-culti social club that in its own way is as firmly established as the Friars. There are men, fewer women, who come here every day and have been doing so for years. "Decades," says Teddy, just Teddy, a former actor in his fifties. He has a gray mustache and always wears a woolly driving cap. "Chess is the great equalizer,"



POET-IN-RESIDENCE BROKIN' GLASS.



ABOVE, PERFORMANCE-ART APPRECIATION; LEFT, CHESSMAN SWEET PEA IN MID-MATCH.

Teddy offers. "Nobody's black or white or Chinese when they're sitting across a chess board. They're just a mind."

There's a large contingent of out-of-work people here who are addicted to things other than chess. Drug deals go on; one fabric salesman complains of being in the middle of a game and having a sack of marijuana tossed across the table, landing on his lap. Professionals of all kinds—accountants, lawyers and particularly Wall Street businessmen—pass through; as do tourists riveted by the entries in their guide books urging them to go and try their skill against the chess hustlers.

"I feel slick," says Sweet Pea.

Bobby "Sweet Pea" Plummer is the chess circle's most infamous character. He can currently be seen in a TV ad for the *Daily News*. Perhaps three or four

hustlers in the chess circle are qualified to be masters, but in speed chess, which guys like Sweet Pea play (at \$5 for three games), winning is often as much up to style as skill.

"You're a dead man," the diminutive Sweet Pea tells his opponent. "I got so much coming at you. I got the kitchen sink and the kitchen sink's brother."

Sweet Pea's black leather visor shines. The gold bandanna around his neck lends him a jaunty air. Five elderly men are standing around watching him annihilate an NYU professor, one five-minute game after the next. The professor, a mild Frenchman with a three-day beard, scratches at his chin. His clock is ticking.

"I got you thinking," laughs Sweet Pea. "He feels sorry for you 'cause you're old," says one of the old men.

"He's been feeling sorry for me for three hours," Sweet Pea snaps.

"I gotta sit down," says the same fellow, trying to push his way onto Sweet Pea's bench.

"Get out of here, man, you're bothering me." Sweet Pea pushes back at the man with his hip.

Sweet Pea bangs the clock. "Why don't you give up, man," he tells the professor. "You are washed up, face it."

The professor manages a saving move. Sweet Pea's side of the clock clicks on a little longer than usual. "Never panic under pressure," he says.

He continues his attack with a bishop. "Bishops are strong, boy," he exclaims.

"Those motherfuckers are monsters!"

"You know," remarks one of the kibitzers, "he hasn't stopped talking since this morning."

"He hasn't stopped talking since he was born," another says.

Sweet Pea shakes two fists in the air. "I am the attack master!"

Queen takes knight. "You are in jail, mister."

Knight takes queen. "You are surrounded!"

The professor smiles. "It sure looks that way."

He gets up, enclosing Sweet Pea's winnings in a handshake. "Good games, Sweet Pea."

The professor climbs on his mountain bike and pushes on out to MacDougal Street.

ALMOST FROM THE BEGINNING, CITY authorities have seen the park as something that had to be cleaned up, whether of riffraff, dogs, or marijuana. These campaigns have met with limited success, although Mayor Koch did manage to impose a midnight curfew, over the loud protests of many park denizens.

Since Giuliani made "quality of life" a priority, drug-dealing arrests have more than doubled, from 400 to nearly 1,000 a year. According to some local businessmen, however, the problem appears to be on the demand side. "This is one big gorgeous mosaic of pot smokers, is what it is," says a dealer who asks to be called Bud. "You get tourists, you get guys from the financial district, NYU students, AIDS patients. Japanese. Famous people. David Lee Roth got arrested in here buying weed."

As an afterthought, he says, "You looking for something today?"

The dreadlocked Jamaicans occupy the chess circle and the fountain area. "Talk to me, baby girl, I got ki-yind bud from Jah-may-kah." "Lively up yourself." The badass homeboy dealers steadily roll around the park—step, hip, roll; step, hip, roll. They're phat and flashy in their neon Polo and Nike gear, forthright in their hustle: "Don't make me stand out here all day—"

Bud says this is their "office," and it is an all-day, everyday job. "I'm glad it's getting to be summer," he says. "Sometimes you're out here in the rain or cold."

But today it's warm, and the homeboys lean against the fence, watching the girls go by. One of them gets a look from a young lady in behind-defining jeans. He springs off the fence and rolls.

RICHARD LEVINE MET MONICA HALL JUST A few steps from the park, in an NYU

classroom. They were undergraduate drama students together.

"I remember after class sitting in the fountain and telling each other how old we were," says Hall. She looks like Pocahontas, in pigtails and gold-framed glasses.

"You were drunk," says Levine. He's a nice Jewish boy with Frank Zappa hair, in ripped jeans.

"Oh, yes, I was drunk!" Hall remembers, laughing. "It was the last day of classes. I was light-headed. You had to walk me around."

"I took care of you," says Levine.

They live together now and plan to be married sometime next year. "We have a lot of different memories of this park," Levine says. "It's a very romantic park."

"I like it around 6:30 at night," says Hall.

"It's magical," he says.

"It's enchanting," she agrees.

"The lights go on, and there's something otherworldly about it," he says. "I can feel the presence of spirits."

She looks up at him. "Yes."

A DIFFERENT KIND OF LOVE GOES ON IN THE dog run, at the south-central corner of the park. As the owners bask on the benches, leashes and iced-Starbucks cups in hand, a frail woman in her eighties walks around the pebbled yard, carefully petting every dog. Her name is Amy Goldring, and she lives nearby. "A lot of these dogs know each other well," she says, patting the flank of a bristly mutt; he's stopped for a moment from his game of biting a Lab. "They'll go to the gate and wag their tails when they see someone they know coming."

Goldring has candy-red hair and red pencil eyebrows; she's wearing a red beret, a puffy purple jacket, orange sunglasses. She carries two mysteriously heavy tote bags. "A lot of strange people come in here," she says. "I just come to see the dogs."

The dogs shoot after balls; pebbles fly up with a crunch. The dogs horse around, tails wagging continually. The scene here is cross-cultural, too: There's a Dalmatian, a Shih Tzu, a Chow, a keeshond, a weimaraner, a French bulldog, assorted mutts. They're wet; many of them have been standing under the spray of a hose one of the owners is training into the air for general use.

They're getting wild. Suddenly, there's a commotion. "There's a young boy dog here," frets a short-haired young woman in expensive sandals. "A puberty dog."

"Bubba!" "Amos!" "Chin-Chin!" The

scene's becoming something out of Pasolini. Owners flip-flop hysterically through the cloud of dust.

"You don't want him; he's a boy," a woman with a tight perm tells her Siberian husky, who's happily humping a chocolate Lab.

"Why not?" one fellow asks wryly. "This is the Village."

The hose gets dragged into the center of things. Someone's thumb increases the pressure of the stream turned on pleasure zones. "This'll break it up—" Owners address one another, laughing awkwardly or trying to sound like they know how to handle it, like dog people. "I, uh, he's never done this before—" "The best thing to do is just let them ride it out—"

"New Yorkers are separated from their families," muses Amy Goldring. "Dogs are good love objects."

PREACHER MIKE CAME HERE BY HIMSELF from Trinidad 22 years ago. It wasn't long after he landed in New York that he came to Washington Square Park, and he

hasn't been away from it much since. He sits in the chess circle all day long, a Don King-haired man in a windbreaker.

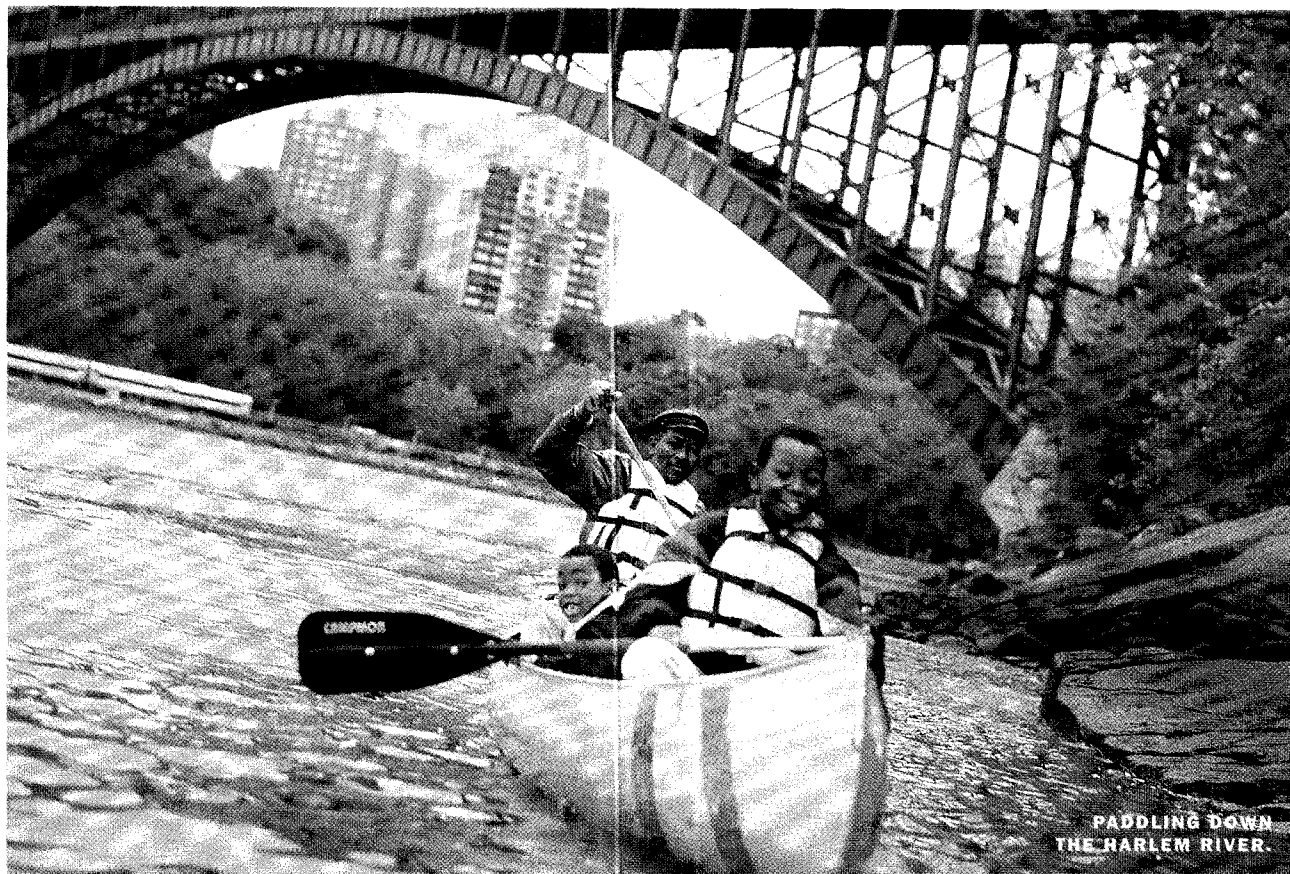
"See that tree right there?" Preacher Mike asks. He points to an elm that's more than 200 years old. "The first time I came to this park, I was sitting under that tree and suddenly an unseen force grabbed me. I couldn't move for ten or fifteen minutes. *Your fate is now*, the force said. *It's beginning to arise*. The heavens opened. It had never occurred to me before that what I read in academic form could be experienced."

"This entire place took on a different view. The spirit showed me the seven arches"—he points to the seven entryways of the law school across West 3rd Street—"corresponding to the seven churches in Revelation. It showed me the seven wheels of Ezekiel." Preacher Mike indicates seven stone circles cut high on the NYU dorms on MacDougal Street.

"My eyes began to open to all this," he says, sweeping his hand around him. "God is so detailed."



PEACE, LOVE & A WAND: BUBBLE MAN.

PADDLING DOWN
THE HARLEM RIVER.

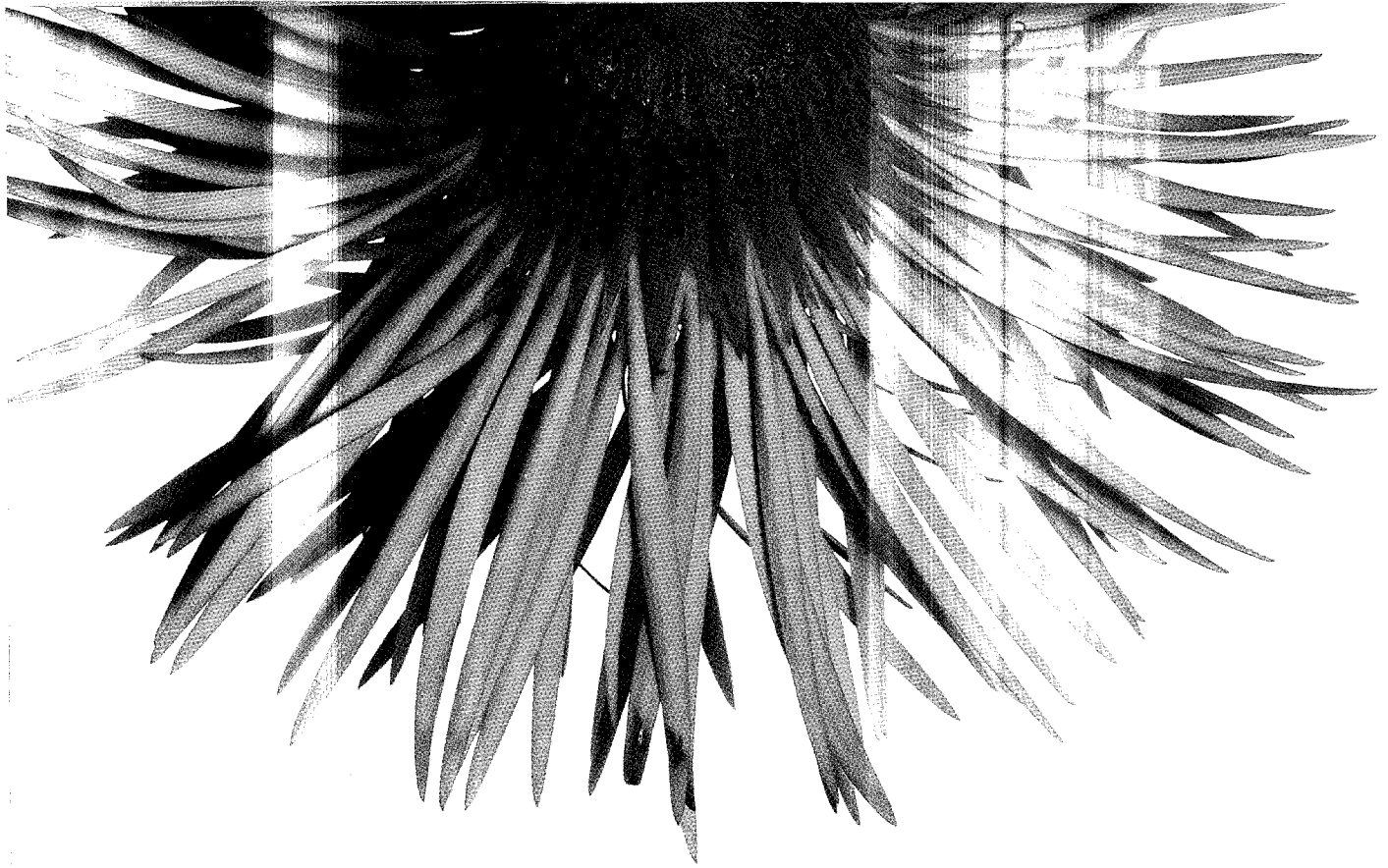
CONCRETE OPTIONS

A weekend in the city doesn't *have* to be an air-conditioned nightmare. By Sarah Bernard and Patricia Falvo

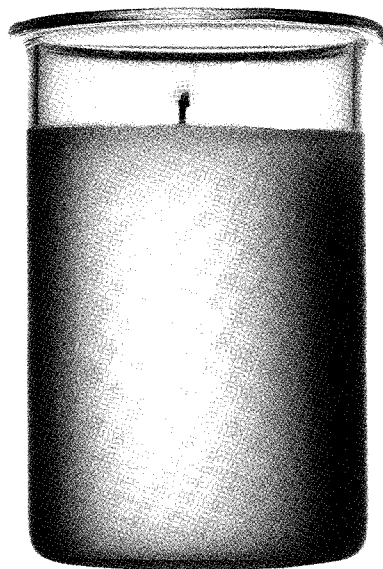
So you *don't* have a share in the Hamptons or a woodsy Maine retreat to point the Gulfstream to each balmy Friday afternoon. No matter. Do you know what jet fuel costs these days? For that reason and many, many others (at least one of which will occur to us at any moment now), *we'll* take Manhattan. Really, though, we will. Let the escapists sweat out the traffic just for the dubious pleasure of squeezing into those power-lunching tiny towns before turning around to sweat out the traffic again two days later: Their absence gives us room to get expansive. Ask us whether the

city is half-full or half-empty, and our answer is a resounding, exuberant *Yes*. It's empty enough to sip drinks at some new oasis you've been meaning to try or make tracks in the softening tar to that exhibit you can practically Rollerblade through in peace. Yet it's full enough not to feel, when you do those things, like the last living creature on earth. The city is finally yours—yours and just a few other people's. But they won't bother you. Here's a guide to a perfect weekend on the most perfect island of all.

9 A.M. Go one up on the sweltering heat by rising early for a morning swim. A \$40 weekend day pass for a rooftop pool may seem pricey, but have you checked out the going rate for a Hamptons share



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lately? Nothing beats eating a healthful breakfast while you towel dry with the city at your feet. Our favorite: The glass-enclosed **Pool at Club La Raquette at Le Parker Meridien Hotel** (118 West 57th Street; 245-1144), with its unparalleled views of Central Park, well-equipped sun deck, jogging track for cross-training (for variety), and Malibu-style lifeguards (for variety). Open on weekends from 9 A.M. to 7:45 P.M.

10 A.M. For a portable power breakfast that won't end your morning before it begins (nothing like a bacon-and-eggs-induced coma on a sizzling summer day), make a pit stop at **Juice & Joe**, the brightly colored juice bodega at 357 Sixth Avenue, near West 4th Street. J&J specializes in frothy, fruity, cleverly titled concoctions like Brava Guava and Calypso Peach: smoothies blended with a choice of twelve holistic boosters from ginseng to bee pollen.

For those who prefer *actual* food, the tiny West Village brunch mecca **Tartine** (253 West 11th Street; 229-2611) serves up gourmet translations of picture-perfect HoJo specials. The bad news: the place has only twelve tables inside. The good news: the muscled hordes that normally form lines around the block have been on Fire Island since yesterday.

11 A.M. While your friends pack into East Hampton's Nick & Toni's hoping to catch a glimpse of Steven Spielberg, wander into New York's underappreciated **Morgan Library** (29 East 36th Street; 685-0610) for a cooler, quieter celebrity fix of your own. On view through August is "Four Centuries of Journal Keeping"—a voyeuristic jaunt through the often overwrought and sometimes hysterical but in any case gratifyingly private musings of Isaac Newton, Albert Einstein, Sylvia Plath, Charlotte Brontë, and Walt Whitman. (A series of diary-related films like Kubrick's *Lolita* will be shown each Saturday in June at 1 and 3:15 P.M.) Cap your visit with some afternoon tea in the light-infused, chilly atrium Court Café, and think about starting a journal of your own. Then think twice.

Yachts are so hard to maintain and difficult to fit in a studio apartment. Instead, why not plan a canoe trip down the Harlem River? The Parks and Recreation Department's **Urban Park Rangers** (304-2365) will introduce you to the thrill free of charge. Your own private ranger gives you on-land instruction—and a life jacket—before leading you on

a one-hour tour. As you hug the banks of the Hudson, paddling softly and imagining Manhattan in the days before that transaction with the beads, listen carefully and you may hear the sound of an Amtrak Metroliner hurtling northward. Inwood Hill Park Urban Ecology Center, 218th Street and Indian Road; July 13 at 2 P.M.; August 24 at 11 A.M.

1 P.M. Everybody thinks it, but nobody ever comes right out and says it: You don't need sugar-soft sand or a grassy lakeside expanse to break out the cucumber-radish remoulade. Why not picnic on a bench at the **Liz Christy Bowery-Houston Community Garden** (on the northeast corner), where you can set up shop between the wildflowers and the fruit-bearing plants and watch the taxicabs speed soothingly by on Houston Street?

Uptown at the **West 79th Street Boat Basin Cafe** (496-5542) in Riverside Park there's no need to look for a shade tree—the cool limestone of the rotunda provides a perfect respite from the midday heat. The menu is so large you'd never guess there's no real kitchen here (a big grill does all the work). The on-premises wet bar serves wacky frozen drinks to wacky, overheated locals stranded, like you, in the city. Mind the pigeons, though.

Cricket? Too high-concept. Polo? Too

pretentious. That leaves the ancient Irish sport of **hurling**. Watch as teams of testosterone-pumped, helmetless players bat a ball (and each other) back and forth across a rugby field with a wooden stick called a hurley. The sport's loyal fans gather around 1 P.M. every Sunday at Gaelic Park (Broadway and 240th Street, Riverdale; 718-548-9568) to

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DRINK ME: A CUB ROOM MARTINI.

watch. (A seat in the bleachers costs \$5.) The non-athletically inclined won't feel excluded: The bar at the end of the field sees most of the action.

2 P.M. When a blown fuse forces you out into the street, you may as well keep going all the way to Coney Island's **Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation** (the Boardwalk at West 8th Street; 718-365-3474) and its remarkable state-of-the-art air-conditioning. Actual ocean breezes are a bonus. Not to mention groups of stiff walruses and overfed penguins lounging in simulated habitats—kind of like the Colony Club. For cheap entertainment, grab a front-row seat at the Aquatheater, where every half-hour a male California sea lion named Fonzie head-butts a beach ball while Atlantic bottlenose dolphins walk backward on water and drench the crowd in the process.

But the chilliest refuge in the city is probably the 10,000-square-foot meat-locker room at the nascent **Fairway** megamarket (2328 Twelfth Avenue, at 132nd Street; 234-3883). Kept at a bone-chilling 38 degrees, this spot has even David Letterman's studio beat. Use the opportunity to do a little pre-dinner shopping: Just suit up in one of the shabby-chic down jackets provided by Fairway, and choose from lobster; prime rib; T-bones and sirloins; and 30 varieties of beef, chicken, and turkey burgers.

Steamy vegetarians may prefer **Sky Rink at Chelsea Piers** (23rd Street at the Hudson River; 336-6100) where the temperature is so low that a cappuccino from the adjacent coffee bar seems strangely appealing on a 90-degree day. The rental skates are first-rate, and there are two rinks to choose from: one for sequined ice dancers-in-training, the oth-

er reserved for surly hockey jocks. Take a seat in the bleachers and watch both for free. Just remember to bring a jacket. The Sky Rink is \$9 for adults and \$7 for kids; skate rentals are \$4. Open Saturdays from 11:45 A.M. to 4:50 P.M., Sundays from 12:30 to 5:40 P.M.

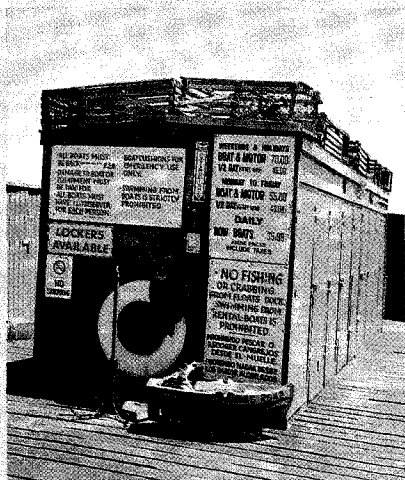
3 P.M. Finding a patch of grass where your Gucci bikini won't make you feel like an exhibitionist and Heineken-bottle shards won't lodge shrapnel-like in your behind *can* be difficult. But with its breathtaking, panoramic view of New Jersey, the **No Dog Lawn at Hudson River Park** is the closest thing the city offers to the Amalfi Coast. Bask in the day's post-noon rays as a shirtless, slumming JFK Jr. throws a Frisbee, college-quad-style, while indiscreet *Post* photographers rustle in the bushes behind you.

Truly dedicated sunbathers should check out **Gaelic Field** (215th Street and Indian Road) where you can shuck your Speedo without fear. This spot is happily deserted, but keep a wary eye out for lecherous neighborhood kids at the nearby softball fields and binocular-wielding hikers across the marsh. (Perverse sightseers, on the other hand, might want to consider this choice locale for topless sunbathing. Just bring your binoculars and hike to the other side of the marsh.)

4 P.M. A bustier on East Hampton's main drag can set you back you as much as your most recent implant. On the other hand, summer shopping in the city can be inexpensive and easy. Go window-shopping at the trashy yet trendy **Bang Bang** (53 East 8th Street), where fiercely coiffed mannequins in *faux* Fendi are arranged in obscene poses. While bargain-conscious teens battle one another for that *last* metallic Barbie-doll jumpsuit and their boyfriends busy themselves with *Swingers*-style shirts, head right to the back rack, where disposable halter tops and spaghetti-strap dresses are dirt cheap. Need more? **Dollhouse**, at 17 West 4th Street, offers mandarin-style tops and famously flattering hip-hugger pants. And **Warehouse**, a recent London import at 581 Broadway near Prince Street, carries *Absolutely Fabulous* summer essentials with that up-to-the-minute Brit-glam twist. Tell your friends you just flew in from Heathrow.

Where can you find a pair of Laura Biagotti shades for \$5? Nowhere we know of. But remarkably similar, disposable (and still legal) look-alikes abound at **Urban Outfitters** (628 Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston) and **Old Navy** (610 Sixth Avenue, at 18th Street), where \$20 will

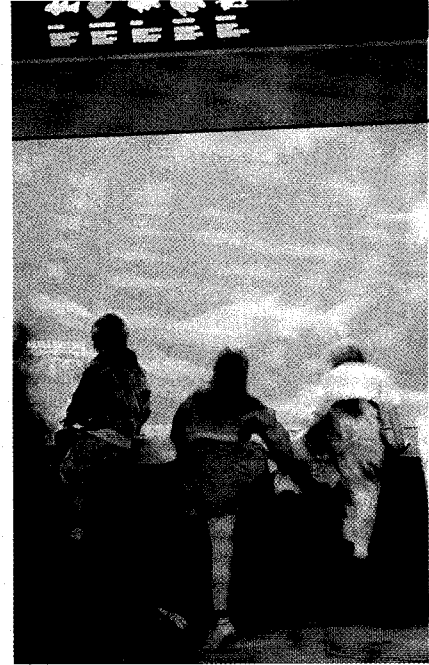
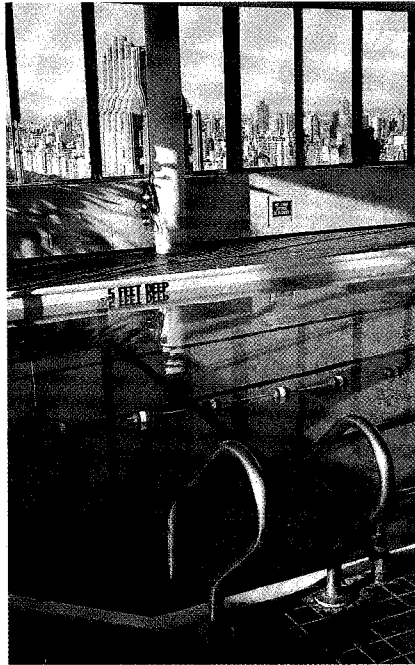
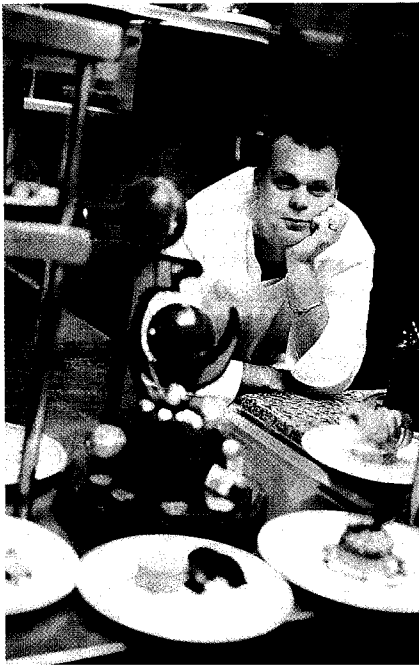
CHANNEL SURFING



SURF AND TURF: SMITTY'S FISHING STATION SERVES UP BAIT AND BOATS.

IF YOU'D RATHER SKIP THE FRANTIC Hamptons rush and hop the subway to the beach, the carnival at Coney Island isn't your only choice. Instead, try the mile-long strip of sand off **Broad Channel, Queens**. The big powerboats parked in every driveway dwarf the tiny cottages in this middle-class-Irish beach town. Broad Channel is eminently walkable, but the best way to see the town is from the water. A block from the A train is **Smitty's Fishing Station**, where a four-man fishing dinghy with an outboard motor rents for \$45 for a half-day. Or

explore the channel on a JetSki, \$35 per half-hour from the **Baha Bar & Grill** at the opposite end of the island. The view is astounding; on one side lies a quaint fishing village on stilts, while on the other side there's the A train, chugging over a revolving trestle. The occasional Concorde thundering overhead en route to Orly completes the scene. Broad Channel's only drawback is the local restaurant, the Sandbar, which is in all ways atrocious. Pack a lunch or pick something up at the deli and head for the picnic tables at the nearby **Jamaica Wildlife Preserve**. ADAM FISHER



LEFT TO RIGHT: PAYARD AND HIS TASTY TREATS; POOLSIDE AT CLUB LA RAQUETTE; A WATER VIEW AT THE AQUARIUM.

get you *two* pairs. Those with cash to spare can scoop up vintage frames at the Grand-and-Broadway flea market; **Eyes on Broadway** (651 Broadway) will supply a proper lens for \$35 to get you ready for the Riviera (or at least a

jaunt up Eighth Avenue).

6 P.M. In the mood to rumba? Where Dyckman Street meets the Hudson River, a Latin-flavored bar and seafood stand serves up oysters on the half-shell

and river views while fellow diners thoughtfully serve up the salsa from giant boom boxes. The umbrella'd picnic tables on the deck at **Dyckman's Reef** (noon to 11 p.m.; 348 Dyckman Street) were set up four years ago; ever since,

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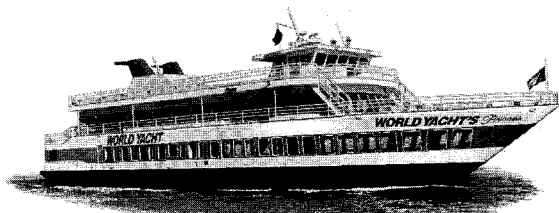
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the city

they've been serving near-frozen El Presidente and Corona for just \$2.50 and fried calamari and French fries for \$5.50, to a loyal following.

Prefer the polka? At the boisterous **Beer Garden at Bohemian Hall** (2919 24th Avenue, Astoria; 718-274-4925), towering trees link strings of paper lanterns above your head while rosy-cheeked Bavarian maidens hoist steins with a smile. The gargantuan garden, run by the Bohemian Citizens Benevolent Society, is open from noon to 10 P.M.

Hankering for a seaside view? Diners at the retro restaurant **Braque** (775 Washington Street)—the jewel of the meatpacking district's Industria empire—can look a block down the street and glimpse a slice of the Hudson. You don't even have to wait for a table. Choose from a familiar menu of light fare—barely-grilled-tuna niçoise salad, al dente penne, three kinds of bruschetta. Afterward, head down the picturesque West Side Highway for a romantic evening stroll.

7:30 P.M. Weekends at the **Prospect Park Bandshell** (9th Street and Prospect Park West) feature everything from Haitian and new urban Latin grooves to Spalding Gray, female-powered calypso to new jazz to wayward Hasids. The Celebrate Brooklyn festival has lined up names like Louisiana's Dirty Dozen Brass Band and the Ohio Players, plus Grammy nominees like Dark Latin Groove, to complement nonmusical offerings (such as a documentary on the life of Nelson Mandela). There's even more room here than in Central Park, with chairs for 1,500 plus additional seating for 4,500 more. Most concerts start at 7:30 P.M.; the suggested donation is \$3. Call 718-855-7882, extension 52.

8 P.M. Barred from Balthazar this spring? Try again this summer. The off-season is a good time to catch up on the trendy spots that are off-limits to the uninitiated during the rest of the year. It's gratifying how maître d's who are surly from Labor Day till Memorial Day are on their best behavior during the summer. Come August, they are practically soliciting on the sidewalk. More socially secure types may want to take advantage of the city's secret gardens. Wander into the Moroccan-spiced backyard of **Brunetta's** (190 First Avenue, near 11th Street; 228-4030) and pretend you've been invited to an exotic garden party by Mary McFadden. In the covered garden—lit like a bedouin's tent—you can

graze on zesty Italian specialties like spinach-and-ricotta lasagna. It's cheap. It's savory. It's *international*.

For more upscale, adventurous dining, try **Le Cigale** (231 Mott Street; 334-4331) the glass-walled centerpiece of Little Italy's Mott Street. Opened just a year ago, the elegant garden restaurant—designed by landscape artist Roger Miller—features 45 different species of fragrant plant life and portable heaters to warm up the coolest summer evening. Wood panels surround the complex, completing the illusion of a jungle paradise. Best of all, you don't have to worry about the drinking water.

9 P.M. Take a break from Kathleen's Cookies and boycott Au Bon Pain. Instead, head over to François Payard's **Pâtisserie & Bistro** (1032 Lexington Avenue, near 73rd Street; 717-5252), an elegant yet affordable Parisian bakery that's making its long-awaited stateside debut in late July. To celebrate your summer in the city, sample Payard's special Manhattan Tower, seven inches of chocolate chantilly and crème brûlée, or his New York New York, created with cream cheese, fresh berries, and the Manhattan skyline tastefully silk-screened in chocolate on the side. On your way out, stop and chat up the owner. The genial Payard says he wants his establishment to be more like a neighborhood saloon than a highfalutin pastry shop—sort of a high-cal Cheers.

MIDNIGHT Night crawlers might head to **Carbon** (605 West 55th Street; 582-8282), clearly designed with the season in mind. A cavernous main room complete with smoke machine, laser lights, and a *faux* Philippe Starck VIP lounge upstairs transports you back to the newly fashionable late eighties, but it's the rooftop dance floor, with its own D.J. and bar, that's the choicest spot here. Dance the summer night away with a lovely, quintessential New York view: the Department of Sanitation on one side and the Lady Bunny on the other.

So the Trump Princess isn't available—not even to Donald Trump. But for \$19.95, **Spirit Cruises** (727-2789) offers a summertime Moonlight cruise that's almost as good. Board at 1 A.M. Saturday morning and cruise from 1:30 to 3:30 (or board Saturday at midnight and cruise from 12:30 to 2:30). The tastefully appointed vessel leaves from Pier 62 at 23rd Street and the West Side Highway. Donald, eat your heart out.

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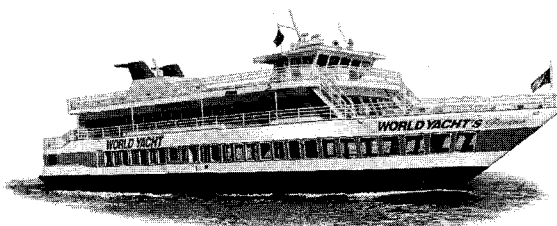
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THE VIEW FROM GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY.

century, Green-Wood was created by Henry E. Pierrepont (the same man who laid out Brooklyn's streets). Snaking paths and mirrored lakes were added later on. In its early incarnation, Green-Wood was treated more like a park than like a cemetery by local residents. (Its frustrated owners installed *faux* headstones to give locals the right idea.) Today, while it would never be confused with an arboretum, the sprawling cemetery still works on the senses like one. The outside world intrudes only in the most benign ways. The parts of Green-Wood that are not shady and lush are hilly and cleared of brush. From one spot, you can see the midtown skyline; from another, the Statue of Liberty. The headstones are gorgeously Victorian, and interspersed among the resting Ottos, Elizas, and Rebekahs are the remains of Leonard Bernstein, Samuel Morse, Boss Tweed, Alice Roosevelt, and Horace Greeley.

Woodlawn, in the northern reaches of the Bronx, features a similar setting of trees, water, and fowl, yet it's a destination that encourages not passive appreciation but active exploration. The paved paths here resemble city blocks ("Park Avenue," "Lawn Avenue," "Lake Avenue"); the mausoleums are like miniature Beaux-Arts mansions, with their inhabitants' names engraved conspicuously: Woolworth, Whitney, Westinghouse, Penney, Gould. Woodlawn was also the preferred resting place of the robber barons, and visitors claim to hear a faint and intermittent "clinking"—ghosts counting their spare change, or the natural shifting of the mausoleum doors. At a safe distance from the industrialists, financiers, and retailers are the graves of Duke Ellington and Miles Davis. While the concentration of fame here rivals that of Los Angeles's Forest Lawn, the effect is, appropriately, more understated.

Maps of celebrity-grave sites and guided tours are available. Both cemeteries close at sunset. Admission, of course, is free.

LINDA HALL

A SEPARATE PEACE

AT A TIME WHEN THE CITY'S PARKS increasingly resemble overenrolled health clubs, cemeteries may be the last tranquil refuge in town. New York's graveyards are happily unpopular. Most people know only the small, crumbling churchyards downtown or the monotonous acres of flat slate markers that surround the outer-borough expressways. But the city is also home to

two of the largest and most bucolic burying grounds in the world. Green-Wood (in Brooklyn) and Woodlawn (in the Bronx) are not what you'd call recreational getaways, but they are splendid places to while away an afternoon.

On maps of Brooklyn, Green-Wood is an ineluctable patch of green; at 478 acres, it's roughly half the size of Central Park (whose design it inspired). Purchased as farmland in the early nineteenth

hot dates

So life isn't hot enough for you? **THE CITY** can help. Care to step outside?

BY VIRGINIA HEFFERNAN

June 16

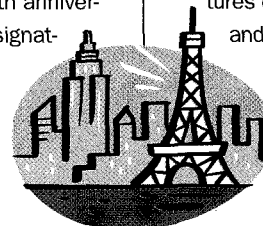
The fix is in, and there's no way New York can lose. In their first-ever regular-season interleague game, **THE YANKEES FACE THE METS** at Yankee Stadium tonight at 7:35 P.M. The Series continues on the 17th and 18th.

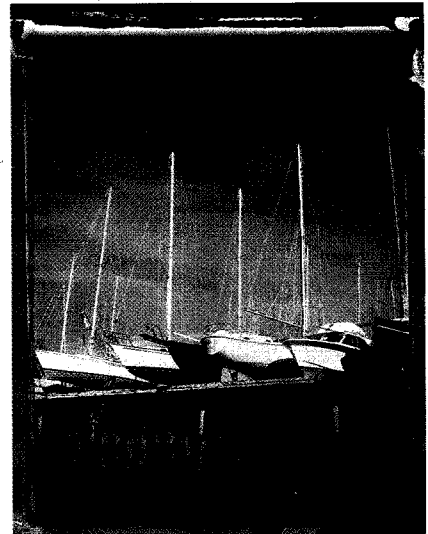
June 26

It's dry ice, strobe lights, and buxom babes in babushkas as **RASPUTIN**, Brighton Beach's pricey-but-peerless Russian cabaret, celebrates its fifth anniversary. Bring a designated driver (718-332-8333).

July 20

Don't just hum La Marseillaise while you do up your foulard; *indulge* your Francophilia. Florent's annual **BASTILLE DAY** benefit features cuisine, couture, and condescension from noon to 10 P.M. (989-5779).





THE FRESHEST FISH CAN BE FOUND ON CITY ISLAND—AT THE END OF YOUR LINE, OR IN A BASKET, FRIED.

ISLAND TRAVEL

THERE ARE THREE KINDS OF PEOPLE on City Island: Clam Diggers (that's what the natives call themselves), Mussel Suckers (that's what the natives call people who weren't born on the island but have lived there for at least twenty years), and Traffic (that's what the natives call you).

The island itself is a pastiche of Victorian sea captains' homes, ramshackle tar-roofed shanties, and seafood joints. People tend to discover it accidentally. "I was looking for an escape from Manhattan," recalls Pierre Saint-Denis, the chef who owns Le Refuge restaurant on the Upper East Side. "I was driving

north on the New England Thruway and noticed a sign for City Island, which I had never heard of." Saint-Denis has lived on City Island ever since, and now operates the Le Refuge Bed and Breakfast from the century-old eight-bedroom Victorian house he bought and restored in 1984. Among its charms are a 200-bottle wine list and Sunday-afternoon chamber-music recitals.

City Island also harbors some of the last vestiges of New York's once-robust fishing industry. John DeCuffa, a realistically gruff Clam Digger, runs Jack's Bait & Tackle, a lure for local fishermen, who come to stock up on bloodworms and fiddler crabs and to rent motor boats. But a number of the people who rent skiffs are "cruisers"—city slickers who want to spend the day on the water. For \$40, you get a sixteen-foot boat with a full tank of gas and a handy maritime map.

One place worth checking out is Hart Island. Less than a mile from City Island, this uninhabited spit of sand contains an abandoned missile silo (from the late fifties, when the Defense Department thought it made sense to

locate nukes close to large cities) and New York's potter's field, the final resting place of (legend has it) Typhoid Mary and several hundred thousand other unclaimed dead. The north side of Hart is said to provide the best fishing on the sound. On David's Island (another mile east), you will find the ruins of Fort Slocum, left over from the Revolutionary War. For now, going ashore on either island is illegal. Police boats generally ward off intruders with a warning.

Most people, however, come to City Island to eat. Your two best bets are Tony's Pier (1 City Island Avenue) and Johnny's Reef (2 City Island Avenue). The neighboring joints are charmingly rambunctious, cheap, and nearly indistinguishable. Their "cuisine" runs from standard-issue seafood (fried fish, clams, and shrimp) to more exotic fare—fried frogs' legs and chicken livers are Johnny's specialties. And while City Island connoisseurs give Johnny's the edge, after a couple of the island's trademark piña coladas you'll be hard-pressed to tell the difference.

MATTHEW MCCANN FENTON

July 23

Avoid the mob in Bryant Park and swim straight for the piers. The **SUMMER FILM SERIES** starts tonight at 8 P.M. with *Jaws* at Clinton Pier 84 (353-0366).

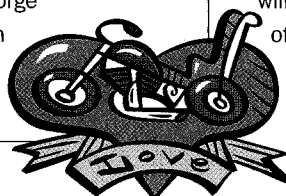


July 24

FRANK MCCOURT gets rock-star treatment as he reads from his Pulitzer Prize-winning *Angela's Ashes* at Summer Stage in Central Park, tonight at 8:30. Be sure to bring a hankie.

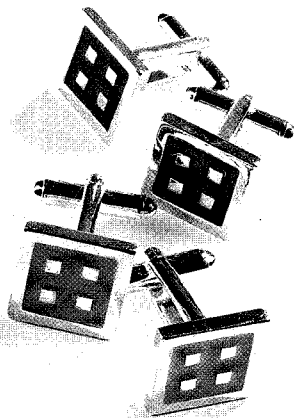
July 30

Rapper Doug E. Fresh hosts the Apollo Theater's seasonal **AMATEUR NIGHT SHOW-OFF** at 7:30 P.M. Who knows, you might catch the next George Plimpton (749-5838).

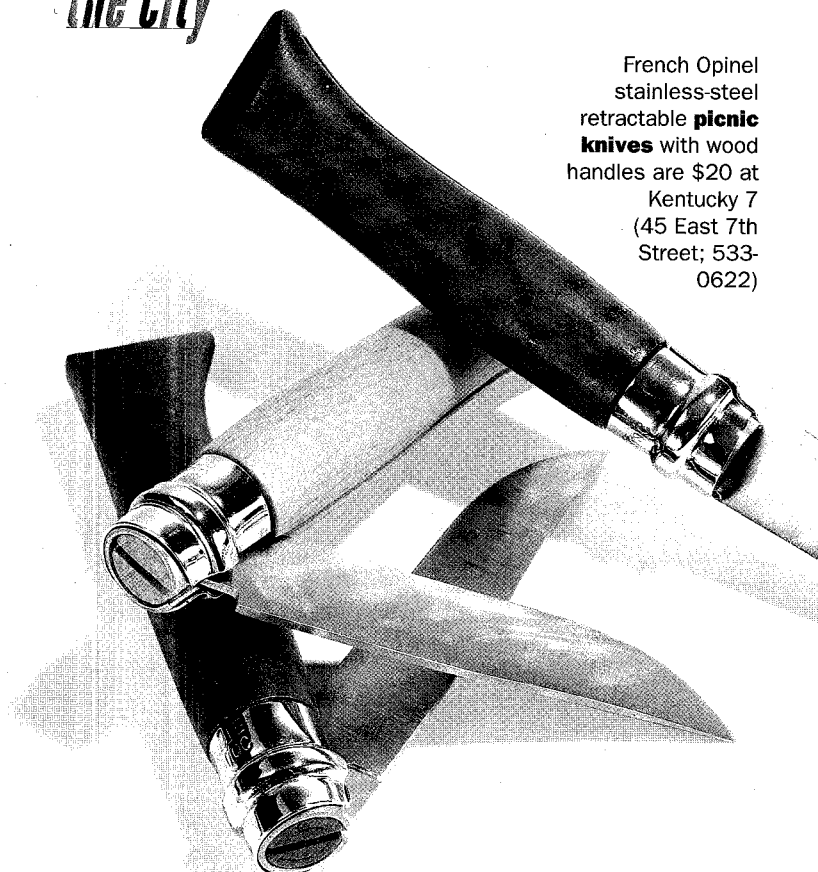


August 17

Turn pain into art at the **TATTOO AND MOTORCYCLE CONVENTION** on West 10th Street, Coney Island (718-372-5159). The event will feature a tattoo pose-off and stupid biker tricks, which actually aren't the same thing.



RT London "Fusion" silver-plate and enamel **cufflinks** are \$85 on Bloomingdale's main floor.

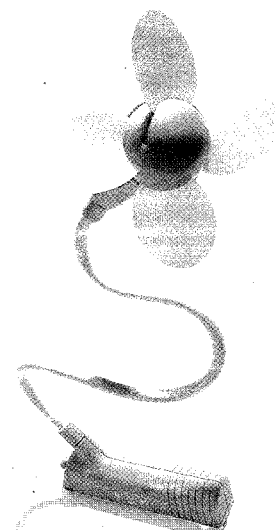
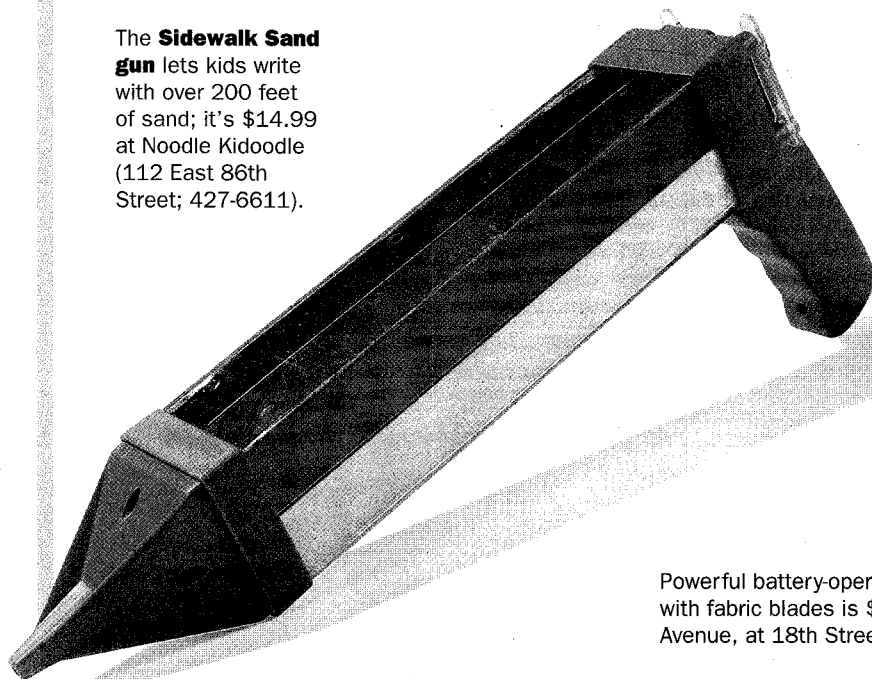


French Opinel stainless-steel retractable **picnic knives** with wood handles are \$20 at Kentucky 7 (45 East 7th Street; 533-0622)

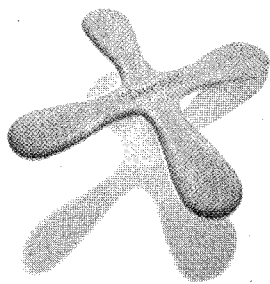
BEST BETS: THE BRIGHT STUFF

The hippest summer show is right in town: seven nifty treats for staying put in style. By Corky Pollan

The **Sidewalk Sand gun** lets kids write with over 200 feet of sand; it's \$14.99 at Noodle Kidoodle (112 East 86th Street; 427-6611).

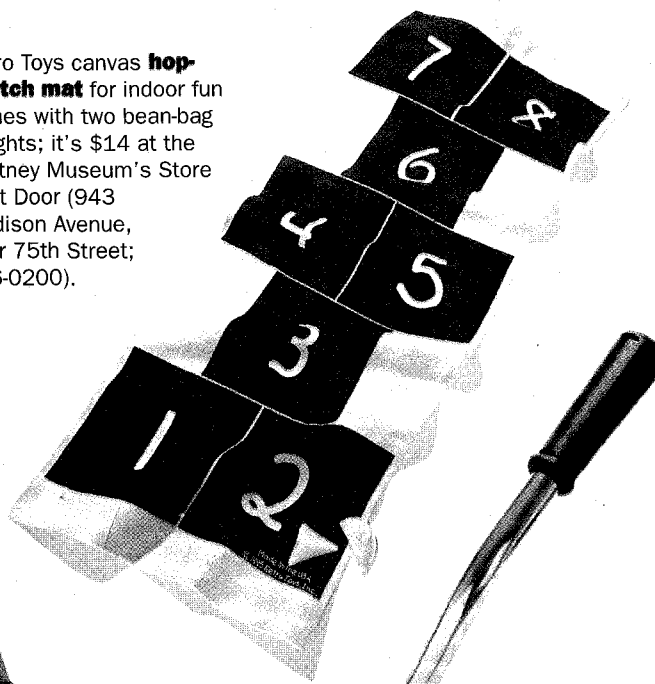


Powerful battery-operated flexible **plastic fan** with fabric blades is \$10 at Old Navy (610 Sixth Avenue, at 18th Street; 645-0663).



Ozwest "Roomerang," an indoor foam **boomerang**, is \$3 at the Children's General Store (2473 Broadway, at 92nd Street; 580-2723).

Retro Toys canvas **hop-scotch mat** for indoor fun comes with two bean-bag weights; it's \$14 at the Whitney Museum's Store Next Door (943 Madison Avenue, near 75th Street; 606-0200).



Staller Industries' hand-made NYCYLE one-speed **galvanized-metal bicycle** with Kevlar puncture-resistant tires and heavy-duty chain and lock is \$1,200 at C.I.T.E. (100 Wooster Street; 431-7272) and the Whitney Museum's Store Next Door.

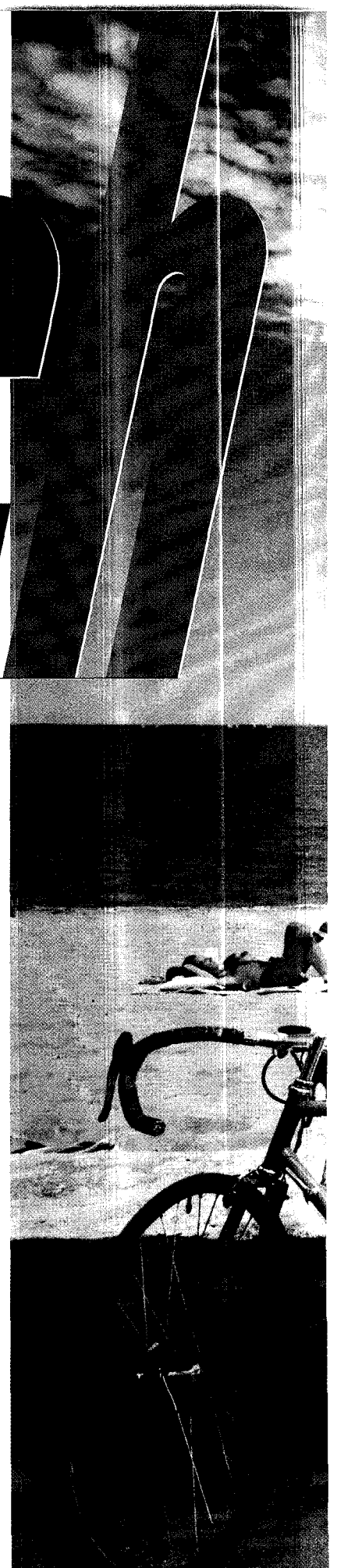
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NEDJELJKO MATURA

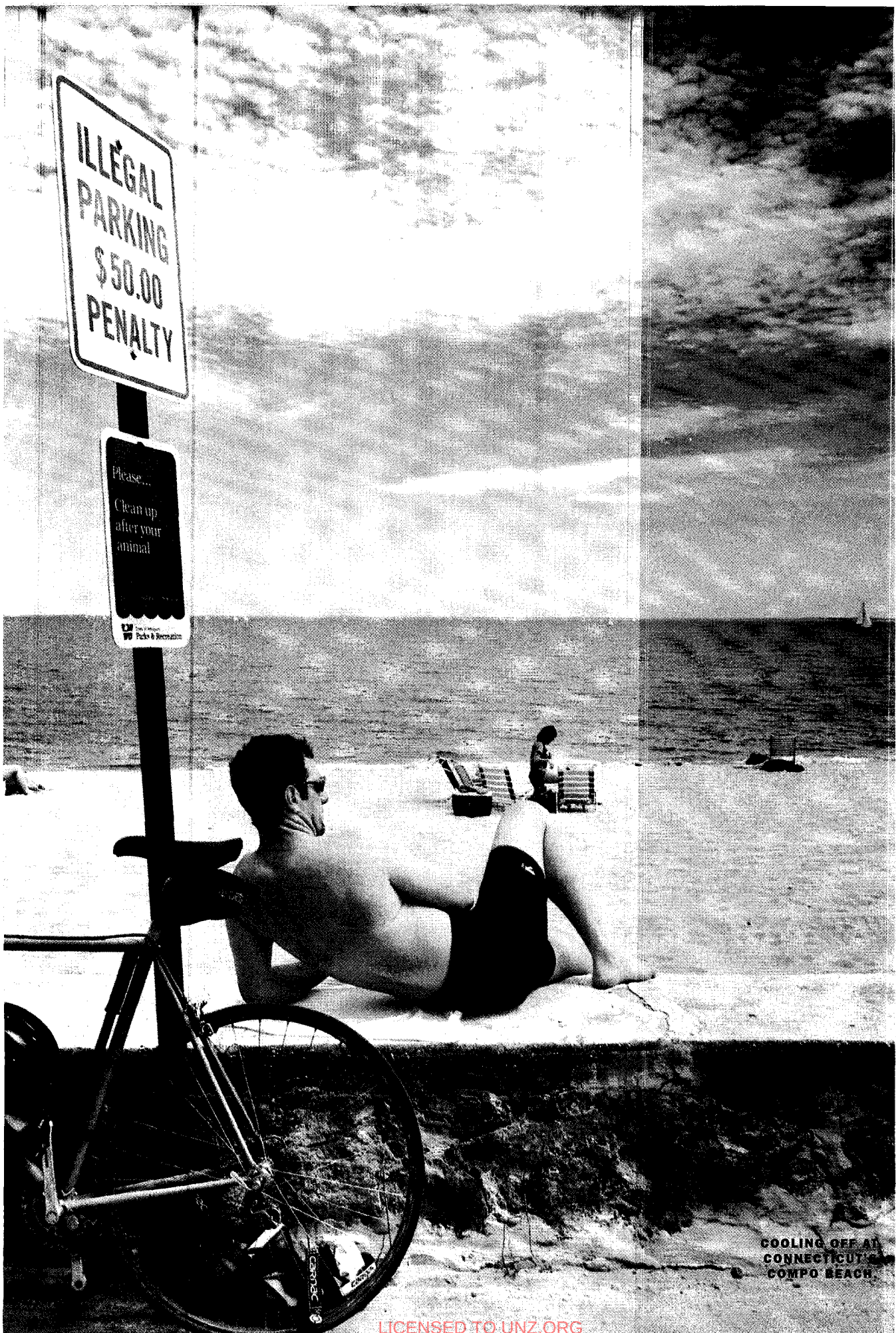
the **beach**

NUDE SUNBATHING,
REIKI MASTERS, **POWERBOAT** RACES,
POLO MATCHES, **CHARDONNAY**
TASTINGS, AND **CELEBRITIES**
IN **SWIMSUITS.**
THIS SAND IS **YOUR** SAND.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERND AUERS

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ILLEGAL
PARKING
\$50.00
PENALTY

Please...
Clean up
after your
animal

Connecticut
Parks & Recreation

COOLING OFF AT
CONNECTICUT'S
COMPO BEACH.

FALLOW FOR NOW:
EX-FARMER
RAY TOPPING.

WHERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

The potato growers lost out to the arugula eaters, but maybe Hamptonites *can* co-exist. By Ethan Smith

Friday, May 23, the day before the unofficial beginning of summer, evidence of seasonal overpopulation already abounds in Long Island's East End: The Montauk Highway is just shy of attaining full gridlock; the Bridgehampton King Kullen is in impending-natural-disaster mode as frantic shoppers hassle employees for Memorial Day-weekend quantities of charcoal, mint, pimientos; in every Hampton, employees of traditionally daylight businesses like clothing stores and card shops start their peculiar inversion of summer hours, planning to stay open until 11 P.M.

As city people—an estimated 110,000 of them—begin to surge across the narrow South Fork, the area's 63,000 full-timers, from the stubborn handful of farmers to the expanding entrepreneur class, carry out their own seasonal preparations.

Just like a real flood, the demographic tidal bore brings the area much-needed nutrients (cash, jobs) while also eroding landmasses and social structures alike. Responses to the shifting social conditions may vary, but no group can ignore them. At one extreme is the lifelong farmer resigned to the eventual necessity of selling his family's land; at the other, wealthy Manhattanites trying to compensate for their destabilizing effect with a measure of civic responsibility to-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREG MILLER

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ward their home away from home. Between the two poles lie shopkeepers who have established niches in the East End's various part-time subcommunities; teenagers for whom the 175 percent population increase is primarily a source of extra kicks and summer-job wages; and bartenders for whom parsing the Pétus from the Penfolds has become as valuable a skill as slinging rum-and-Cokes for landscapers.

A STRETCH OF ROAD ON WAINSCOTT'S western fringe is one of the only pieces of the Montauk Highway from which you can still see a few acres of working farmland. Just opposite is Poxabogue, a driving range-cum-luncheonette that serves as a kind of blue-collar answer to the Maidstone Club. At the counter, Ray Topping, a retired farm-machinery-shop proprietor and third-generation owner of a Bridgehampton farm, finishes lunch with a slice of cantaloupe.

Farms remain iconic South Fork fixtures to this day despite their dwindling numbers. Topping's plot is actually comparatively new—some families have been at it since the seventeenth century. Though his grandfather arrived in Bridgehampton only in 1886 and the farm is now leased to another farmer, Topping faces the same dilemmas every other person born to his calling does: resisting the temptation to sell out.

"Two guys are after me now," he says of outstanding offers for his 80 acres of farmland on Halsey Lane. "A Brazilian banker and a Park Avenue developer." Despite various regulations aimed at the preservation of open space, the going price of a vacant acre south of the highway is currently hovering around \$100,000. Topping is tempted—in fact, he admits, he sold a sixteen-acre chunk to the developer a few years ago.

But so far, considerations practical and sentimental have kept the 70-year-old from selling the entire plot. There are taxes to be reckoned with. And despite the area's famously rich topsoil, Topping says, there are only five working farmers between East Hampton and Water Mill. Who wants to be the one to bring the number down to four? It's still possible, he says, for a farmer to make a living, mainly by exporting potatoes to Puerto Rico, Boston, and New York City—"as long as their family works at it, too, so they don't have to hire too much help."

The agricultural potential of the Bridgehampton soil isn't completely wast-

ed on the newcomers, Topping notes dryly: "They like their green lawns."

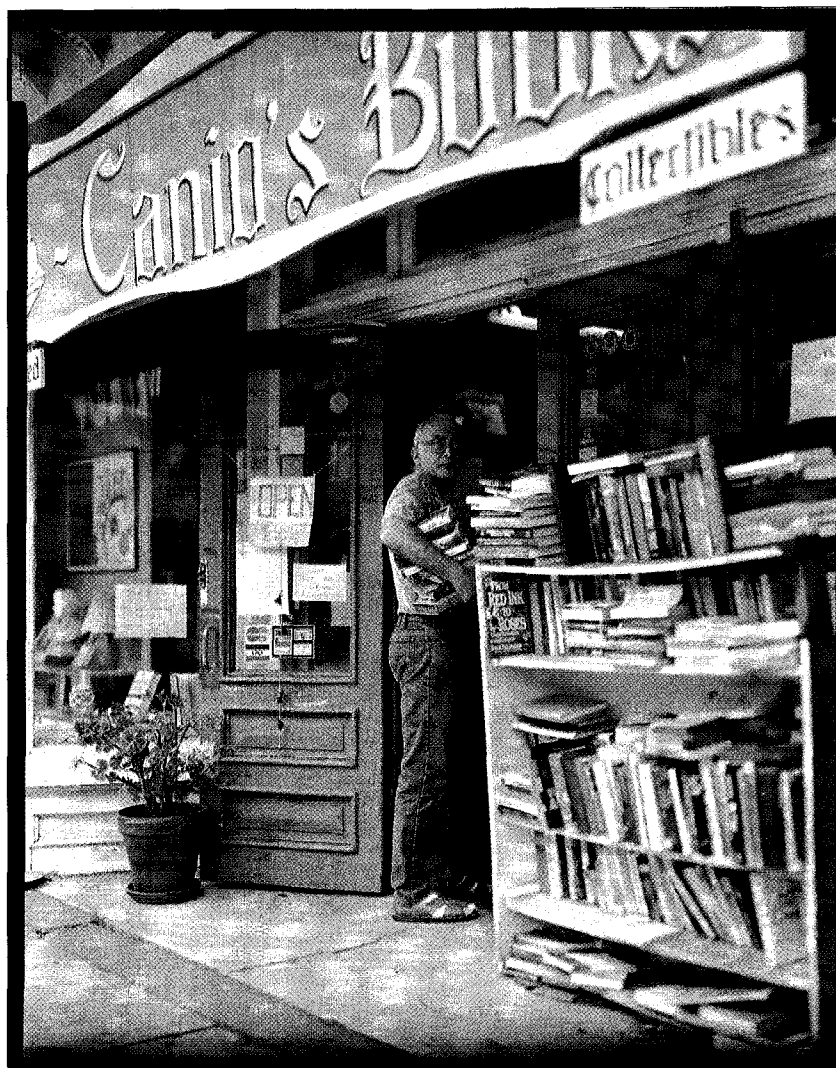
IF THERE'S ANYPLACE IN THE HAMPTONS it's possible to call bohemian, it's Sag Harbor, which has long attracted a more urbane, artily dissolute set than the surrounding area. While the East Hampton multiplex screens *The Lost World*, Sag Harbor's lone theater shows *When We Were Kings* and displays ads for *Kama Sutra* and *A Chef in Love*. And the town's one real bookstore, Canio's, is both serious and funky: Well away from the main drag, it has used books piled high on every available surface, an entire wall of poetry titles (including several published by Canio's Editions), and racks displaying the latest paperback editions of Isaac Babel and E. Annie Proulx.

Presiding over the wonderfully inelegant, dusty jumble is an affable, bespectacled retired schoolteacher. "People come in assuming Canio is my last

name," says Canio Pavone. "How are you, Mr. Canio?" And to some people my wife is 'Mrs. Canio.' She just smiles at them nicely."

Canio's feels as if it's been there forever (or at least since John Steinbeck lived around the corner and Jackson Pollock was down the road in East Hampton), but Pavone opened it in 1980, taking the \$200-a-month space over from a thrift store. "I was on jury duty in Riverhead, reading a book by Joe Pintauro, *Cold Hands*," a novel set around Sag Harbor. "They released us early one day, and I didn't feel like going back home to Babylon, so I took a ride out here."

Pavone's store has become something of a nexus for the East End literary community, hosting readings by Russell Banks, Robert Owen Butler, and the late Tony Lukas, as well as a now-defunct annual *Moby Dick* marathon reading that was known to draw Kurt Vonnegut, Ben Gazzara, and Viveca Lindfors. Sag Harbor appears three times in Melville's



BOOKSELLER CANIO PAVONE GETS LIT.



WESTHAMPTON'S "BITCH SQUAD."

everyone's very carefree. We're still out here during the winter."

"THERE'S A CHEAPER ELEMENT NOW THAN there was ten or fifteen years ago," says John, the bartender at Wolfie's Tavern. A former assistant manager at an ultra-Waspy beach club, John now divides his working hours between Wolfie's, in the sandy East Hampton suburb of Springs, and the Southampton estate of a Manhattan billionaire—where, as sommelier, he presides over a \$3 million cache of wines.

In professional terms, that means knowing how to keep a pair of roaring-drunk landscapers at bay one night, which thousand-dollar Bordeaux to serve with meat loaf and asparagus the next. (It also means maintaining a level of discretion so high that he refuses to disclose his own last name or the billionaire's identity.) In sociological terms, John's employment situation means he has a unique vantage point from which to form his opinions: Wolfie's is so authentically "bonacker" (local dialect for "local") that a construction worker who moved here from Brooklyn several years ago says he doesn't feel comfortable there. As for the summer people, "for the older generation," John says, expanding on his "cheaper element" observation, "the club was the focus of their lives. Now their kids want to play a game of tennis or a round of golf, but they're happy to eat dinner at a pizza place in town."

"Remember, he's different," whispers Brian Leland, a friend of John's drinking away a Tuesday night at Wolfie's. "He works for the rich people. He *likes* them." Asked what he does for a living, Leland holds up his hands—revealing palms covered in calluses, pitch, dirt—before affirming the obvious: landscaping. Though he's 35, Brian and his girlfriend are currently crashing at his oldest brother's house in Montauk. "Five years ago, you could get a two-bedroom house for \$700 a month," he practically moans. "Now you can't get the same house for less than \$2,500. And it's a shack!"

On a typical day, the Leland family's operation cuts and hauls 90 cords of wood, mostly for consumption in the fireplaces of second-home owners. Indirectly, then, Brian Leland also works for "the rich people"; but that doesn't mean he thinks about them, develops theories about their habits, or likes them. "They can stay," he says offhandedly. "Before they even build, we gotta cut. So we've got our job with or without them. So fuck 'em. They can stay."

whaling tale, "and every time it was mentioned, why, everyone in the audience would just applaud," Pavone says.

Being surrounded by so many writers (neighbors include Betty Friedan and Steinbeck's widow) has rekindled an old ambition in Pavone. "Ever since I was a kid, I wanted to be a writer," he says. "When I came out here, I thought, *This is great! It's isolated, I don't know anyone, and I'll have time to write.* But then very quickly I made friends here and got caught up in having readings and that whole thing. But I guess I still think that when I grow up I'm going to be a writer."

AH, TO BE 18 AND POPULAR IN A BEACH town. "There are thirteen of us who are friends," says Jamie Overton. "People at our school call us the Bitch Squad." The 93.5 percent of Westhampton Beach High, class of '97, who *don't* claim membership in the Squad, says Overton, "are jealous of us—they want to hang out with us and stuff." With a dismissive chuckle, she cites other nicknames her peer group has earned: "Just the B-Squad. Or the Gap Girls—because we all dress kind of alike."

Or, adds Mary Otis, "the J. Crew Junkies."

The half of the elite crew gathered for lunch at a Westhampton restaurant the Friday before Memorial Day don't *seem* like snobs: They're on a first-name basis with the waitress and the busgirl; they earn their own spending money—each works at least one job—waiting tables,

lifeguarding, baby-sitting; they invite a visitor to a party at a classmate's house the following night.

"I guess we were labeled that as a joke, sort of, in junior high," explains Bryn Kenny. "We play it up a little, but it's not like we only hang out with those thirteen people. I have friends outside this quote-unquote group."

If the "group" shares any disproportionate sense of entitlement, it stems from the fact that Jamie's father is chief of the Southampton Town Police Department. "Our parties get busted pretty often," says Meghan Fay. But hassles with town cops often turn into an occasion for the boss's daughter to give the officers a hard time.

Saturday night, at the classmate's party, Jamie sips on a Budweiser and joins three boys at gambling with dice. Another boy, meanwhile, confirms the girls' story about their collective epithet. "Yeah," he says, pointing around the room. "There's one. And there's one. There's another one. They're all cold bitches." Implying an implausible degree of familiarity with the subject, he adds, "They're not prudes, though."

"We love the guys we're friends with," Bryn says later. "And I don't want to say bad things about them. But for some people—and I'm one of them—they just don't cut it as boyfriend material." City boys aren't much better: "I've been set up with people who have summer houses out here. But you can never have a relationship out of it, because it's summer and

ANNA PUMP WANTS TO CLARIFY ONE ground rule: "Are you writing about what people come in the store?" she asks. "Because we don't talk about that. If you see someone in here yourself, that's okay, but we don't talk about our customers." That may sound rather circumspect for the owner of a prepared-food shop, but in a neighborhood whose residents include Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, Ronald Lauder, and Kurt Vonnegut, discretion is a key to maintaining a loyal clientele. And Anna Pump has made a livelihood out of catering, literally, to the expensive, discriminating tastes of such people.

Entering Pump's store, Loaves and Fishes, feels a bit like walking onto a page of *Martha Stewart Living* (although Anna and her daughter Sybille, with whom she owns and runs Loaves and Fishes, point out that they've been refining the Sagaponack operation's basic formula for eighteen years, so that any resemblance to the work of a certain East Hampton-dwelling domestic-arts mogul is sheer coincidence). Turkey breasts and hams stand in a display case, cut with intimidating expertise into dozens of perfect quarter-inch slices; loaves of aromatic cinnamon bread cool on racks; pies rest alluringly on a smooth tile shelf. And every surface, from the wooden floor to the platters and bowls right up to the rafters, is a pure, hard, brilliant white, intensifying the visual impact of each gastronomic creation.

The elder Pump and her husband, Detlef, were drawn to the area in 1979, because it reminded them of their native northern-German state of Schleswig-Holstein. "When I came here, it felt like home," says Pump, who had been living in rural New Jersey since 1960.

Pump brought with her a range of cooking experience—from lunches for twenty on the farm where she grew up to studying with James Beard—and a background in accounting. She'd also learned a valuable lesson about the American appetite for luxury food shortly after arriving from Germany. "We went to a restaurant, and we saw people eating these big steaks," she recalls. "My husband said, 'I could never eat that! What could I do with that?'" Sybille adds that the May-to-September frenzy of activity has a motivation entirely apart from the high daily grosses that come with, say, \$8 loaves of bread. On a Saturday in July or August, she says, "we probably feed a thousand peo-

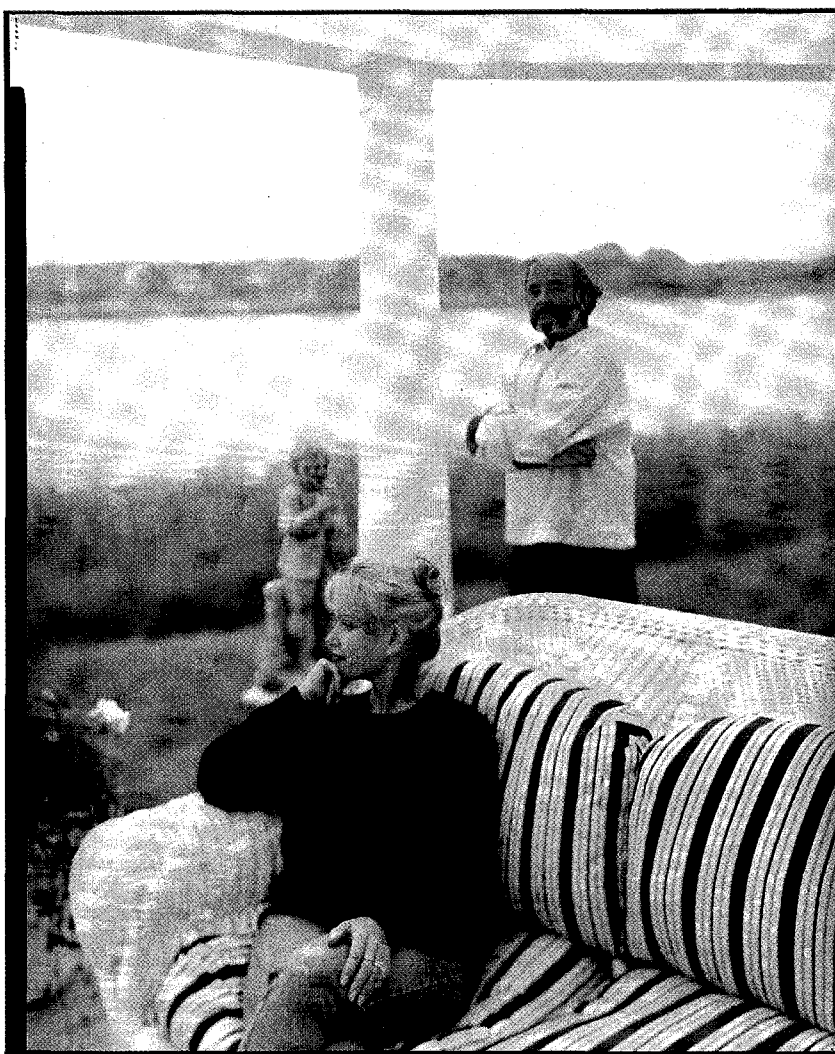
ple. It's very satisfying. Self-gratification to the max."

SEVEN YEARS AGO, PATTI AND DAVID SILVER decided to "give something back" to the community where they spend most of their leisure time, and began donating \$5,000-per-year college scholarships to East Hampton High students. It was a philanthropic gesture greatly at odds with the mixture of arrogance and obliviousness with which the typical Hamptons weekenders treats the locals.

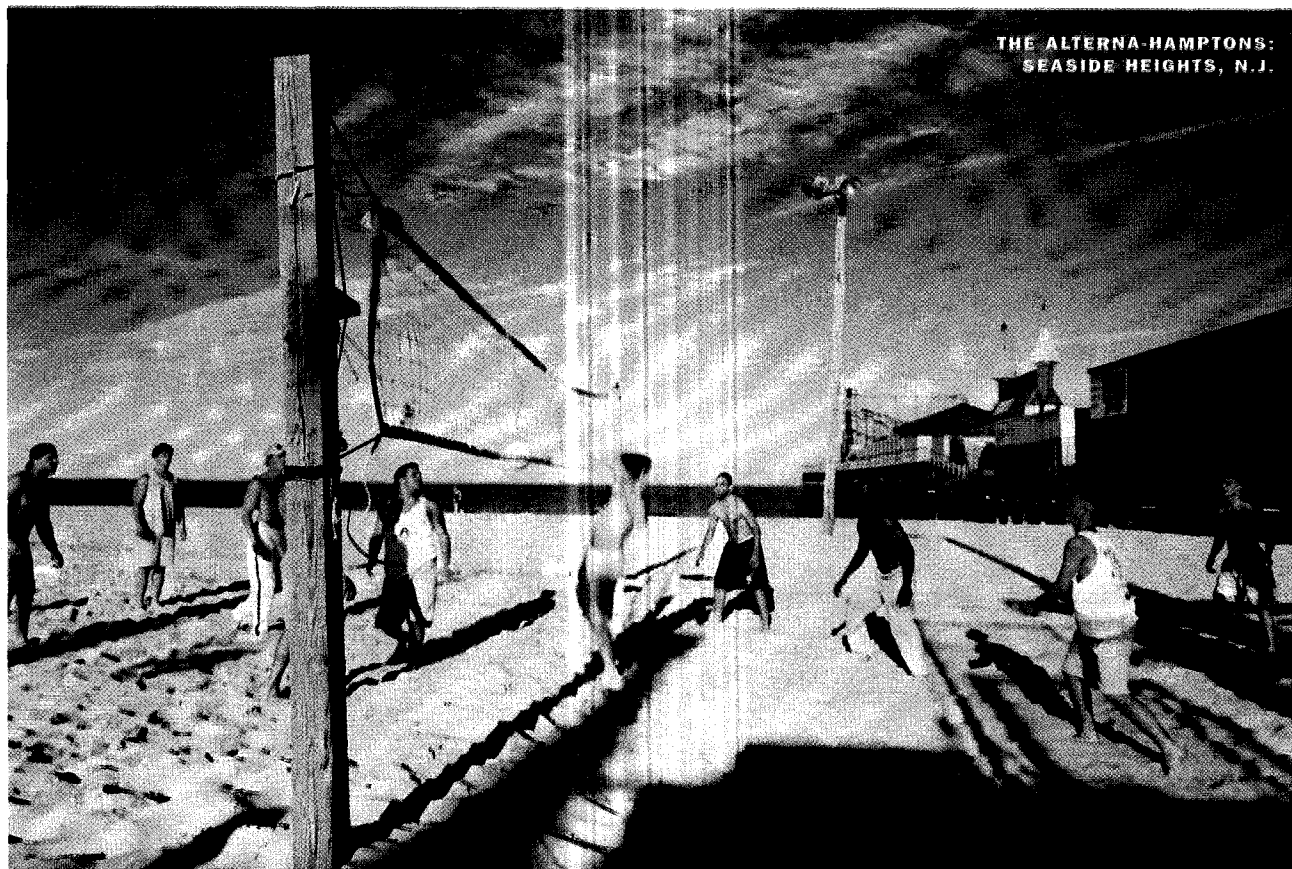
But their civic-mindedness didn't end there: In the course of interviewing scholarship candidates, the Silvers found an even bigger project. "It came up, over and over," says Patti, "that even though they think East Hampton is beautiful, there's nothing to do here." So a year and a half of fund-raising—including a hilariously hokey trailer shown last summer at the East Hampton movie theater starring local luminaries Billy Joel, Martha Stewart, and Christie Brinkley—yielded the \$3 million needed to break

ground this fall on the East Hampton RECenter (pronounced "rec center"). The Manhattan architecture firm Davis Brody Bond designed a 17,000-square-foot building that includes an indoor swimming pool, theater performance space, and computer facilities.

The Silvers' greatest accomplishment may well have been to make weekenders think differently about their role in town affairs. In raising the project's money from year-rounders and summer folks alike, the couple aimed as much to break down the walls between the two populations as to build those of the new center. Still, RECenter II will probably need another set of patrons. "If I ever think about attempting anything remotely like this again," Silver says with a laugh, "I hope someone shoots me first." But, noting that projects of every size involve headaches, he reasons that you might as well aim for the sky. "It's like, whether you steal a thousand dollars or a million, you're going to jail, right? So you might as well go for it."



THE SILVER LINING: PATTI AND DAVID.

THE ALTERNA-HAMPTONS:
SEASIDE HEIGHTS, N.J.

OCEANFRONT PROPERTIES

North Coast Nirvana: seventeen great places to throw down your towel from Jersey to Connecticut.

There are plenty of gorgeous beaches within a few hours of the city. It's just parking at them that's a nightmare. In the Hamptons, most beaches require a resident permit to park (summer people can get them, too), but a few will sell day passes to nonresidents. Connecticut is even stricter, but national and state parks are open to all. New Jersey's beaches have more permissive policies, and many of them are much less crowded and just as beautiful as those on the East End. For reluctant motorists, there's always Jones Beach, if you know how to navigate it. A selective guide to the best beaches around.

Flying Point, Water Mill, L.I.: If you are in search of the "hot young scene" close to Southampton, look no further. "It's the nightclub transplanted to the beach," says Lara Shriftman, a Manhattan publicist. Consider putting in some time in the gym and applying the self-tanner if you want to keep up with the norm. This is one of the beaches that you need a permit for—\$100 for a nonresident for the season—but if you have use of a pair of Rollerblades, a bike, or a couple of bucks to take a cab, you can avoid parking hassles altogether.



Coopers Beach, Southampton, L.I.: If Main Beach on Meadow Lane seems too

close to the notoriously Waspy Southampton Bathing Corporation, head to this more egalitarian option. The only beach in Southampton where you can purchase a nonresident day pass—\$15 on a weekday, \$20 on the weekend—Coopers offers full amenities: convenient parking, a great snack bar, and chairs for rent. Get there before noon if you want a good parking spot.



Gibson Beach, Sagaponack, L.I.: Drive by idyllic fields filled with horses to one of the most beautiful of the Hampton beaches at the end of Daniel's Lane. The mix of topless Euros, Condé Nast editors, TV producers, fashion insiders, and the literary set creates "a private and insiderish flavor," according to one devotee. Expect to see beachgoers lugging around Pynchon's latest—Sagaponack residents such as George Plimpton and Kurt Vonnegut up the literary ante. Southampton permit required.



Georgica Beach, Wainscott, L.I.: Getting off the highway before East Hampton brings you into what many consider the celebrity center of the East End. While you might not actually brush elbows with Steven Spielberg, Martha Stewart, Ronald Perelman, or Kelly Klein, you will certainly understand why they settled here. Egrets, herons, sandpipers, and ducks fly over the beautiful Georgica Pond to the right; the beach itself is wide and clean; and if you are willing to walk



a little west, you can create your own private beach haven.



Ditch Plains, Montauk, L.I.: Among the crowd searching for a more rugged beachfront than the Hamptons can provide is, of course, the quintessential surfer. The bleached-blond hunk and babe need look only as far as Ditch Plains to catch their best waves. It's also popular with young hipsters who stay at Montauk's nearby fifties-style motels. One of the few beaches where you can get breakfast and watch the longboarding activities—sausage on French toast is one option. There is also a great burrito stand that helps any homesick West Coasters feel closer to home.



Indian Wells, Amagansett, L.I.: If Atlantic Avenue beach lives up to its super-crowded and noisy reputation, park in its large lot (\$10 for the day), pick up some food at its huge snack bar, change in one of the rooms designed for this purpose, but then actually sit on the Indian Wells part of the beach. Although it also plays host to some volleyball games and families of twenty, the crowd is hipper and the scene lower-key.



Louse Point, Springs, L.I.: Unfortunate name for such a lovely place. This

SURFERS REST AT DITCH PLAINS BEACH.

boomerang-shaped strip of beach deep into Springs is long and craggy enough to easily accommodate its cast of regulars—picnicking couples, wading babies, grizzled catamaran sailors, fathers teaching sons to fish. There's even a secret island to explore. Unfortunately, it's also popular in the insect world—ticks, ants, and green flies, particularly restless in the hottest hours of the day, are all interested in exploring you.



Orient Point State Park, L.I.: The North Fork is better known for its hybrid landscape of vineyards, farms, and rocky coastline than it is for its beaches. But on the fork's eastern extreme lies the small Orient Point State Park, where a wetlands nature preserve, picnic tables, and sandy beach make up for the absence of South Fork charms like waves and dunes. Decent playground facilities, along with the lack of swells (both oceanic and social), make it ideal for children.



Crescent Beach, Shelter Island, L.I.: No waves, no dunes, pebbly sand, murky bay water—at first, the beaches on Shelter Island look like a real bummer. To appreciate them, you must have a taste for small-town charms: the lack of attitude, volleyball games that you can join in, Euro couples who chat with you as if your kids

KEY		
	BIG CROWDS	CLEANLINESS
KID FRIENDLY	LIFEGUARDS	GOT PARKING
PICK-UP SPOT	NUDITY	SNACKS
SURFING	WILDLIFE	PEBBLES

went to the same kindergarten. No worrying about a little gut or a frayed swimsuit. And if it all gets a little too low-key for you, amble over to André Balazs's new Sunset Beach inn for a drink.



Jones Beach, N.Y.: Although Jones Beach can seem more like a sprawling airport than a seaside park, it's nearby, swimmable, and six and a half miles long. Perfect for those days when you're not psyched for two hours on the L.I.E. But you've got to know how to pick your spot. Field 6 is the most coveted—its 1,300-car parking lot fills up as early as 8:30 A.M. Despite its popularity, it remains a peaceful mix of seniors, families, and the gay scene. Field 2 fills up next, by about 10:30 A.M. Field 4 is the biggest and noisiest. Field 5 borders on Zach's Bay, which is sheltered from waves and good for kids. West End 2 is the most peaceful, and it allows surfing and fishing. If you're carless, you can take the Long Island Rail Road to Freeport or Wantagh and get on a shuttle bus to the Central Mall or either bathhouse.



Spring Lake/Belmar, N.J.: Hamptons regulars will be stunned by the number of free, beachfront parking spots along Ocean Avenue, the drive connecting

these two beach towns. Spring Lake and Belmar sit shoulder to shoulder on the beach and share a boardwalk, but they make an odd couple. Youth-happy Belmar, to the north, sports fast-food chains, miniature golf, happy-hour drink-ups, and an outdoor gym in view of the boardwalk; Victorian-style Spring Lake is more staid and obviously moneyed, a low-key community of century-old gingerbread houses and about three dozen solidly booked bed-and-breakfasts.



Bay Head, N.J.: It has no boardwalk, no snack stands, no bathrooms, no public showers, no radios, no nearby parking lots, and, best of all, no noisy crowds. Lined with stately homes and broken occasionally by black rock jetties, it is one of New Jersey's cleanest and most beautiful beaches. Some pleasant cafés are within walking distance of the ocean. The town's architecture echoes Cape Cod's, and the atmosphere is perfect for a getaway weekend with a significant other, which explains why almost every other house on the main drag is an inn or a bed-and-breakfast. One town north lies Point Pleasant, where seafood restaurants, while not exactly Oceana or Le Bernardin, are the big draw.



Seaside Heights, N.J.: If you find yourself burdened with bored preteens this summer, take them to this old-fashioned boardwalk town, which has two cheesy amusement piers linked by a mile-long spectacle of arcades and carnival-style barkers. Maruca's Pizza on the boardwalk claims to have the best pizza in New Jersey, and, looks aside, they could very well be right. The beach scene is young and noisy, a feature reflected by the number of cigarette butts and soda cans buried in the sand.



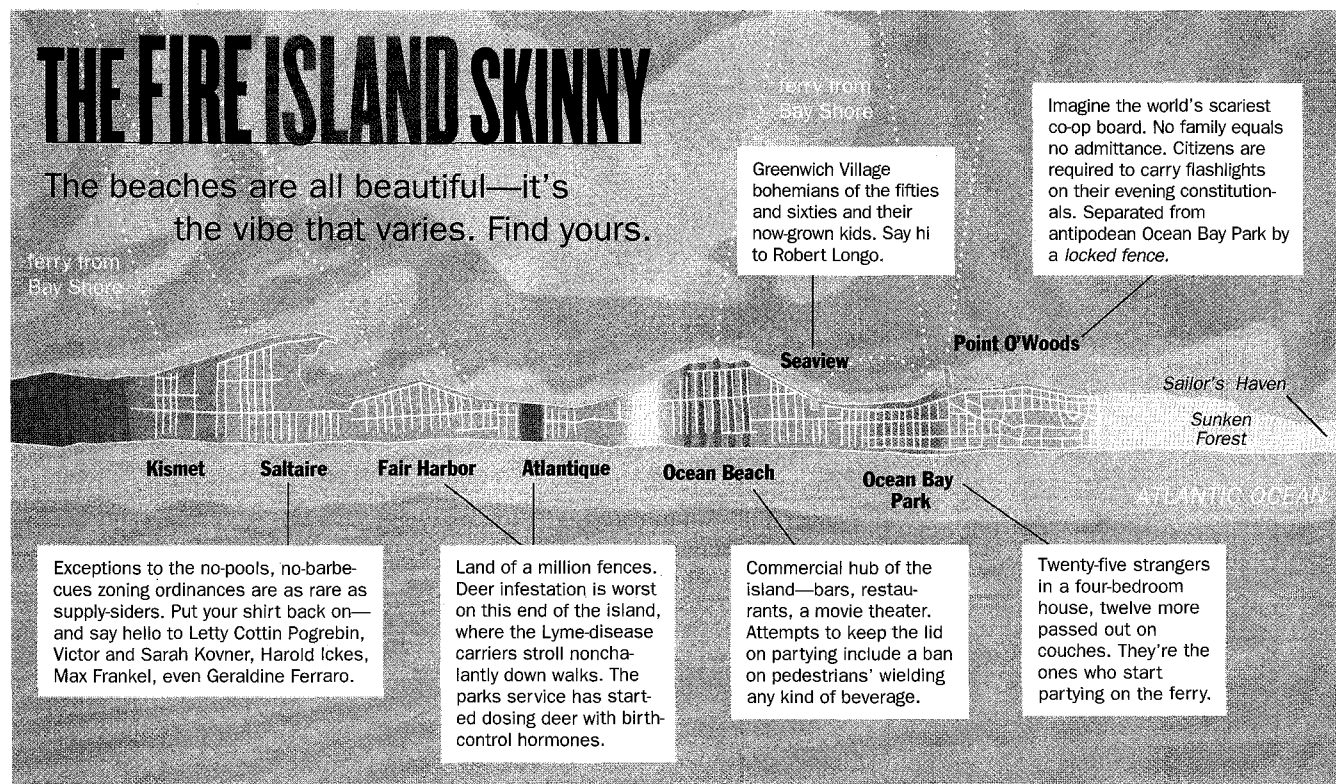
Sandy Hook, N.J.: Among the many beaches at Sandy Hook National Park, only one, Gunnison Beach (Parking Lot G), is a nude beach or, more properly, clothing-optional. Happily, it also enjoys the best view of New York's harbor. So, against the backdrop of Manhattan's financial towers, you can let it all hang loose while hunting for sea shells or playing Kadima. Although Sandy Hook is a national park, there's a restaurant and even a bar set up under tents on the beach. It's extremely popular, and can be extremely crowded.



Compo Beach, Westport, Conn.: Two large cannons on the point of Compo Beach commemorate a battle with the

THE FIRE ISLAND SKINNY

The beaches are all beautiful—it's the vibe that varies. Find yours.



MAP ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN TOMANIO

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A TRANQUIL DUSK AT JONES BEACH.

Sherwood Island, Westport, Conn.: On weekends, Fairfield County's single coastal state park is seriously overrun with people from the city, all of whom bring picnicking and splashing to a level not seen since Coney Island circa 1938. During the week, though, Sherwood is more serene. Locals stick to their own beaches, which are visible from the Sherwood Island shoreline. Visible, too, are their stately homes; swim out far enough, squint, and you might be in Newport.



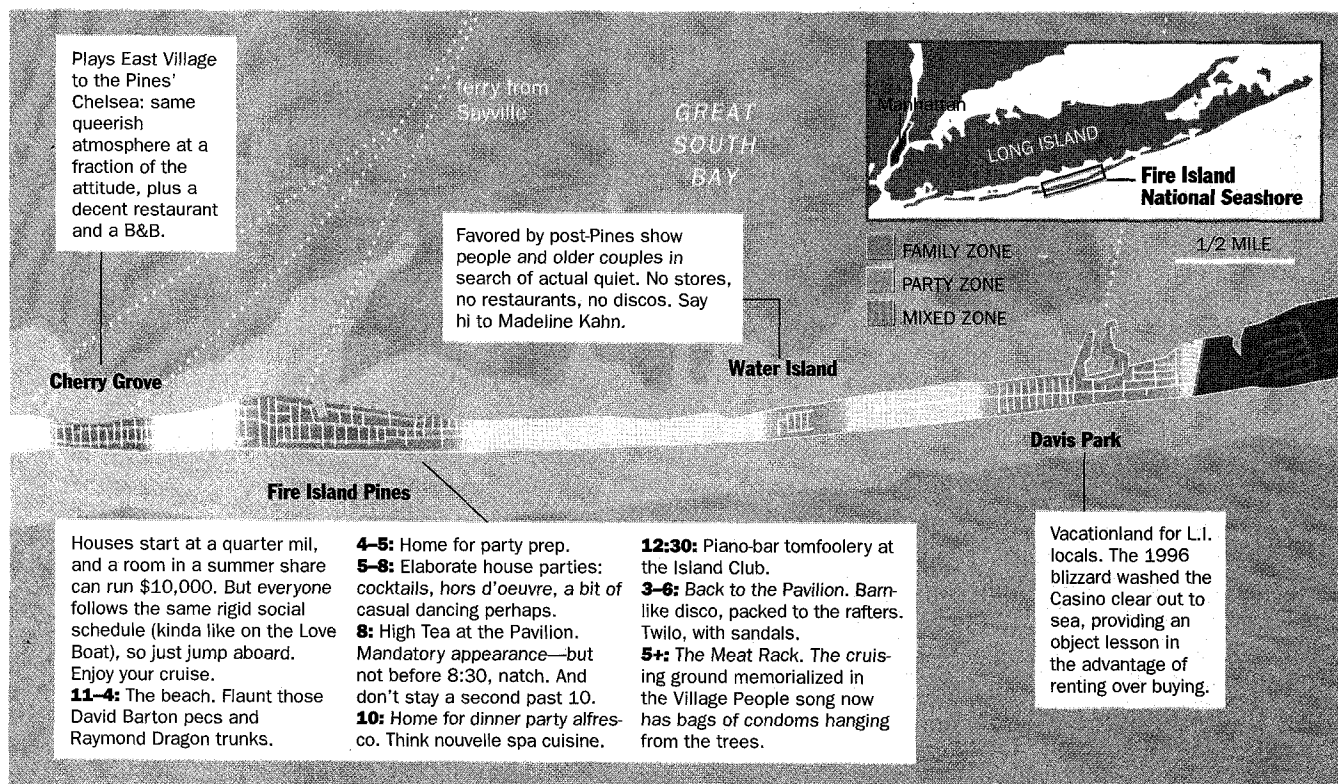
Fairfield Beach, Conn.: Once genteel, Fairfield Beach has in recent years been the province of the more bohemian-leaning students from Fairfield University. They rent cottages that front Fairfield Beach Road, drink at the conveniently located Seagrape, and kick off the summer with a clam jam. A student identity card is not, of course, a prerequisite. In fact, professionals from the area also put in an appearance. The beach is very long and the water reasonably clean, but you'd be better off with your Plath and hackeysack.



By Ondine Cohane, Vanessa Grigoriadis, Linda Hall, Brett Martin, Ethan Smith, Michael Steele.

Redcoats in 1777. Now Compo is about as full-service as you can get, offering a snack bar, lifeguards every few yards, and a large first-aid station, a softball field and basketball courts, an elaborate playground, a marina, two jetties hospitable to fishermen, and a separate stretch of sand for cookouts. Out-of-towners can even park, for a fee. The only thing lacking is any guarantee of personal space beyond one's chair. Weekday

mornings belong to moms and kids; sundown brings refugees from Metro North, trailing chaises and thermoses of cocktails. Weekends bring all of the above, plus amateur volleyballers, graying intellectuals studying the *Times*, and a smattering of debutantes sunning themselves. The water, which they do not go near, is passably clean.





YOGA CLASS, BRIDGEHAMPTON-STYLE.

FIND YOUR INNER HAMPTON

THAT'S A MOTHER TREE," SAYS Pamela Serure, pointing at the shaggy oak in the corner of her Bridgehampton backyard. "When I take a trip, I tell it where I'm going and it sends a message through the root system of the planet so that, wherever I go, I'll be protected."

Which may sound quite reasonable in Big Sur or Santa Fe, but on Route 27? In fact, the Hamptons power paradise at-

tracts an ungodly number of quasi-religious emissaries: yogis and shamans, meditators and *reiki* masters, past-life regressors, colon and color therapists. Deepak may show up this summer, but there's been talk of that before; last year's fab guru, Tesh, will be in residence at the East Hampton Yoga Zone. There's even a new guild for holistic practitioners. "It's the *feng shui* out here," says women's healer—and former dolphin—Beth Moran. "The pattern of wind and water

and light is perfect for healing."

The area's magic economy is perfect, too: Serure charges \$200 admission to her newly launched retreat. In one day, clients will meditate on Serure's mandala-shaped patio, scream at the ocean, do rituals with expensive-looking knickknacks from Bali, start journals, fast, nap, and, somewhere in the busy day, "share on all levels." Her retreat is held only on Sundays and Mondays. Who can stand to miss the parties Saturday night?

"Weekends out here aren't about Rollerblading and Dreesen's doughnuts anymore," Serure says as she sips wheat-grass-apple juice. "People want a colonic and a healing-touch massage now after tennis. The spiritual and recreational have become one." (So *that's* why they're all wearing Nikes.)

The Left Coast masseur corps breezes in. "Everybody wants to work in 'Malibu East,' you know, in Georgica?" says Susanna Ungaro, part of this homey ministry. "I went to Spielberg's house last year—he even has a table. It was so cool."

Also grabbing a slice of the disposable-income pie are the yogic troops—six new studios have opened up this year in East Hampton alone. Demi, Alec, Christie, and Calvin all dig it, perhaps turned on by Donna Karan, the patron saint of the Hamptons' New Age. "Donna is beautiful," gushes Christine Grimaldi, who, along with co-partners Tesh and chiropractor Joe Caraccilo, has recently trademarked Contact Yoga, a nineties twist on the practice costing \$150 per session. "I was Donna's trainer, and Tesh was her yogi in L.A., and Christie is my client, and Joe is hers, too," says Grimaldi, legs crossed in lotus position. "And Christie and Donna started talking, and they said, 'Hey, you should all get together—you all have compassion, there's the masculine and the feminine, you know, weave the work together.'" She pauses to soak up the energy. "It's been amazing."

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

hot dates

Seven great things
to do at
THE BEACH
this summer.

By VIRGINIA HEFFERNAN

Late June

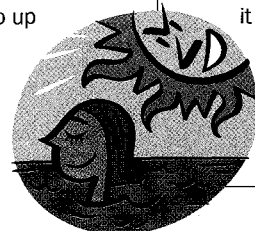
Pick strawberries far from the madding crowd at the rural **OSBORN FARMS** in Wainscott. You've got six acres to work through but only a few weeks until the strawberry season ends, around July 4 (516-537-1323).

July 16

The New Jersey **OFFSHORE GRAND PRIX** kicks off at Jenkinson's Pavilion in Point Pleasant Beach. Watch nautical hot rods go up to 120 mph. Noon–2 P.M.; free (908-727-4765).

July 17–18

The Farmer's Almanac predicts a **MASSIVE HEAT WAVE**, so this is the weekend to hit the beach, where it should be about five degrees cooler. (N.Y.C. record: 106 degrees on July 9, 1936.)



Photograph by Erik Rank; illustration by Tim Carroll.

SAILS AND BARGAINS

IT'S 7:30 A.M. ON A COLD, RAINY SATURDAY, and a 35-knot gale is blowing spray off four-foot waves. Choice A: Stay home. Choice B: Layer Polartec, wool, and nylon. With ten to twelve people you barely know, spend six hours bruising your body on sharp metal objects and wrestling with thick wet ropes pulling 5,000 pounds.

Contrary to the sport's rep, teamwork, fitness, and attitude matter most in sailing, not wealth or pedigree. Local owners and crew are equally eclectic: They're UPS drivers, stockbrokers, Realtors, lobstermen. There are even lots of women, like 34-year-old Michele Lynch, who works in financial services in the city and is so obsessed she even "frostbites," switching in the winter to a two-person, 11-foot boat.

Best of all, whether you crave a 45-foot, \$300,000 yacht at the Stamford Yacht Club or a 17-foot Thistle out of Nyack, it doesn't have to cost a cent. Once you know a batten from a backstay, all you have to do is show up in the right place at the right time, carrying your duffel (sailing gloves, foul-weather gear, cap, sunglasses, deck shoes). The big-boat skippers always need crew. It's a basic trade—your sweat works their equity. "You are a commodity," says Lynch. And every weekend, May to October, there are post-race parties.

If you know how to sail, call a few clubs and ask for the fleet captain or race chair, advises Bill Foster, president of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, which has 69 member clubs on both sides of the Sound. There are also

clubs in Manhattan, Jersey City, and on the Hudson, where you can post your name and number on the bulletin board.

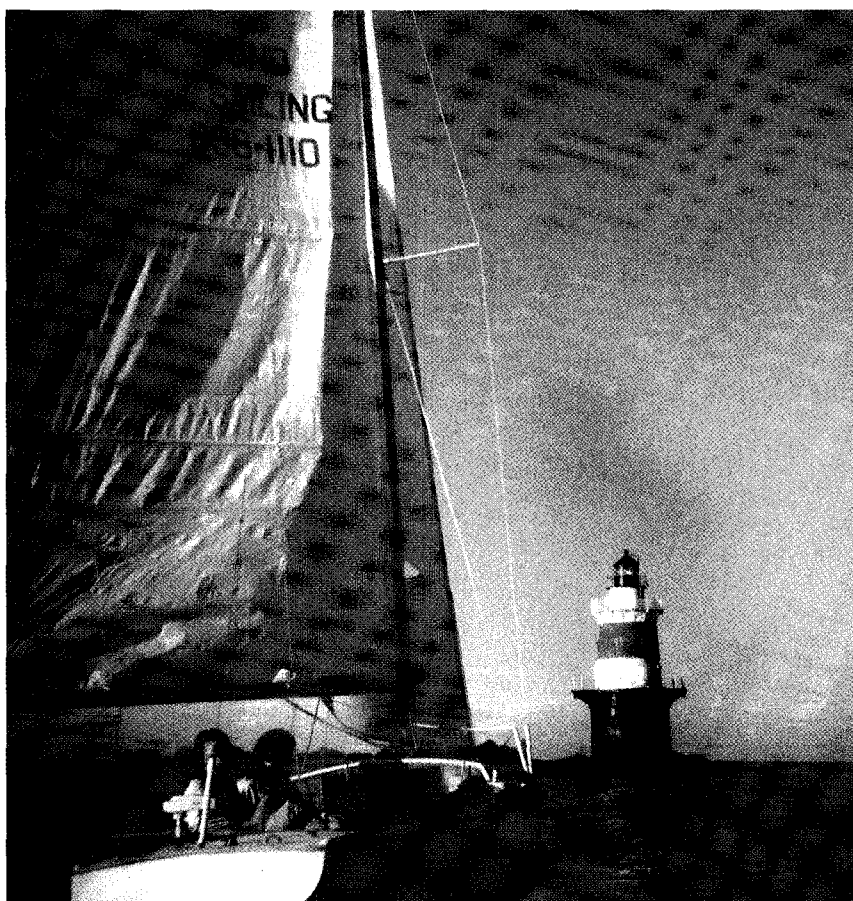
Skip Raymond, commodore of the Stamford Yacht Club and owner of the 107-year-old rigger and sailmaker Hathaway, Reiser, & Raymond, says local clubs have recently begun trying to recruit first-time adult sailors as new members by buying small boats they can rent. Connecticut yacht clubs such as the Stamford, Norwalk, Pequot, Riverside, and Indian Harbor as well as the Larchmont and American in Westchester have bought eighteen-foot boats that are easy and comfortable for beginners. Total neophytes can get started at

the Sound Sailing Center in South Norwalk, where a 10-hour "Introduction to Sail" class costs \$180 and "Basic Keelboat," a 22-hour course, runs \$450 (160 Water Street; 203-838-1110). Beginners sail and steer from their first minutes aboard, owner Martin van Breems says.

Or, for \$10, you can go down to the Manhattan Yacht Club by the World Financial Center, board a covered 45-foot spectator boat, hear a play-by-play description of the action, and even enjoy a drink while you consider going to sea yourself. (Call 786-3323 for information.)

CAITLIN KELLY

COCKENOE HARBOR, OFF WESTPORT.



July 27

Peter Jennings narrates *Peter and the Wolf*, accompanied by the **FESTIVAL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA** at the East Hampton Airport, 12:30 P.M. Free for kids (800-644-4418).



August 2

Got a weakness for the grape? Expect hundreds of like-minded souls at the sixth annual international Chardonnay Classic today at the **LENZ WINERY** on Route 25, Peconic, 5-7:30 P.M. (800-974-9899).

August 17

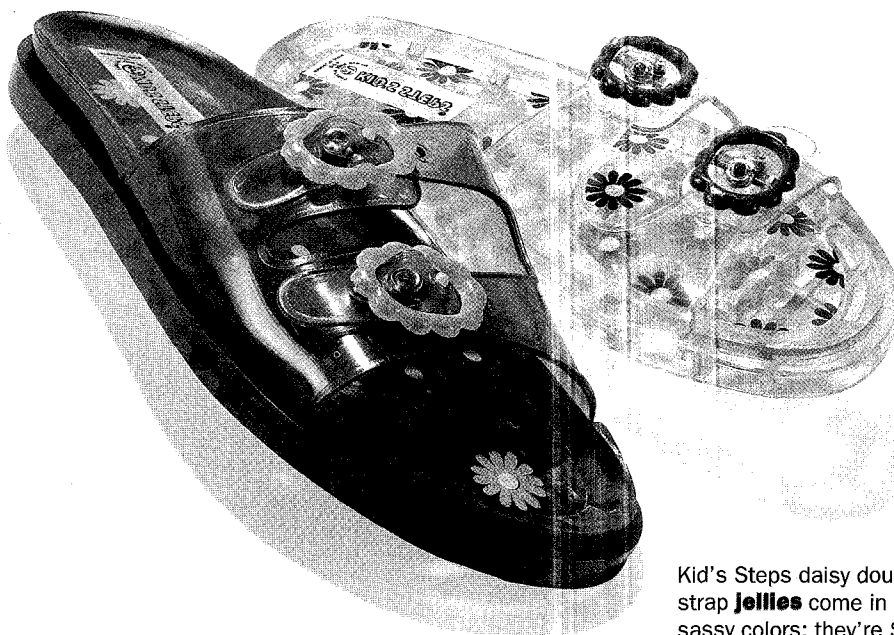
The famously gay and frequently scandalous **MORNING PARTY** goes all day on Fire Island, benefiting Gay Men's Health Crisis and anyone looking to make some new friends. At the Pines (337-3519).



August 23

Stick to tradition with polo in the Hamptons. Best match of the summer: the Bridgehampton Polo Club's **MERCEDES-BENZ CUP** at 4 P.M. At Two Trees Farm (212-505-1168).

the beach



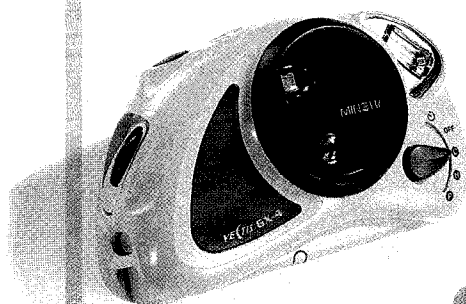
Nylon-webbing "Lawn Chair" **tote** with aluminum handles is \$125 at Cynthia Rowley (112 Wooster Street; 334-1144).

Kid's Steps daisy double-strap **jellies** come in sassy colors; they're \$12 on Macy's seventh floor.

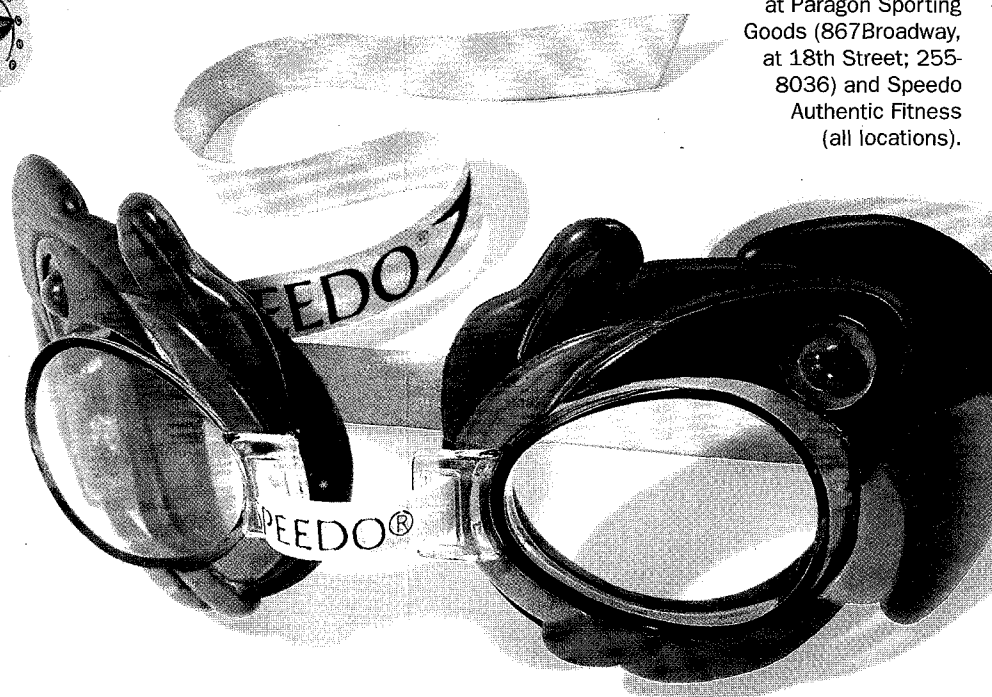
BEST BETS: SHORE THINGS

Summer stock—from a daisy sun hat to neoprene slides—for beach-blanket fun. By Corky Pollan

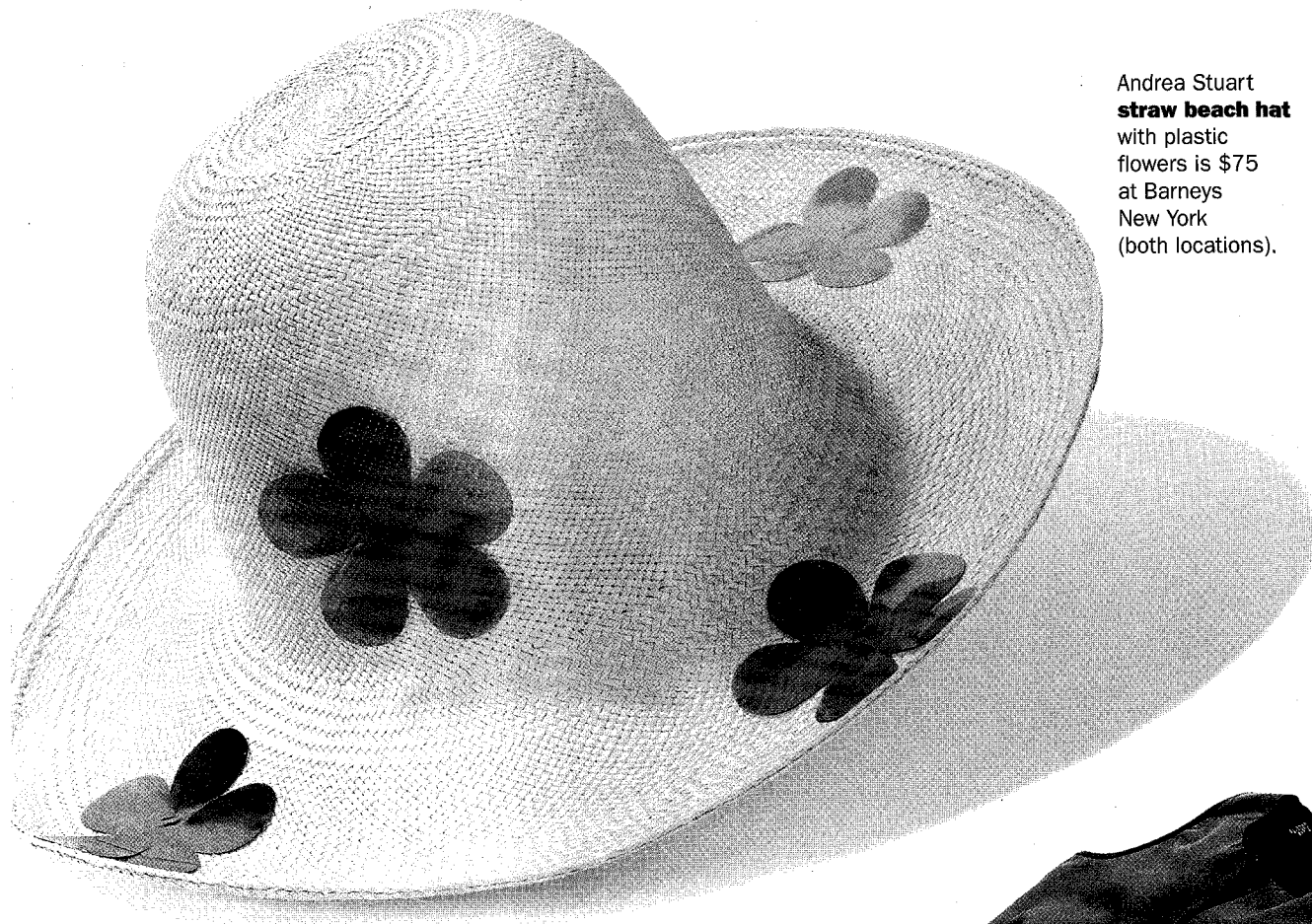
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NEDJELJKO MATURA



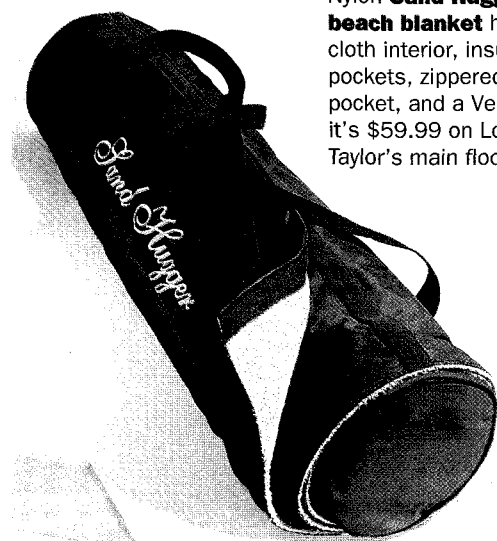
Minolta Xtream GX-4 camera has large controls (for users with gloved hands), and an oversize viewfinder (to accommodate goggles), operates underwater, and takes high-definition TV and panoramic photos. It's around \$129 at B & H Photo (119 West 17th Street; 206-1011) and West Side Camera (2400 Broadway; 877-8760).



Speedo plastic animal **swim goggles** with latex straps are \$5 at Paragon Sporting Goods (867 Broadway, at 18th Street; 255-8036) and Speedo Authentic Fitness (all locations).



Andrea Stuart
straw beach hat
with plastic
flowers is \$75
at Barneys
New York
(both locations).



Nylon **Sand Hugger**
beach blanket has a terry
cloth interior, insulated side
pockets, zippered outer
pocket, and a Velcro closure;
it's \$59.99 on Lord &
Taylor's main floor.



Polo Sport nylon **surf
shorts and vest** are
\$89.50 and \$197.50
at Lord & Taylor,
Bloomingdales,
Macy's (shorts only),
and Polo Sport
(888 Madison
Avenue, at 72nd
Street; 434-8000).

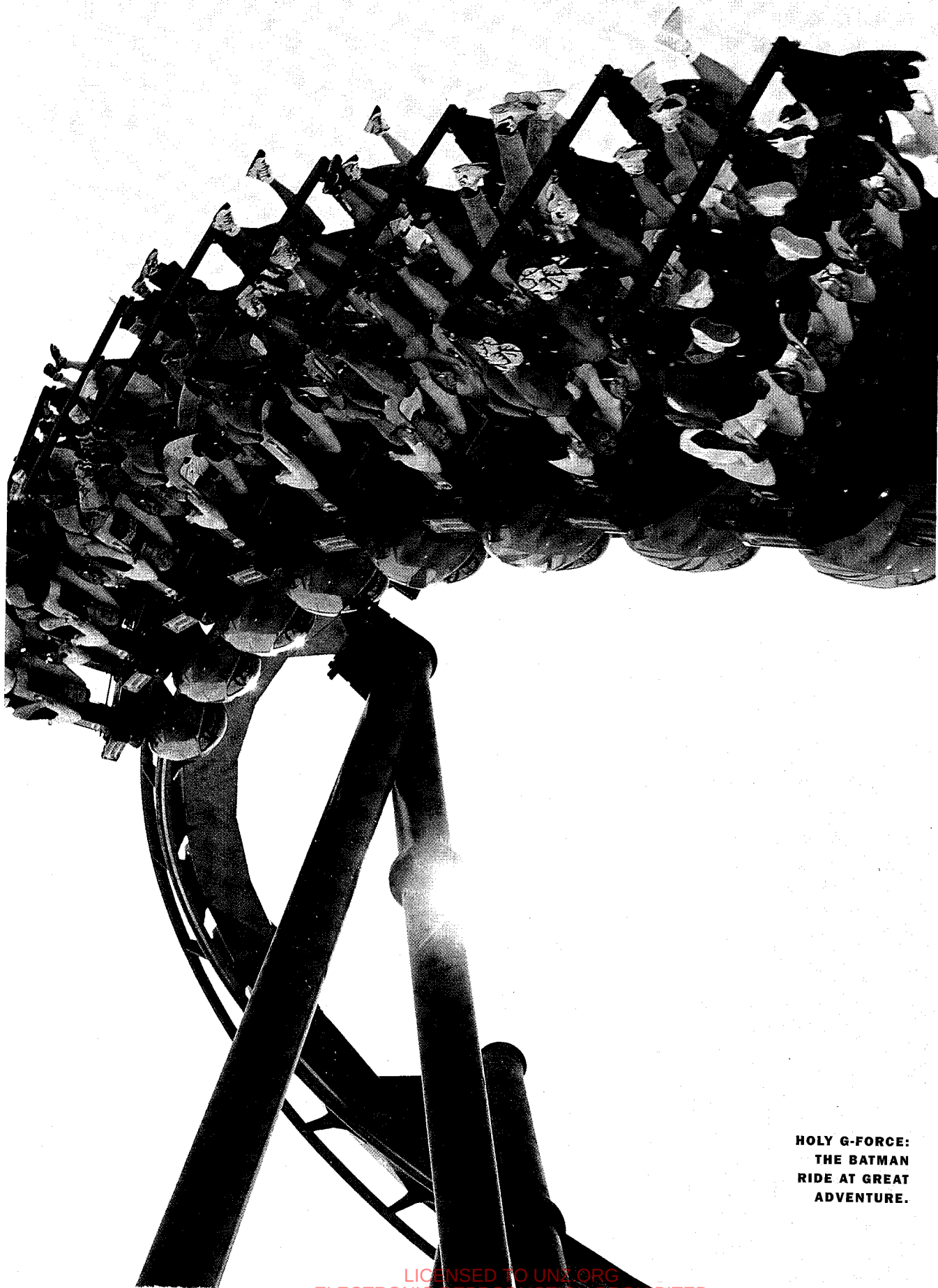


Polo Sport neoprene **athletic slides**
for men and women have rubber soles
and Velcro closures; they're \$39
at Lord & Taylor, Macy's, Polo Sport,
and Saks Fifth Avenue.

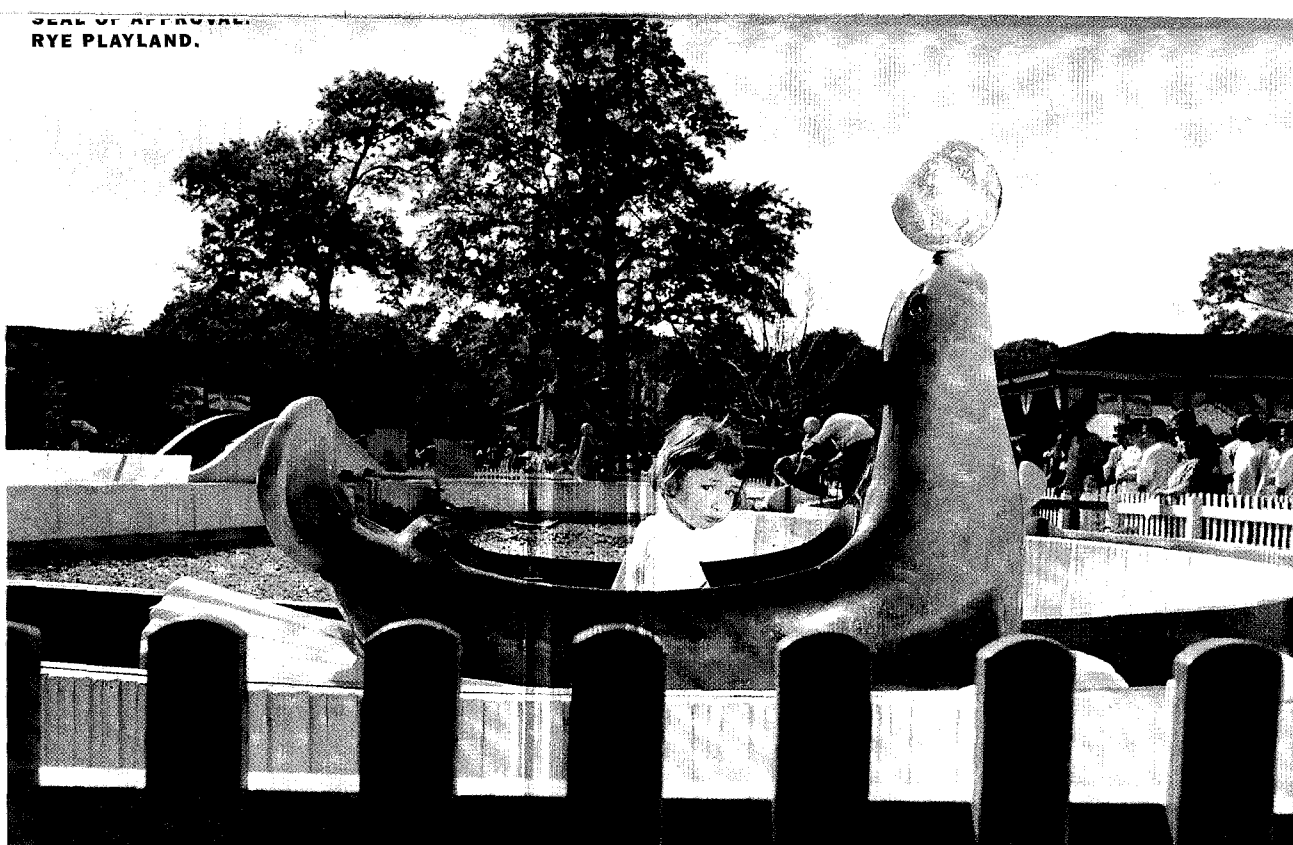
the **road**

YOU SAY YOU CAN FIND **GREAT**
MUSIC, **GOLF** COURSES, AUTO RACING, A
WHOLE LOTTA **THEME** PARKS.
AND ACTUAL **COWBOYS**
A SHORT **DRIVE** BEYOND **CITY** LIMITS?
GET OUT OF TOWN!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA LIXENBERG



**HOLY G-FORCE:
THE BATMAN
RIDE AT GREAT
ADVENTURE.**



AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

Think the city's a theme park? Wait till it gets the Batman ride—then we'll talk. Ted Cohen tours the real parks.

It seems that everywhere you turn these days, someone is bemoaning New York's transformation into a "theme park." Every square inch of new development—from 57th Street to Times Square to the Museum of Natural History to the megastore row on Sixth Avenue between 14th and 23rd Streets—gives rise to complaints about the disappearance of the real, raw New York, the New York that wasn't always trying so hard to be "New York." What's going on here? Why is the city's media elite so sour on theme parks? After visiting four New York-area parks in as many days, I discovered the answer: Unlike real theme parks, so-

called Theme Park New York isn't actually any fun. You can buy a Daffy Duck sweatshirt at the Warner Bros. store on 57th Street, but can you then turn around and get it sopping wet on a massive flume? And while the enormous Bed Bath & Beyond on Sixth Avenue boasts the indoor-fun-palace ambience of a turn-of-the-(last-) century Luna Park—particularly if walls of faucets are what turns your crank—the thrill of scoring a discounted shower curtain never gave anybody a g-force-induced nosebleed.

My point is that theme parks get a bad rap—not because corporate philistines are destroying the fragile fabric of the city but because they aren't destroying it fast enough. SoHo could easily go—it's

traps a lot of heat in the summer. Imagine how much better Central Park would be if they turned over a nice big hunk of it—the Sheep’s Meadow, say—to the latest German-engineered coaster. All of which is to say that the city has plenty to learn from its local amusement-establishments before it can truly count itself among them.

GREAT ADVENTURE

MY FIRST STOP, SIX FLAGS GREAT ADVENTURE, is a full-on thrill-ride environment apparently designed for frat boys and college singing groups on hallucinogens. Although there is plenty here for families to do—overpay for questionable hamburgers, become disagreeable, get separated from one another—this place is really about teenagers. And whereas older rides like Rolling Thunder, Great Adventure’s version of the wood-frame roller coaster, make no reference to anything but themselves and depend on nothing but good old-fashioned physics for their thrills, the unbelievably long line leading to the ultra-high-tech Batman the Ride suggests that simple gravity defiance is no longer enough to impress your average 16-year-old.

Surrounded by a graffiti-covered corrugated fence and a gravel-filled pen strewn with big-city detritus—a broken toilet, a rusting I-beam, the body of a police cruiser—the Batman ride itself wasn’t to be feared as much as what it represented: a tour of a burned-out neighborhood after dark. Who else but Great Adventure can say they’ve brought the feel of a Gowanus Expressway underpass to an “inverted outside-looping roller coaster”?

The big question here, of course, is what all of this had to do with Batman. Would the ride make us feel like Batman? Would I get off it a better man, abs fit to be encased in latex? Not according to my neighbor on line, who seemed oblivious to the Gotham trappings. I asked him what I should expect.

“Oh, man, you never been on Batman?”

“Uh, no. Is it good?”

“Oh, forget about it. When you get off this thing, you’re gonna look like one of Jerry’s kids.”

“Is that something I want?”

“It’s gonna be a diaper day for you!”

I turned away, looking for the closest exit. But then I realized I was here to do this kind of thing and I’d have to tough it out.

the Batman ride is that the cars are suspended from the tracks so that your legs dangle nakedly over the park. I kept looking down at them to make sure some fast-approaching cross beam wasn’t going to take them off at the knees. And this, naturally, made it the best ride I tried. I know this because I couldn’t even scream through it—all I could muster was a low, agonized moan, much to the consternation of the two Penn State sophomores next to me. And after I disembarked—dizzy, disoriented, lips cracked, face streaked with (hopefully my own) spittle—all I wanted to do was ride the damn thing again. I turned right back into the line, like where else would I go? The second time was even better than the first.

And after that, I was reduced to monosyllables for the rest of the day, finally in the right mood to enjoy the ambience of the park. I no longer minded being herded into those cow-pen waiting lines; I found myself blissfully browsing a rack of Yosemite Sam dolls. The soggy French fries from the snack shack tasted like—well, I don’t know if they tasted like anything at all, but I do know I ate an adventure-size helping of them.

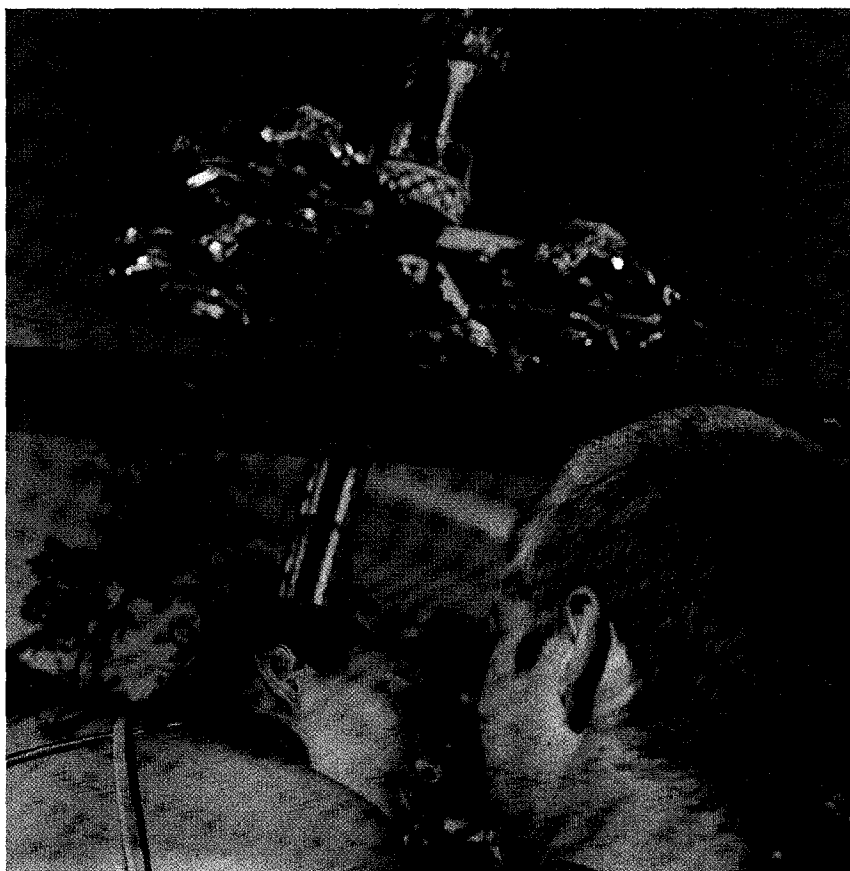
Great Adventure also has a terrific steel-frame, multi-loop roller coaster

Machine; a plethora of theme villages, my favorite of which was Adventure Rivers, with its doubtlessly authentic Safari Funnel Cake and Serengeti Soft Serve kiosks; and the requisite games of skill, like shooting the clown in the mouth or tossing the softball in the bushel basket, at which, if you drop about \$12, you can “win” a mercilessly un-hypo-allergenic stuffed doll that will make you morbidly depressed every time you look at it.

My advice? Just keep getting back on the Batman line.

RYE PLAYLAND

THE APPROACH TO RYE PLAYLAND TELLS ME I could not be in a world more different from Great Adventure. Of course, it’s just as surreal. With genteel Westchester County maples and elms towering above me, I keep imagining I’m Mickey Rooney driving a hand-cranked jalopy to pick up my sweetheart for some top-of-the-Ferris-wheel hanky-panky. As you walk through Playland’s comparatively modest entrance, under the arc of a few dozen brightly colored balloons that could have hung over the driveway at your 5th-birthday party, and past a few vaguely Art Deco-ish columns, you are greeted by a



ENDLESS SUMMER: HERSHEY PARK.

as to spell the word WELCOME.

Surrounded on three sides by water, and built around a plush rectangle of green no longer than a city block, it has more in common with seaside resorts like Brighton or the pre-casino-era Atlantic City than with the likes of Great Adventure. For Rye has refused to give in to the bigger-faster-newer aesthetic that holds sway at its competitors. It is a holdover from the twenties, when entertainment was just learning to organize itself into an industry, and when parks delivered amusements, not themes; when a state-of-the-art ride such as a Ferris wheel offered a delight not unlike that of strolling in the park that surrounded it. Today, of course, its aversion to themeliness seems like nothing so much as a theme in its own right, and Rye Playland could now pass for Nostalgia Land.

For example, flying in the face of modern market research, the concession stand cops to its culinary crimes with a giant sign offering FRIED DOUGH WITH TOPPINGS. Many of the rides have a sign in front bearing a flowery, archaic description of their merits. Of the Whip, a standard Teacup contraption, we are told: "Reeling like a whirling dervish, spinning in swoops and curls, breathless thrill-seekers hold on for dear life—as the steel arms of the churning contraption throw hearts and minds for a loop. The machinery of the Whip was designed and manufactured by the famous Charles Mangels. Its use of free-pivot-

force, generates *twists and turns* which change with every rotation."

That's right—twists and turns. The park promises family fun, but the entertainment options here seem almost infantile, incapable of interesting anyone over the age of 12. (On the day I visited, even the group of blind children being led onto the rides seemed unruffled by their gentle fare.) Kiddie rides—only slightly smaller than their stunted grown-up neighbors—feature sailboats going around a circle, horses going around a circle, even bi-planes going around a circle, but definitely not Mega-Transformers spiraling around a Vortex of Doom or anything of that sort. PONY RIDES! PONY RIDES! PONY RIDES! says a hand-painted sign referring to actual live ponies. And the sign that heralds the promising sounding PUSSY CAT AU GO GO turns out to refer only to an arcade game with feline stuffed animals as prizes.

Some of the bigger rides do fall within the bounds of standard theme-park terror machines. The Sea Dragon, a Viking boat that swings high into the sky, delivers pleasingly scream-evincing thrills. And Starship 2000, the spinning chamber that throws its occupants against the inside walls, where they stick with a mixture of terror and centrifugal force. As its passengers stagger off, they do seem to be in a state of legitimate gastrointestinal distress.

But the brief impression of theme-park modernity can't be maintained. Just be-

with picnic tables around the perimeter. A not-quite-big band plays golden oldies while senior citizens rise from their tables—and in a few cases, from their wheelchairs—to cut a very gentle rug with their friend or physical therapist.

At the other side of the park, at the foot of the carved stone column that anchors the grassy strip like the Washington Monument at the end of the mall, is a bandshell. Do not be deceived; despite its structural similarity to the standard theme-park amphitheaters, this stage will never see a Molly Hatchet reunion concert. Rather, it hosts an old-fashioned musical revue, in which fresh-faced performers—dressed in sequins and seemingly straight from the high-school senior play—sing karaoke Bay City Rollers and dance in formation as a sea of senior citizens claps along. If people complain that irony has taken over the world, you can bet they've never seen this show.

HERSHEYPARK

DRIVING THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA ON THE third day of my grand tour, I resisted the temptation to make a detour to THE WORLD'S LARGEST INDOOR MINIATURE VILLAGE (if I remember the billboard correctly), and pressed on toward Hersheypark.

And there I was introduced to yet another of the basic theme-park food groups. If Rye is a turn-of-the-century oasis of good old-timey amusement, and Great Adventure a contemporary Southwest-style gated community of testosterone, then Hershey is like Levittown: a wholesome suburban village of fifties fun on the outskirts of rolling Pennsylvania Dutch farm country.

The rides are shorter and smaller in scale than Great Adventure's, but from their summits they provide beautiful views of small towns and dairy farms. Milton Hershey chose this area, after all, for its easy access to milk, and the whole place exudes a scrubbed, milky goodness. This is not a park that wants you to lose yourself in thrills to the extent you forget what makes fun possible. (What makes it possible? You know: hard work, clean living, an entrepreneurial spirit, and a can-do attitude.)

Just as Rye, in its idealized way, caters to intact family units, and Great Adventure seduces older teens and young adults with casual, anonymous thrills, Hershey, too, is perfectly geared to its target audience, in this case junior-high and high-school students. The park reaches out to



STROLLER STANDOFF: HERSEYPARK.



those in the twilight of childhood—kids who are too old to be seen with their parents but too young to pass for 21 on fake I.D.'s. Hershey, for these kids, is one last stop on the straight and narrow path.

Which is probably why I had such a terrifying time there. The initial problem was that I couldn't find a friend to go with me. So I was all alone, a 28-year-old who has never been accused of looking cool in a sea of 16-year-olds sporting Umbro shorts, Teva sandals, and backward baseball caps, all of whom seemed to know one another. I was a loser all over again.

Kids gave me a very wide berth on line for the Comet (an adorable little roller coaster) and the sooperdooperLooper, ignoring the ubiquitous signs instructing single riders to pair up to reduce the wait. Every time, I rode alone. I began to notice out of the corner of my eye the lame, indiscreet negotiations the others engaged in just to avoid sitting with me. Soccer players approached Gothettes with shaved eyebrows and porcelain base. Breck girls paired up with bacne'd guys in Mostly Mozart T-shirts. For better or worse, I was single-handedly forcing a massive shift in teen interpersonal dynamics. Even on the Conestoga—a kind



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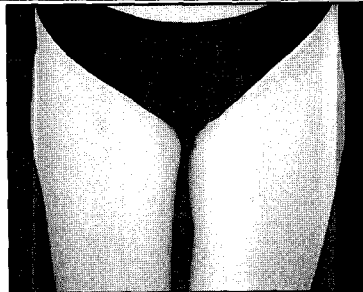
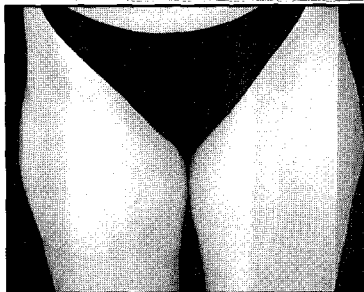
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long covered wagon instead of a series of individual carriages—I got my own bench, though it would have easily accommodated four or five. All that was before I got to the Face Painting booth.

I had only stopped to admire the Kitty Kat pattern.

"Hi!" It was the Face Painter. "Where's the rest of your group?"

"Group?"

She went white. "Oh, I'm so sorry." And she quickly found another customer to help.

At first, I assumed she took me for a counselor separated from a group of campers. Then it occurred to me that adults don't get separated from kids; it's the other way around. Anyway, I wondered, what kind of adult would get taken to an amusement park in a group and then, when suspected of wandering off from that group, be shown such concern by a face painter?

Oh, no.

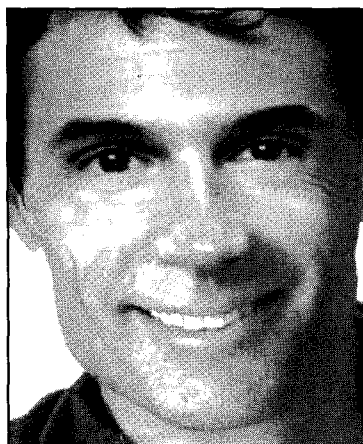
I wanted to clear the air, call out to everyone in earshot, explain who I was and what I was doing there. I walked off, so flustered that I missed the warning outside the Tidal Force—YOU WILL GET WET ON THIS RIDE—and soon found myself being thrown against a wall of hyperchlorinated flume water (keep your mouth shut on this one). Relocating to a bench outside a men's room, I laid out the pages of my little notebook to dry and started squeezing out my socks. Nearby, several park employees were in deep discussion, glancing seriously in my direction. Security guards, trying to look casual, wandered into view. I had graduated from pitiful to dangerous.

Suddenly, I felt good, relishing my role as the alien, the loose screw, the freak loner. I could sense eyes following me as I swaggered up to the Side-winder—an excellent, frightening roller coaster-cum-Möbius strip that takes you forward and then backward on the same strip of track—and rode my double-seated car alone. It was clear that I was now scarier than the ride itself.

If you decide to visit Hersheypark, two pieces of advice. First, bring a friend, maybe even a whole group. Second, don't dare forget to visit Chocolate World, a guided tour of a simulated chocolate-processing plant as seen from the perspective of a cocoa bean on a conveyor belt. Now, that's pretty scary.

CONEY ISLAND

CONEY ISLAND WAS, FITTINGLY, THE final stop on my tour: It was the theme park of my youth, so I can't help get-



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its slow, inexorable return to nature. Before it opens for the day, some of the amusement facilities are patrolled not by security guards but by fierce dogs that throw themselves against the chain-link fences. Down one street is a rusted roller-coaster frame that looks like a *T. rex* skeleton lurching into the sea.

But Coney is truly special, absolutely unique, largely because it's the site of the only sporting competition I've ever won. I was 8, and it was a no-hands pie-eating contest. My prize? A book of tickets to Astroland (the largest Coney Island amusement park).

Yes, I was the happiest little fat boy on the Tops of Fun. But the prize I really wanted—three minutes on the Cyclone—my parents would not let me have.

This may be why I think it's the best ride, like, ever. After years of watching other kids, with better parents, board its rickety carts (I always imagined they'd been rescued from a coal mine), I knew that breaking the taboo would only make my first Cyclone experience that much more intense.

Or maybe it's just that instead of simulating fear like other roller coasters, the Cyclone's hairpin turns and kindling-dry wooden supports create real, unmediated fear. Fear that the safety inspector has been paid off, the Notice of Inspection forged. Fear that I would end up in the middle of Ocean Parkway. Fear that I would never again taste a Coney Island madeleine—a plate of bright-orange fried shrimp limp from lying out all day, followed by a paper cone of stale cotton candy. Fear that I would never win another pie-eating contest.

So when the carts came rattling back into the station, carrying their cargo of Cyclone faithful, I thanked the stars and then promised them I would never do anything that stupid again.

Man, you've got to go on that ride.

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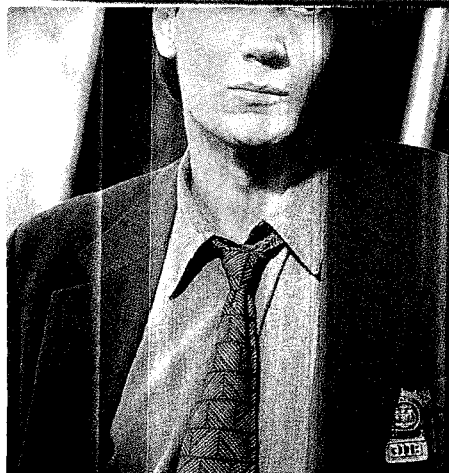
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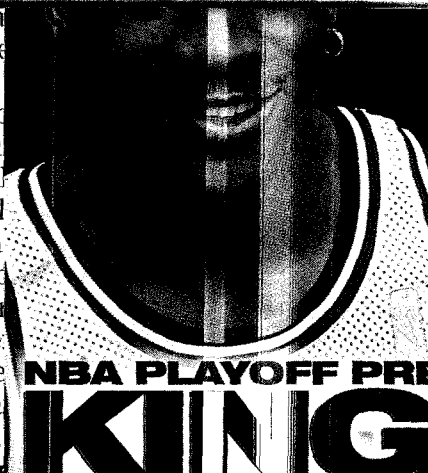
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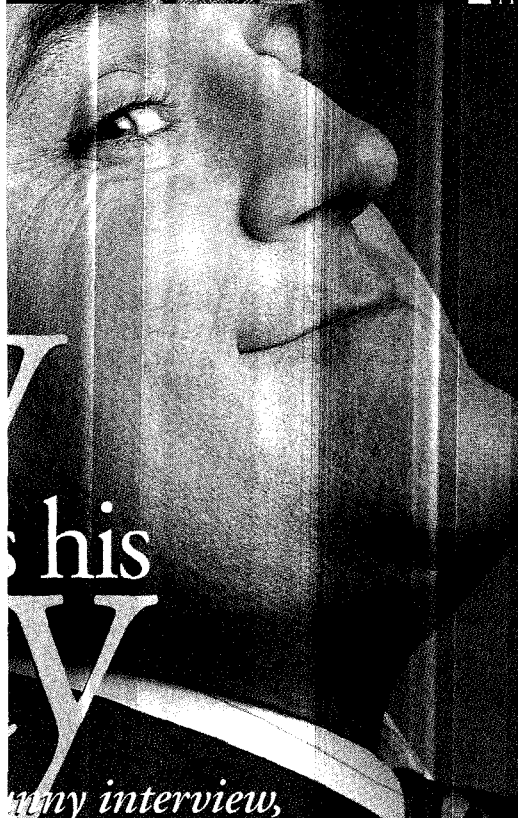
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funny interview,

and Bisou Bisou, plus a pinch of high-enders like Versace
'lady," says Moses. "Whether she's in jeans or a little
her." In contrast, the principal designer for Moesha's



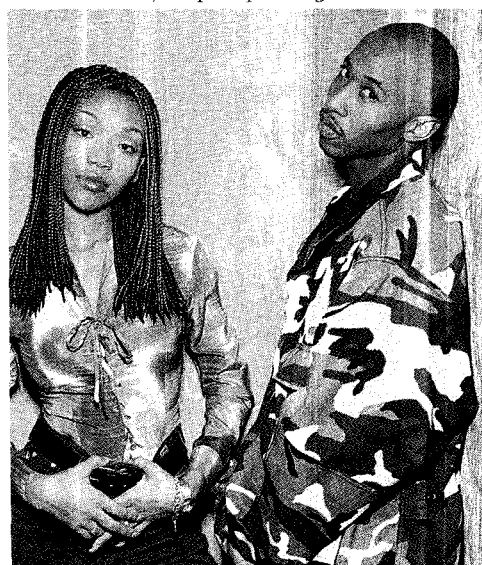
The good doctor
Harmon, Adam
Christine Lahti
Hector Elizondo

stepped out of the enormous shadow of
NBC's *ER*, which it fell under when the
shows premiered opposite each other on
Thursday night in 1994 and *Hope* went
limping away. But the show now claims
its own ratings dominance on Mondays at

10 PM/ET. "We've steered this
different direction," says ex-
ducer John Tinker, who assur-
slip of *Chicago Hope* when
midway through last season
other projects after writing vir-



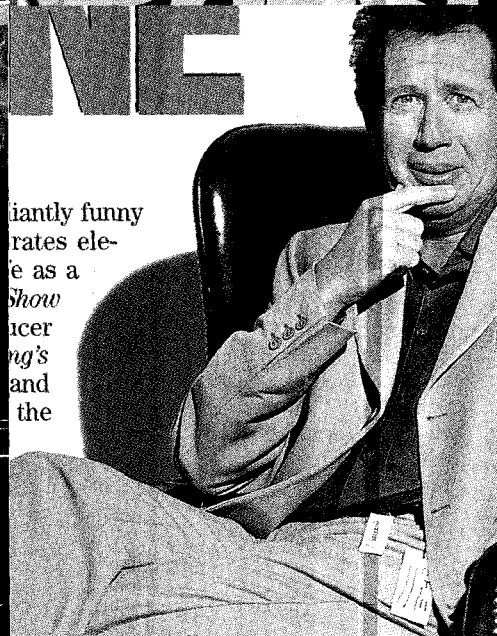
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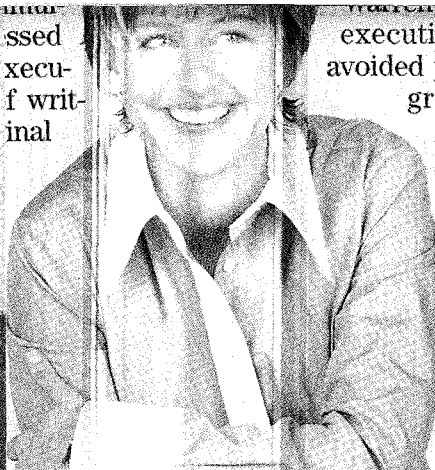


GEORGE CLOONEY

the hair. He chopped off his curls and a nation
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REALITY STARS

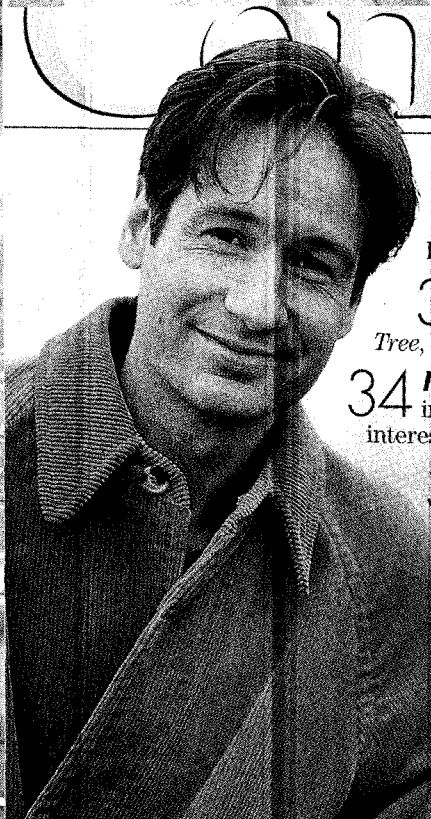
HARRISON was married
and he secretly dated a
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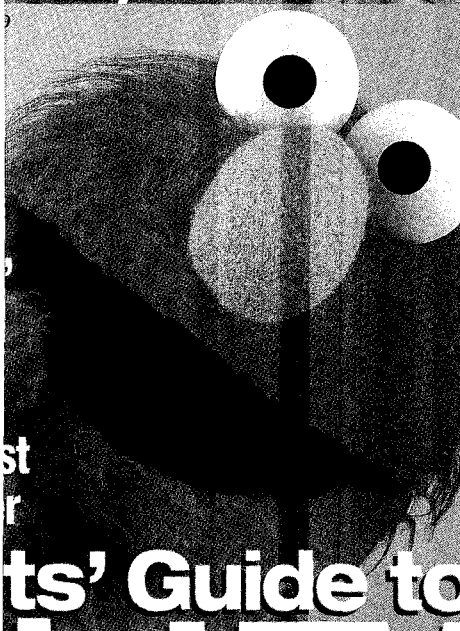
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Tree, s
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Classic



ts' Guide to

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ESCAPE FROM LOLLAPALOOZA

Those concerts in the country tend to please crowds, not critics, but our critic still applauds. By Peter G. Davis

Let's just call it summer music. The "festival" designation seems a bit grand nowadays—perhaps even threatening at a time of year when most vacationers with a taste for the classics would rather not be too challenged. I see that the word has been dropped from the Boston Symphony's press material about this summer's easy-listening Tanglewood season, although a visit to the Massachusetts Berkshires during July and August will probably be no less enjoyable or full of music than in the past. Especially since most of us no longer attend summer "festivals" expecting them to be what the legendary names

Salzburg, Bayreuth, and Glyndebourne imply: European shrines where musicians and audiences alike can set aside daily distractions and immerse themselves in a unique, painstakingly prepared musical experience.

Of course, such things are still possible to find. Indeed, one seems to be developing right here in town as Lincoln Center gears up for its second ambitious three-week arts festival next month. Otherwise, not many summertime impresarios in this country consider such an elitist art-for-art's-sake environment to be especially desirable—or even cost-effective. Tanglewood's bill of fare this summer includes, as usual, a great variety, but those looking for a cycle of Louis Spohr's ten symphonies or an in-depth



survey of Elliott Carter's music will be disappointed. Such bankable names as Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Mahler, Rachmaninoff, and Tchaikovsky dominate the BSO programs (a plan by one enterprising conductor, Kent Nagano, to inject works by living composers such as Sofia Gubaidulina and John Adams was scrapped in favor of a more traditional lineup). The performing roster also features star attractions New Yorkers would expect to hear during the course of any winter season, such favorites as Itzhak Perlman, Jessye Norman, Isaac Stern, Seiji Ozawa, James Galway, André Previn, Yo-Yo Ma, Renée Fleming, Robert Shaw, and Emanuel Ax.

Yet it would be a mistake to underestimate the total Tanglewood experience, which consists of much more than pleasant weekend picnics on the lawn followed by comforting orchestral concerts in the Shed. The spacious grounds were further enhanced three summers ago by the addition of Seiji Ozawa Hall, an exquisitely designed concert hall of modest proportions where recitals, chamber music, and small orchestras hold forth all summer long. Many of the performers are talented students at the Tanglewood Music Center, which for more than 50 years has trained young musicians from all over the country—

Leonard Bernstein was among the first, back in the forties. Some travel to Tanglewood just for the annual Festival of Contemporary Music in August—and here the “festival” moniker seems entirely appropriate for this catholic but lively weeklong survey of significant new music. For those who find even Mozart too heavy for hot weather, there is always the Boston Pops under Keith Lockhart and laureate conductor John Williams, or a jazz weekend with Chick Corea, Gary Burton, Randy Weston, the Sonny Rollins Quartet, and the Dave Brubeck Quartet. If it all begins to seem too much—the open rehearsals and prelude concerts, the annual “Tanglewood on Parade” extravaganza with fireworks, a staged production of Poulenc's surreal romp *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*, Itzhak Perlman in an evening of klezmer music—there's still plenty of room for quiet escape on the more than 500 acres of rolling lawns and meadows.

THE IMMEDIATE NEW YORK AREA HAS NEVER found its own Tanglewood, although the Caramoor Center for Music and the Arts in Katonah, just 45 miles north of the city, comes close. The acreage may not be as vast, and the orchestra in residence—the Orchestra of St. Luke's—hardly functions on the scale of the

Boston Symphony, but the woodland-and-garden setting has its own horticultural charm and the music is usually choice. It all began during the thirties, when the wealthy art-loving couple Walter and Lucie Bigelow Rosen entertained guests with intimate concerts in the music room of their ornate Mediterranean-style villa. Soon, the music-making spilled out on to the Spanish Courtyard, and in 1946 the Rosens decided to formalize their hobby into a summer music center open to the public (it has been open year-round since 1990). To accommodate St. Luke's and other larger musical ensembles, the 1,700-seat, open-air Venetian Theater was soon constructed, now sheltered from the elements by a specially designed, 13,000-square-foot acoustical tent. The number of events seems to increase each year, and this summer, the Spanish Courtyard and the theater will be busy on four-day weekends from June 21 to August 10, welcoming an eclectic assortment of guest musicians who range from Gil Shaham and the Tokyo String Quartet to Barbara Cook and Andrea Marcovicci.

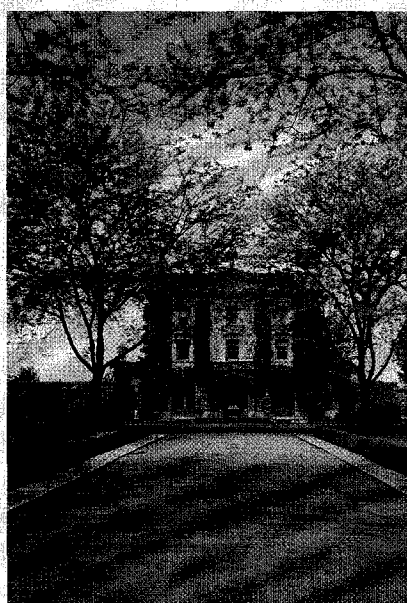
Like Tanglewood, Caramoor lacks the facilities to present opera properly, but over the years, both venues have valiantly tried to find ways to fit music theater into the picture. Caramoor clearly plans

now that an official opera director has just been appointed: conductor and vocal scholar Will Crutchfield, who launches his post with an ambitious long-range program to develop and present works from Italy's bel canto period. A semi-staged performance of Rossini's *La Donna del Lago* on July 19 is this summer's centerpiece, and future plans include Bellini's *Norma* and *La*

and *Belisario*, and, to mark the centennial of the composer's death in 2001, Verdi's *Ernani*. Marilyn Horne and her foundation will also play an important role if the project grows as planned, offering, for the general public, recitals, master classes, and lectures.

FOR THE FULL OPERATIC EXPERIENCE, NEW Yorkers must venture farther north to

which in recent years has developed into a prestigious summer operation now in a class with companies in St. Louis and Santa Fe. Glimmerglass began 23 seasons ago in the Cooperstown High School as a modest enterprise, primarily aimed at a small local audience. All that changed after the company built its own custom-designed 912-seat opera house in 1987, the Alice Busch Opera Theater,



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ESTATE OF GRACE: FROM LEFT, A VIEW OF THE OCEANUS FOUNTAIN; THE MANSION'S EASTERN FAÇADE; A CALDER SCULPTURE, LARGE SPINY.

To practice your drive on the Rockefeller golf course, which is flanked with sculptures by Henry Moore and Alexander Calder, you'd have to be a friend of the family, personally invited up to the Tarrytown estate. Fortunately for the rest of us, 87 other extraordinary acres of gardens at the estate, known as Kykuit ("lookout" in Dutch), have just been opened to the public this year, and all you have to do to see them is make an appointment far enough in advance (the tour suggests that you call two to three weeks ahead of time).

Developed between 1907 and 1913, the grounds were designed by landscape architect William Welles Bosworth (whose other garden ventures include the restoration of Versailles) and originally encompassed some 4,500 acres (six times the size of the principality of Monaco). Even now, the grounds look like the Cloisters blown up to Cinema-

scopic grandeur, with omnipresent, staggering views of the Hudson adding sweep to the scene. On my recent two-hour tour, we walked in and out of an eclectic range of landscaping, passing by or through Renaissance-revival arches, a series of gazebos, Moorish and Italian fountains, and English and Japanese gardens quartered off by hedges. Closer to the 40-room Beaux-Arts mansion is a swimming pool from 1913 and a teahouse equipped with a soda fountain (built for the kids, naturally).

Throughout, the lush grounds of the golf course are temptingly visible. Never mind that the effect is a bit goofy—sort of a billionaire's version of a miniature-golf course. On one outing, Henry Kissinger convinced a fellow golfer that a jumbled metalwork was actually Rockefeller communications equipment. But many pieces are remarkable, and Nelson, who had a particular interest in sculpture, had a gift for placement. Back in the gardens,

look for Picasso's *Bathers*, on view to the public for the first time.

Kykuit is one of the few remaining estates found in the Hudson Valley, along with Montgomery Place, Vanderbilt Mansion, Olana, Lyndhurst, and a handful in Hyde Park. Most have long vanished, as have the big factories that came along in subsequent years and so defined the region. While the old estates tell many stories, some of the real pleasures of seeking the past along the big river come by sheer chance: small, model-railroad-style Main Streets like those of Wappingers Falls; an Art Deco industrial park; elegant Greek Revival houses tucked behind tree lines; and on Route 9 in Hyde Park, a true relic—a functioning drive-in theater, where, after a day of mansion-touring, I latched a tinny-sounding speaker to my window and watched *Austin Powers*.

TOM VANDERBILT

Call 914-631-9491 for an appointment.

as attendance increased and a handful of weekend performances gradually grew to more than 40 throughout July and August. With its idyllic countryside setting, intermission picnics, and meticulously prepared productions, Glimmerglass has inevitably been compared to England's Glyndebourne, although the relaxed atmosphere could not be more different from that festival's notorious class-conscious formality.

All these good things happened while Glimmerglass was under the direction of Paul Kellogg, who is now in charge of the New York City Opera. Since Kellogg still maintains his role as artistic director at Glimmerglass, many much-admired productions that originated at Cooperstown have already traveled south, and more are on the way—two of this summer's new offerings will be arriving at the City Opera next season: Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* and Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri*. The economic advantages of this practical arrangement are obvious, but artistic risks are also reduced by bringing productions to the city that have already been thoroughly rehearsed and tested in the less pressured surroundings of Glimmerglass. For New Yorkers who object to receiving such prepackaged goods, however handsomely wrapped, and relish the element of theatrical surprise—well, a trip to Cooperstown is sure to provide that. One caveat: Operagoers allergic to the national pastime are advised to avoid Baseball Hall of Fame Weekend, which more or less takes over the whole town between August 1 and 4.

ANYONE YEARNING FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED festival experience should try out Newport, a music festival that actually still feels like one. The music-making lasts only a little more than two weeks in July—from the eleventh to the twenty-seventh—but it goes on practically nonstop each day, from morning to midnight. With its spectacular oceanside "summer cottages" built at the turn of the century by the Vanderbilts and their superrich neighbors, this Rhode Island resort town is the perfect setting for a festival. Maintained with fanatical devotion by Newport's Preservation Society, the opulent mansions themselves become starring attractions when transformed at festival time into elegant concert halls, each with its own architectural character.

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THE BEAUX-ARTS FEEL OF NEWPORT.

That automatically gives Newport a unique flavor, but it is the music that makes the occasion so special. Most of the concerts are built around ingenious themes, often exploring fascinating obscure corners of the Romantic and Belle Epoque eras. Among this summer's unusual programs are evenings and afternoons devoted to 1997's centenarians (Korngold, Scharwenka, Leclair, Donizetti, and Schubert), Italian salon songs of 1900, obscure bits of Beethoven; classical music for kids dealing with elephants and bears, transcriptions of familiar works with an additional piano (a concert titled "Addictive Additives"), and a serenade at sea onboard the good ship *Vista Jubilee*, which promises to list happily to "The Fathomless Music of Franz Liszt." Since its founding 29 years ago, Newport has introduced many important artists to America, mostly pianists: Bella Davidovich, Mikhail Pletnev, Jean-Philippe Collard, Andrei Gavrilov, Maria Tipo, Andrea Lucchesini. There will be several more newcomers this year, but most piano buffs are looking forward to a return recital by the legendary Italian virtuoso Sergio Fiorentino, whose appearance at Newport last summer was his first in the United States since 1953.

With some tight planning and taking the most direct routes, it is possible to attend a musical event at Caramoor, Glimmerglass, Tanglewood, and Newport over a four-day weekend. I've done it, and even written reviews en route, but only a pressed music critic need resort to

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Photograph courtesy of the Newport Music Festival.



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such a breathless itinerary. Besides providing some of the finest summer music to be heard in the Northeast, all four sites offer unique ambient attractions, and it's well worth making the time to savor the special musical and atmospheric character of each one.

GETTING THERE

For all four festivals, it is best to plan ahead. At this point, tickets can still be bought for virtually all performances, but the better seats for the more popular programs, such as Yo-Yo Ma's and Itzhak Perlman's appearances at Tanglewood, are going fast. Tanglewood is in Lenox, Massachusetts, about a two-and-a-half-hour drive from Manhattan. Call 413-637-5165 or check out the Boston Symphony Orchestra Website at www.bso.org. The Berkshire Visitors Bureau can help find you a charming little bed-and-breakfast in the area; call 800-237-5747.

Glimmerglass is just outside of Cooperstown, New York, which takes about four hours to reach by car from the city. Call 607-547-2255. They'll send you a brochure detailing local hotels and bed-and-breakfasts.

Since Caramoor is an easy round-trip, it's your best option for a spur-of-the-moment excursion. It's in Katonah, New York, about a one-hour drive, also reachable by the Metro-North Railroad. Call 914-232-1252 or surf to their site at www.caramoor.com.

Newport is about three hours by car; get the schedule by calling 401-849-0700 or visiting their Website at newportmusic.org. For a place to stay in the area, call 800-848-8848.

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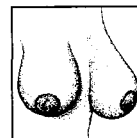
Breast reduction surgery is performed to reduce the size and weight of the breasts, alleviate discomfort associated with large breasts, and may improve a woman's overall appearance. It can make you feel more attractive and slimmer, and may make it easier to fit into clothing.

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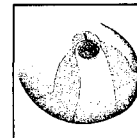
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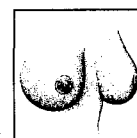


Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.



Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable

the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breast, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.



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THE COWTOWN RODEO IN PILESGROVE, N.J.

THE MAD COWS OF JERSEY

CALF NO. 34 IS 250 POUNDS OF BEEF banging against her pen, with a nose blunt like a pig's and a brown coat about two shades too light for her black eyes. "She got a wild eye," Roger Stockton says after ambling from his trailer to check her out. "Spooky." But Stockton, whose task for the evening is to throw a rope around the sprinting calf's neck, tackle her, and tie her legs up, isn't really fazed. "She's mine no matter what," he says.

Despite the fact that we are standing minutes from the New Jersey Turnpike, the chiseled, 43-year-old Stockton is a real cowboy, a walking Wrangler ad who has won four Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association circuit titles and in the process broken his neck, his shoulder, both legs, and both arms.

Hoop Huepler, 33, is a real cowboy, too, even though he spends his days helping run his family's tool-and-die business

along Highway 46 in Lodi, a decidedly unhorsey industrial suburb in Bergen County. Huepler, a bareback bronco rider, has made the circuit finals seven times.

Nestled among fields of peppers and cucumbers and tomatoes, down the road from the Barnyard Saloon, Cowtown is America's oldest weekly rodeo (this is its sixty-ninth year) and a main stop on the PRCA's First Frontier circuit, which stretches from Maine to West Virginia. The broncos and cattle, raised on the 1,500-acre farm that surrounds the arena, are universally respected. "If you're a drugstore cowboy, you're not gonna last out there," Stockton says. "Stockwise, it's in the top ten in the U.S."

This is fine with the Grant Abrams party, especially Abrams's 90-year-old, wheelchair-bound mother. "She roots for the cows," says Abrams, 56, a painter and paneler in Philadelphia, about an hour away. "Me, I don't want nobody to get hurt, but it's something when it happens."

As the sun sets over the buttercups behind the arena, Calf No. 34 gets the best of Roger Stockton. The 25-second time limit runs out while he is still trying to get her legs together. Hoop Huepler, on the other hand, bursts out of the gate atop BG013, a high-kicking 1,100-pound bay with a thick black mane. After keeping his spurs right up on the horse's neck-line, where the judges like to see them, he walks away with second place and \$285 for eight seconds' work.

Not all the 3,000 spectators come for the thrill of man-against-beast competition. Crystal, a farm girl with pink-and-orange-streaked hair and a pierced tongue, shows up because there isn't much else to do in Salem County on a Saturday night. Crystal comes to Cowtown for the guys: "Just like the Troc"—the Trocadero, a Philly club where she goes to see ska and death-metal bands—"except these guys wear tighter pants." **ANDY NEWMAN**

The Cowtown Rodeo is held every Saturday at 7:30 P.M. through September 27 at Cowtown Arena, on Route 40, eight miles east of Exit 1 on the New Jersey Turnpike. Admission is \$10 for adults, \$5 for children. Call 609-769-3000.

hot dates

A critic's pick of things to do and places to run away to on **THE ROAD**.

BY VIRGINIA HEFFERNAN

July 8

The Chelsea flea market might look a tad skimpy after you check out the antiques blow-out in **BRIMFIELD, MASS.** (508-754-4185). Through July 12.



July 17

Kick back at the **PEACEFUL VALLEY BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL** in Shinhopple, N.Y., in the verdant Catskills (607-363-2211). Through July 20.

July 23

Dust off your parasol and head upstate for the start of the horse-racing season at **SARATOGA RACE COURSE**. And what a bonus: The Budweiser Clydesdales will be there (718-641-4700). Through September 1.

BUILT FOR SPEED

THIS IS JUST A CHANCE FOR HIM TO get his feet wet," says George Brown, a 41-year-old truck driver from Bayport, rubbing his greasy hands together and trying to remain calm. "Time for him to learn how to drive the car." It's Saturday afternoon, and George is standing next to the yellow 1988 Troyer Modified race car he bought a few years ago for \$14,000. His new driver, a 26-year-old auto-parts salesman named Pete Pernesiglio, clearly feels the pressure. "It's not like this is a cheap sport," George goes on while Pete loiters within earshot. "It costs \$500 each week just to put new tires on the car."

Pete is just back from losing the first heat of the day. He began in the back of the pack, spun out in the fifth lap, and finished sixth out of thirteen. Now, back at the trailer, his hands are shaking as George watches him make some final adjustments on the left front tire before he goes back out for the consolation race—where he must place within the top seven to qualify for the day's main event. "It's a little slippery out there," Pete says.

Riverhead Raceway is just 80 miles east of New York City, but on summer weekends it feels like a remote outpost of the Deep South. Set in a dusty depression next to an enormous outlet mall in Riverhead, Long Island, the quarter-mile track lets off an angry howl as race cars circle the asphalt.

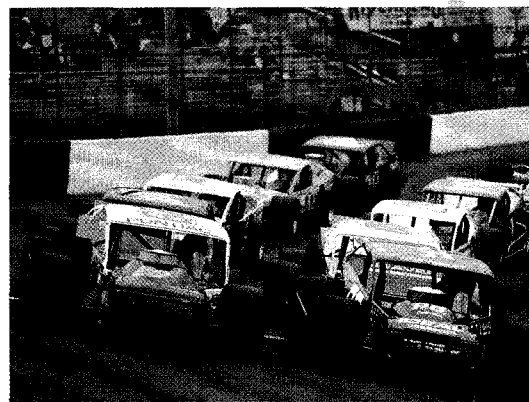
Surrounding George and Pete are 150 or so other trailers with race cars parked in front. Drivers and crews from Long Island, New Jersey, and Connecticut have



DRIVER PETE PERNESIGLIO AT RIVERHEAD RACEWAY; RIGHT, THE MODIFIEDS' HEAT.

set up in three neat rows stretching 200 yards from the track. The participants easily outnumber the spectators. The teams with sponsors (John's Fuel Oil, the Hooters restaurant chain) erect their shiny equipment close to the track; the shabbier rigs, including George and Pete's, are farther down the line. More than seven classes of cars compete at Riverhead, from the Modifieds (which are the fastest cars in the NASCAR-sanctioned Winston Racing Series) to the Blunderbusts—old Cadillacs and Impalas prone to flats and engine fires.

From the metal bleachers, the track seems impossibly small. Families in blue jeans and brightly colored T-shirts perch high up in the rear seats to get a good look while they snack on blue cotton candy, hamburgers, and beer. Fourteen cars—including Pete's—file onto the course. After a few warm-up laps, the green flag goes up and the engines shout. Pete begins in the back again but immediately starts passing cars on the outside. On the third



lap, a couple of cars spin out. Pete avoids the tangle and passes another car. His crew and his girlfriend scream and jump up and down as he crosses the finish line. Sixth place. **NORMAN VANAMEE**

Races are held on Saturdays (and some Sundays) at 5 P.M. at Riverhead Raceway, a quarter-mile east of Exit 73 on the Long Island Expressway. Admission is \$17 for adults and \$5 for children under 11; free for children under 6. Call 516-842-RACE for more information.

August 6

Johnny on a Spot (Tony winner James Naughton directs), about a campaign manager trying to elect a dead man, opens tonight at the rural-chic **WILLIAMS-TOWN THEATRE FESTIVAL**, Williamstown, Mass. (413-597-3400).

August 11

From gorgeous **MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE** in New Paltz, N.Y., watch the summer meteor showers, with color commentary (914-255-1000).

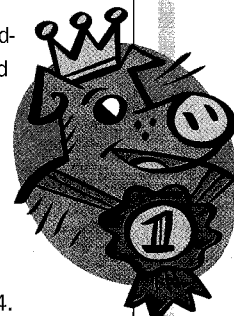


August 14

Follow yonder star: Sports messiah Tiger Woods graces the links in the New York area at the **PGA CHAMPIONSHIP** in Mamaroneck, N.Y. (914-777-1997). Tournament play continues through August 17.

August 19

Titanic oxen, Euclid-designed pies, and tomatoes the size of bowling balls at the **DUTCHESS COUNTY FAIR** in Rhinebeck, N.Y. (914-876-4001). Through August 24.



the road

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BEST BETS: GOODS TO GO

Cool travel gear for you—and even your pooch—for those hot days on the road. By Corky Pollan

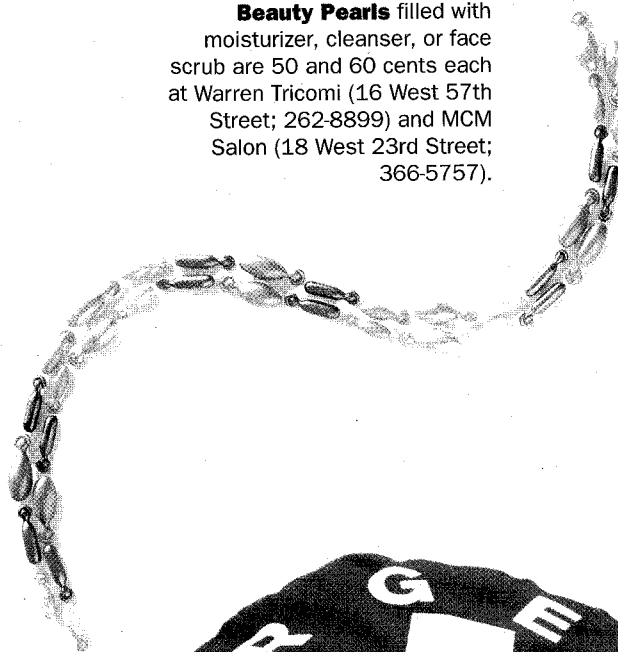
Tony **doggie travel basket** comes with a faux-fur-and-cotton blanket, stainless-steel bowl, thermos, brush, and bone; it's \$395 at Takashimaya (693 Fifth Avenue, near 54th Street; 350-0100).



Travel Gear nylon-and-canvas multi-pocketed **train case** with canvas shoulder strap is \$39.99 on Macy's seventh floor.

Von Traümer EMERGENCY + FIRST AID **cotton neckroll** is stuffed with Band-Aids, alcohol swabs, scissors, gauze, et al.; it's \$30 at Sears & Robot (120 East 7th Street; 253-8719).

J.P. Tod's **suede driving shoes** with pebbled sole are \$245 at Bergdorf Goodman, Bergdorf Goodman Men, J.P. Tod's (41 East 57th Street; 644-5945), and Saks Fifth Avenue.



Beauty Pearls filled with moisturizer, cleanser, or face scrub are 50 and 60 cents each at Warren Tricomi (16 West 57th Street; 262-8899) and MCM Salon (18 West 23rd Street; 366-5757).



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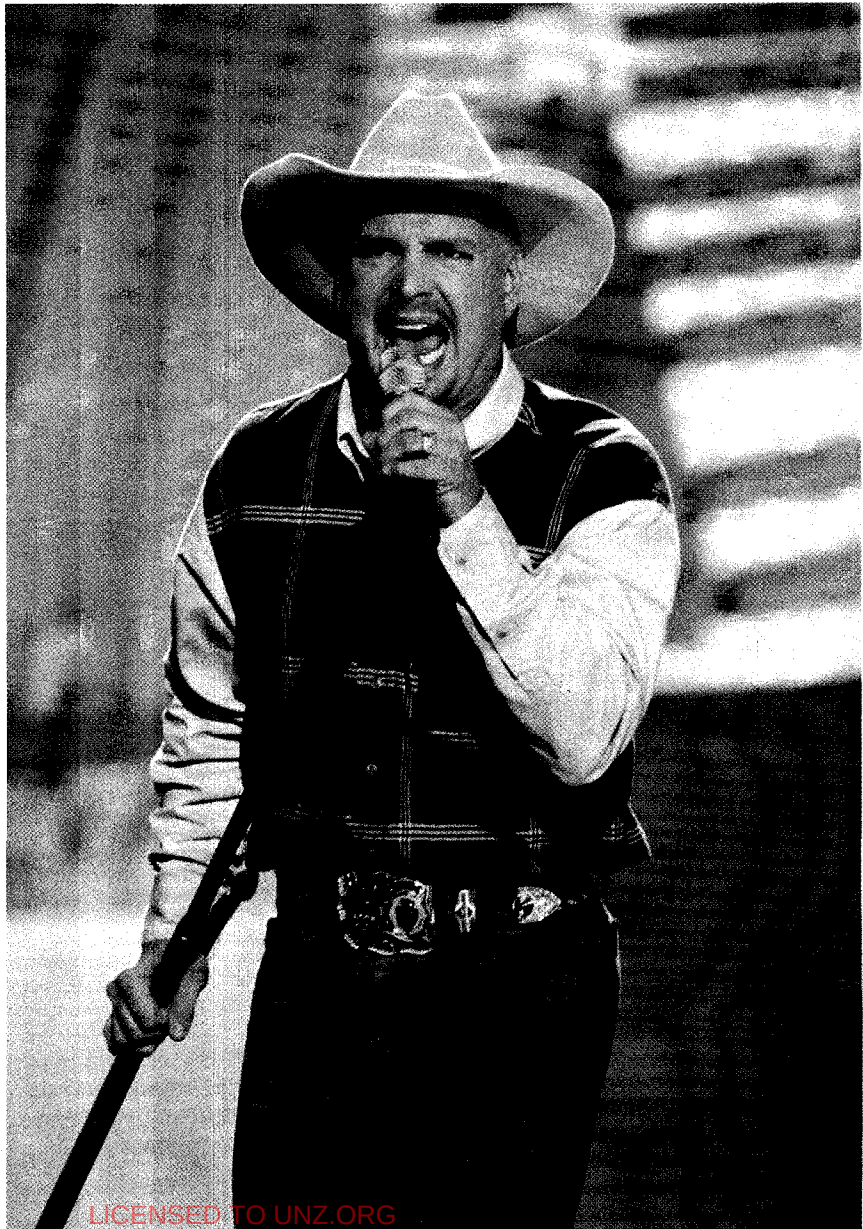
WHEN **Garth Brooks** refers to Garth Brooks in conversation, the word he uses is *we*, not *I*. As in "We have our first album in two years coming out this summer." The tic is classic Brooks—an appealing blend of polite southern modesty, soothing corporatespeak, and a pro athlete's postgame rap. Brooks is the most successful solo musician, country or otherwise, in the United States, having sold nearly as many records as the Beatles—62 million, to be exact—and at a much quicker pace. But he hasn't played a date in Manhattan since a 1990 show at the now-defunct Lonestar Roadhouse.

So, on August 7, Brooks will make up for his absence with what organizers are hyping as *the biggest concert in city history*, drawing more than 600,000 people to Central Park's North Meadow. The show will also be carried live on HBO.

"The thing that a country guy is scared of when he comes to New York," says Brooks of the impending date, "is a lack of any kind of respect. Hollywood has made country look like something that's

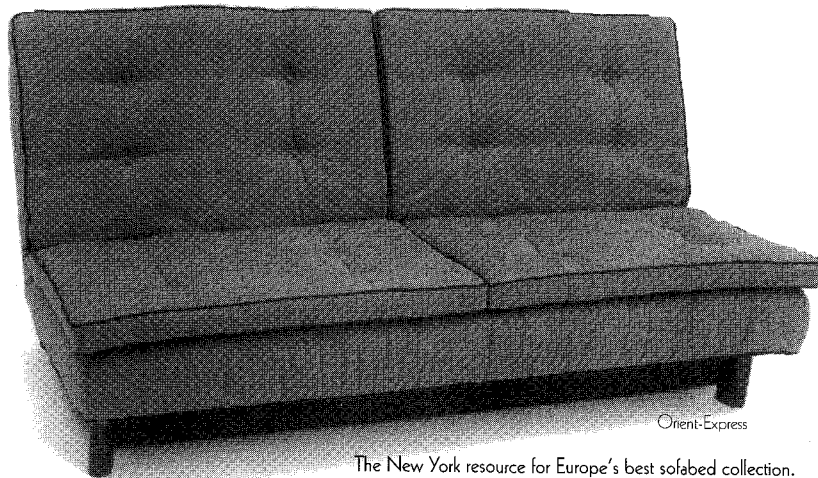
BROOKS: THE MAN FOR MANHATTAN?

Photograph by Berliner Studio/Outline.



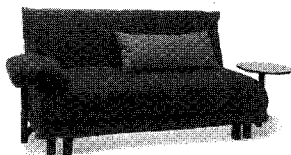
SOFABEDS

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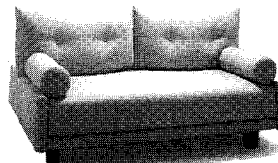


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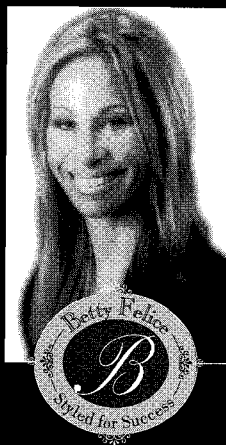
either very hokey or very ignorant." Nevertheless, he says, the city doesn't intimidate him: "New York has never showed *me* anything less than being very respectful—they've always made me feel great. Playing something that big, and that's for HBO—that's what I'm scared about. I'm not scared about how the New York crowd will react." (Brooks hasn't played a date in the city in seven years, he says, because steep union wages at Madison Square Garden drive ticket prices above his fan-friendly \$18 ceiling. Ever the workingman's diplomat, he adds, "I'm not saying their work isn't worth it or that they're not nice people. But we've always stayed outside"—at the Meadowlands or Nassau Coliseum—"to keep our ticket prices down.")

Contemporary pop-country tends toward the lamely formulaic and flashy, but as the genre's undisputed king, Brooks manages to transcend its usual pitfalls. First of all, his pop-rock-country songwriting exhibits non-Nashville influences like James Taylor, Don McLean, and Queen, as well hard-core ones like George Jones and Merle Haggard. His lyrics deal with thorny social issues, from domestic violence to homophobia. But more important than any high-minded agenda is Brooks's grasp of showmanship. The big, *huge* pyrotechnics-using kind. Where his colleagues might be simply flashy, Garth Brooks is explosive: In sharp contrast to his self-effacing conversational style, his stage demeanor is pure arena-rock-spectacle, worthy of his other big influence, Kiss.

"We've had guys go off the stage, go through holes in it," he says of recent in-concert traumas his musicians have suffered. "We've had a woman take stitches over her eye from a collision onstage. When they tell us to go out and break a leg, we just might." Sadly, there's one vintage Brooks move New Yorkers won't witness: a through-the-stage blastoff, courtesy of the hydraulic "Bon Jovi rig." Brooks bought the device from the Jersey rocker several years ago and used it for a couple of tours. It had to be "reworked" before Garth could put it to use, "because, of course, my butt weighs as much as all of that guy."

Assuming the Central Park show goes as well and as massively as expected, it will be a feather in the cap of the Parks Department's two-year-old marketing division—a nationally visible application of textbook Giuliani public-private partnership. "We want to provide free entertainment for New Yorkers," says Stuart Ruderfer, the di-

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MCLACHLAN: RALLYING THE GIRLS.

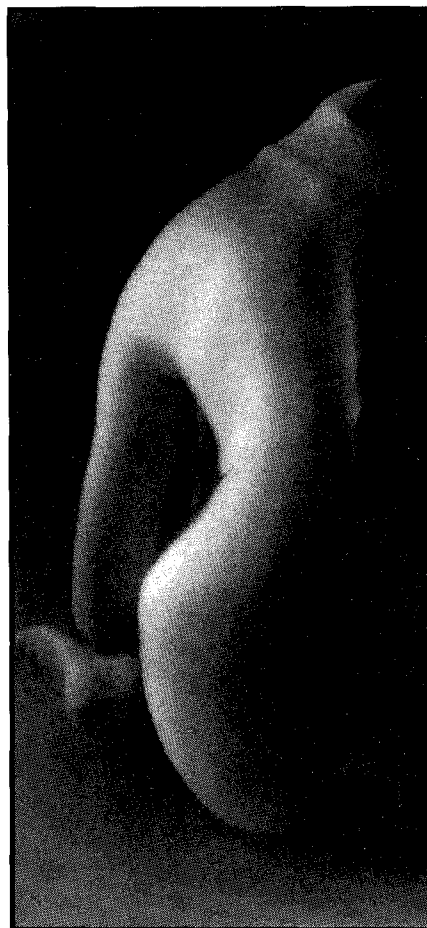
rector of marketing and special events for the Parks Department. "But we don't want to spend city money on it. So we got HBO and Capitol-Nashville"—Brooks's label—"to foot the bill."

The city pursued Brooks for the gig, says Ruderfer, "because, one, he's the most popular entertainer in the country, period; and, two, he's a pop artist we can be proud of. We're family-oriented, and I can't think of another entertainer who would attract more families."

"We feel really honored to be playing there," Brooks says. Waxing historical, he muses on epic Central Park shows of yesteryear: "It's nice to be on a list of guys like Paul Simon, Diana Ross, Barbra Streisand. We're just gonna try to uphold our end so ten years from now there isn't this big, black pothole next to our name on the list of stuff that's happened in the park."

LOOK OUT, LOLLAPALOOZA: **Lilith Fair** is coming for you. "I already had the idea for some kind of sisterhood tour," says **Sarah McLachlan** of the newest of many summer-long rockstravaganzas to challenge Perry Farrell's brainchild. "But it solidified last year, when my friends and I were thinking about going to Lollapalooza. We looked at the lineup, and it was all men!" (On top of being virtually all male, the nominally alt-rock bill was heavy on testosterone-fueled hard-rockers like Metallica.)

McLachlan was behind schedule on her next album, *Surfacing*, but went ahead and whipped together a high-watt, girls-only rockfest. Aside from McLachlan herself, the Lilith lineup will rotate throughout the summer: When the tour reaches Jones Beach on July 25, **Tracy Chapman**, **Joan Osborne**, **Fiona Apple**, and the **Cardigans** will share the stage with McLachlan. The Fair's other stops feature 30



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(WASHINGTON POST, December 6, 1994,
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music

diverse co-stars, from neo-folkie **Jewel** to jazz diva du jour **Cassandra Wilson**. "I wouldn't have minded it being even more diverse," admits the organizer-star. "But most of the further-out people that we asked were either busy or weren't interested."

The tour is based on admirable enough politics, but will it hang together artistically? As a matter of fact, it looks like it will. Though the Cardigans are essentially a pure-pop band and Chapman, for instance, is a folky soul singer, there's an appealingly savvy, no-nonsense streak running through most of the tour's acts that transcends simple genre boundaries. "Yes, it's a tour of all women," adds McLachlan, undoubtedly answering the umpteenth skeptic. "But there's an incredible wealth of talent and diversity, first and foremost."

As for the tour's title, McLachlan says she became enamored of the Jewish mythological figure—Adam's first wife, whom he dumped for refusing to "lie beneath" him—while looking for a suitable name to borrow: The moniker carries "a bit of a reactionary, screw-you mentality," she concedes. But mostly, she adds, "I thought it was cheeky and cute. And I added *fair* to make it fuller—*fair* being beautiful, *fair* being equal, and *fair* being a fair."

Coming off a two-year bout with writer's block, McLachlan says she had to psych herself up to commit to the tour. "But I'm there now, and I'm ready to get out on the road again. God, listen to me. I sound like a hockey player!"

CAN A SCAT-SINGING, POLITICALLY CONSCIOUS crooner cut it on a stage with a bunch of hard-rhyming hip-hoppers? For **Erykah Badu**, the answer is an emphatic *Why not?* As the biggest, most promising new star on this summer's "Smokin' Grooves" tour (Jones Beach, July 5), she'll share a bill with acts ranging from straight-up rappers Cypress Hill to jazz-soul-fusion rappers the Roots to some funk granddaddies: "I'm performing with *Parliament!*" the 26-year-old exclaims, breaking her usual reserve. "Come on! I feel like I'm 7 years old!" It's Badu's fluency in the entire musical spectrum represented by the tour's lineup that will put the music-biz freshman at the spiritual heart of the show. And though her recent debut, *Baduizm*, is an easy contender for hip-hop album of the year, there isn't much rapping on it. Instead, Badu croons in a voice that's lilting, self-assured, and redolent with 50 years of soulful music history; in one drum-



BADU: THE SOUL OF SMOKIN' GROOVES.

machine-backed syllable of a Badu song, you're likely to hear echoes of Billie Holiday's sexy melancholia and the effervescent beauty of a Stevie Wonder tune. "I never studied jazz," she says. "I'm just moved to scat and riff by the music, even though I've got hip-hop beats." The Dallas native's musical ventures (she moved to Brooklyn last January, shortly after landing a record deal) ran a wide gamut: "I played Annie, Dorothy in *The Wiz*, Medea . . ." But perhaps her most telling early experiment was also her least formal. At 14, Badu, then named Erica Wright, scored a regular gig rapping on KNON, a community radio station: "It was freestyle—syn-copated poetry, just beats and rhymes." (The rhythms were supplied by a beat-boxing 15-year-old named Roy Hargrove, now a renowned jazz trumpeter). In March, while on tour in California, Badu got a nod from Stevie Wonder, her professed "first musical love." "I dropped off a fan letter at the radio station he owns, and he called me at my hotel to tell me that he appreciated my music," she says with obvious delight. "So I don't care what *nobody* says to me now. 'Cause Stevie already told me."

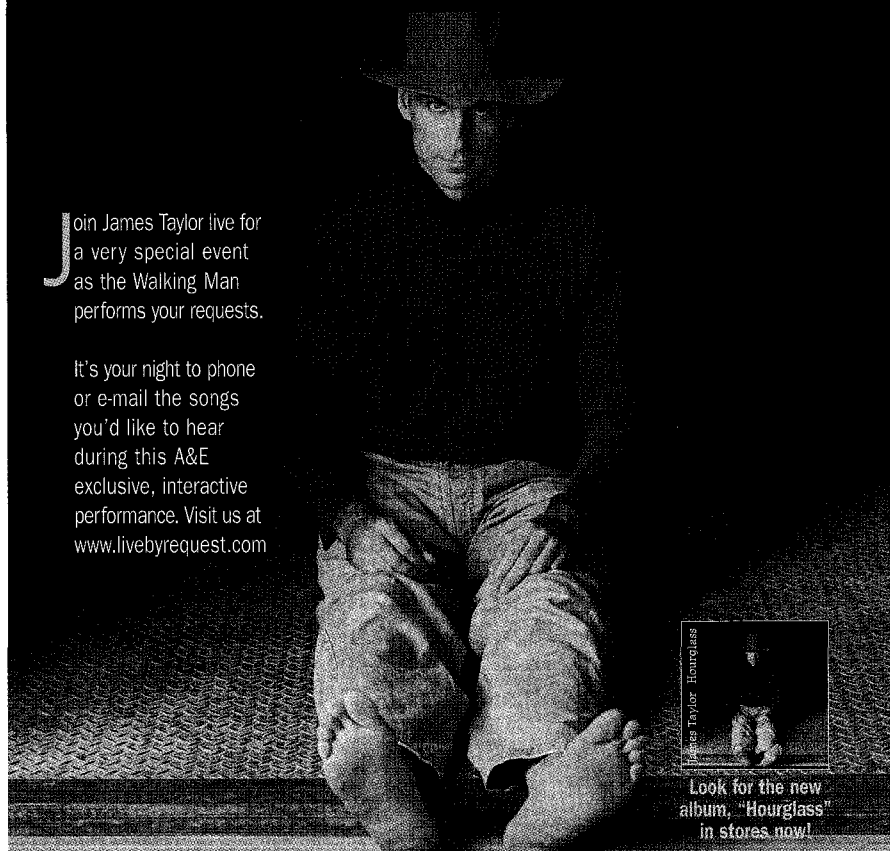
ETHAN SMITH

Photograph courtesy of Universal Records.

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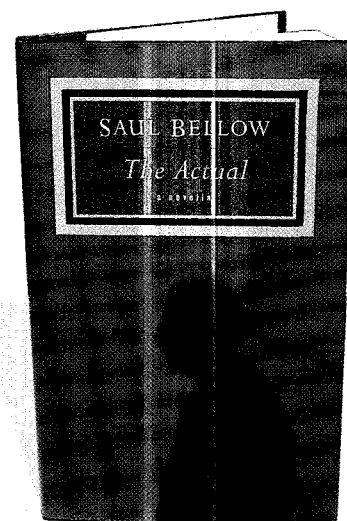
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WHAT TO READ

A CRITIC'S PICK OF BOOKS TO
TAKE TO THE BEACH

VERY FEW NOVELISTS HAVE MATCHED THE work **Saul Bellow** did in the fifties (*Seize the Day*), sixties (*Herzog*), and seventies (*Mr. Sammler's Planet*)—not even Saul Bellow himself. But Bellow's smaller achievements, of which the recently published *The Actual* is one, still sparkle. *The Actual* follows middle-aged Harry Trellman back to his (and Bellow's) hometown of Chicago after years of questionable business dealings in the Third World. Trellman sets out to capture all he has missed in his youth, which is pretty much everything (he grew up in an orphanage although his parents were alive, and lost his great love to a succession of other men). Harry Trellman is a highly self-conscious man, and in the hands of a crude writer, his story might have all the gravity of a midlife crisis. In Bellow's, it is realism at its elegiac best.

"I LIKE TO READ ABOUT PEOPLE WHO have done nothing spectacular, who aren't beautiful and lucky, who try to behave well in the limited field of activity they command, but who can see, in the little autumnal moments of vision, that the so-called 'big' experiences of life are going to miss them." Philip Larkin wrote that in defense of Barbara Pym's novels, but he might have been endorsing **Anita Brookner's**. Her most recent book, *Altered States*, concerns Alan Sherwood, a remarkably introspective Londoner stifled for years by an unremarkably dismal marriage. Brookner's gift, in addi-



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tion to an amused and well-deployed wit, is a heightened appreciation for the predicament of adulthood: She is among that minority of contemporary novelists who find adolescence less interesting than middle age, and she does not seem to view the former as extending well into one's thirties.

TO NOTE THAT SOME OF **David Remnick's** work—the Howard Stern profile in *The New Yorker*, say—falls far short of his books on Russia is to pay him the highest compliment: Journalists are equipped to write with verve about anything; writers are not. Russia is Remnick's true subject, and *Resurrection: The Struggle for a New Russia* (his follow-up to *Lenin's Tomb*) is the definitive account of the country under Boris Yeltsin. Remnick is a reporter of terrific energy, of course, and the book is enriched by his interviews with Solzhenitsyn, free-market economist Yegor Gaidar, and reactionary Vladimir Zhirinovskiy. But the quality of his mind and the lucidity of his writing ensure that *Resurrection* will be read even in the unlikely case that his reasoned forecast for Russia (a modestly encouraging one) proves wrong.

"TELL-ALL" BOOKS TOO OFTEN ASSUME the essential prerogative of literature. That is, they tell the same story again and again, seemingly without any fear of banality. Sammy "the Bull" Gravano's confessions, relayed by **Peter Maas** and published by HarperCollins, are a breathtaking exception. We have had doggedly detailed portraits of life in the Mafia from Hollywood and from Grub Street. Now we have the account of not just any defector but that of John Gotti's No. 2, the man who helped put away No. 1. And Peter Maas, unlike so many tell-all collaborators, does a supremely stylish job of working Gravano's anecdotes into a cohesive narrative. They have made it more interesting, and almost as much fun, to read their book as to see any mob movie.

THERE IS A CURIOUSLY INVIGORATING quality to *Monster*, an account of the eight years that went into the making of 1996's *Up Close & Personal*, for which screenwriters **John Gregory Dunne** and his wife, Joan Didion,

wrote a total of 27 drafts. Read on the beach, it might make one eager and unprecedentedly equipped for September: Everyone in this book is relentlessly and blissfully productive—never mind if you failed to guess as much from seeing *Up Close*. Writers complete entire scripts in a few days, and producers submit reams of single-spaced pages of notes on those scripts in less than a few days. All this activity purifies, stabilizes, amuses—and it happens to pay very well. Dunne and the people he writes about do not seem to work any less hard when they are on vacation (he is soft on just about everyone in the industry save a neophyte producer who doesn't want to read any scripts while holidaying on Martha's Vineyard). And Dunne and his wife escape from New York to places like the Kahala Hilton in Honolulu only to concentrate better on whatever they are writing. This immensely readable book is a primer on how movies are made and how novelists buy themselves time. It may also be a more inspiring self-help volume than *Eight Weeks to Optimum Health*.

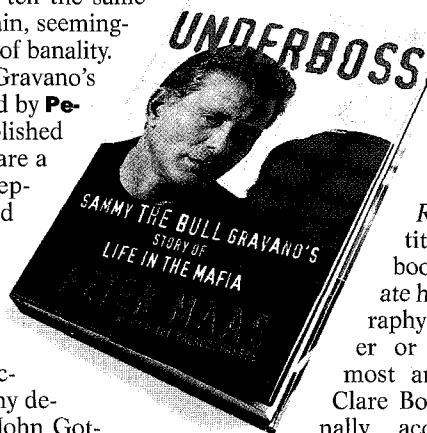
Sylvia Jukes Morris's CAPABLY EXECUTED biography of Clare Boothe Luce is being received as the sharp chronicle of a woman's

ascent in a pre-feminist era.

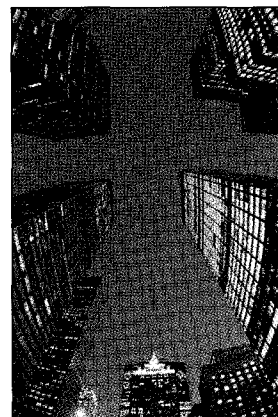
But Luce's story is less an account of an earlier age than a preface to our own. After all, *Rage for Fame*, the title of Morris's book, is an appropriate handle for the biography of not just a Mailer or a Madonna but most any living person.

Clare Boothe Luce, nominally accomplished (she wrote splashy plays and magazine articles and later entered politics) and spectacularly attention-getting, would have thrived in the celebrity-obsessed culture of the nineties. And people with an appetite for celebrity but a self-consciousness about indulging it have in Luce a socially acceptable trash heroine—one who "dressed as a Southern belle, in full-skirted, turquoise taffeta, with short, puffed sleeves, pearls or lapis lazuli jewelry, and velvet bows in her hair" and still managed to be remembered as an important historical figure.

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Photographs by Wayne Simpson (2).

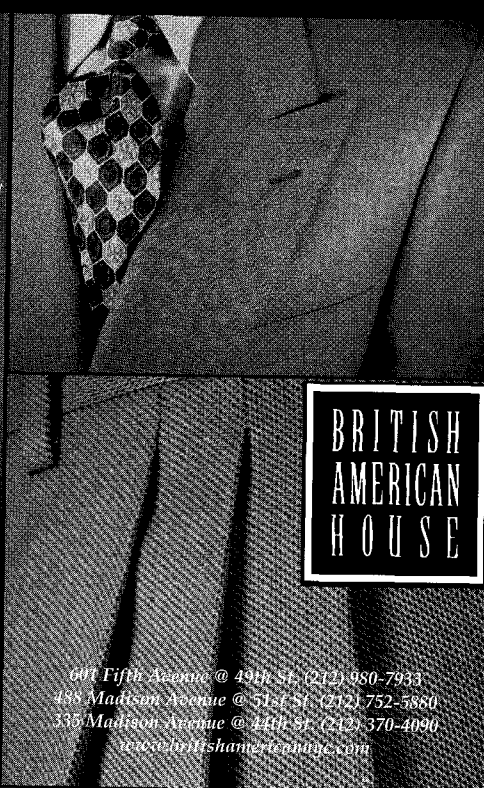
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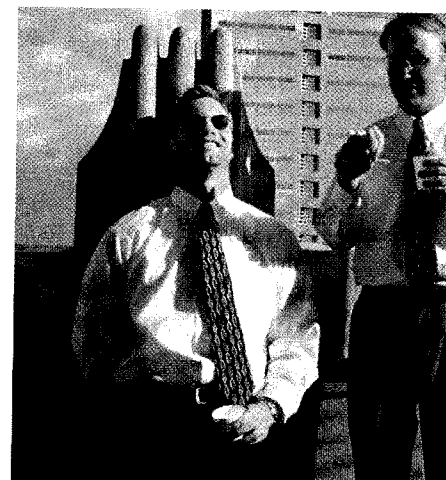
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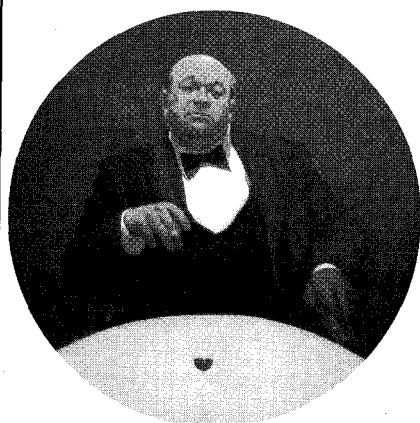
movies



WHAT TO WATCH

THE BEST NON-BLOCKBUSTERS

NEIL LABUTE'S MODEST FIRST FILM, **In the Company of Men**, is the most violent and devastating of the summer—but it's also the most thought-provoking and complicated. Chad and Howard, two vaguely disgruntled briefcases on assignment in a nameless city, decide to mix up corporate life a little. The plan: Find an emotionally raw, socially withdrawn woman, ardently woo her, then simultaneously dump her—for the hell of it—right before they split town. She'll never get hip to the level of treachery and deceit at work, while Chad and Howard will forever cradle this smallest of victories as twisted evidence of their own emotional mettle. "Betrayal is an excruciating thing," says LaBute, 31. "You can thrill people once, but you can hurt them every day of the week, and that's horrifying." When *In the Company of Men* was first screened at this year's Sundance Film Festival, it elicited both high praise and unmitigated disgust, though not from the expected quarters. "I had one woman come up to me and say, 'That was the most feminist movie I've ever seen,'" recalls LaBute. "Guys tend to be trying to pass this off as science fiction, but I think women are pretty sure it's, like, a documentary." The movie was slagged as amoral and misogynistic, and LaBute (who is married and the father of two boys) had trouble finding a distributor. "Women executives kept pushing it along," says LaBute, "and then it would get to a male executive, and he'd go, 'No, I don't think that's funny.'" Even Harvey Weinstein—who never encountered a controversy he couldn't package—passed. Sony Pictures Classics

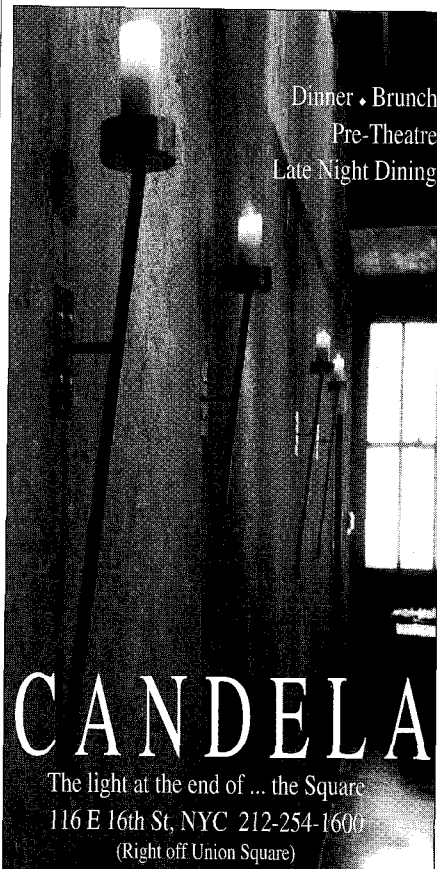


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Photograph courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics.

DIRECTOR NEIL LABUTE'S DARK DEBUT.

eventually picked it up; *In the Company of Men* opens in New York on August 1, and you'll be reading many a he-said-she-said editorial thereafter.

HIS NAME ALONE IS ANTITHETICAL TO everything the Summer Movie represents, so we eagerly await Mike Leigh's latest, **Career Girls** (opening August 8). Lynda Steadman and *Naked*'s Katrin Cartlidge are two 30-year-old women who were the closest of friends at university; after ten years apart, they reunite and reconstruct their shared past in alarmingly disparate narratives. "I think it's very funny," says Cartlidge. "We're certainly not dealing with the end of the world—as *Naked* did—or the torture of the family, as *Secrets & Lies* did." According to Cartlidge, the film (which was, like all of Leigh's work, improvised) is largely about memory—"the way that different memories have different significances for different people, and how you may vividly remember something that someone else can't recall." As the women encounter former lovers, friends, and acquaintances, they come to redefine themselves. "My character starts off as one thing and ends up as something else," says Cartlidge, "but at heart, she's very witty and honest—a real fighter." As is, she believes, the movie itself. "This is a small film, but that doesn't mean it won't have as much appeal as the others," says Cartlidge. "I think people are getting a bit sick of all the spectacle." She pauses, reaching for the perfect pitch, which comes a bit uneasily. "*Career Girls*," she finally avers, "is special effects of the heart!" Hardly the tag line we envision Leigh approving, but we'll be queued up nonetheless.

MAUREEN CALLAHAN



CARTLIDGE: LEIGH'S LEADING LADY.

Photograph by Joss Barratt/October Films.



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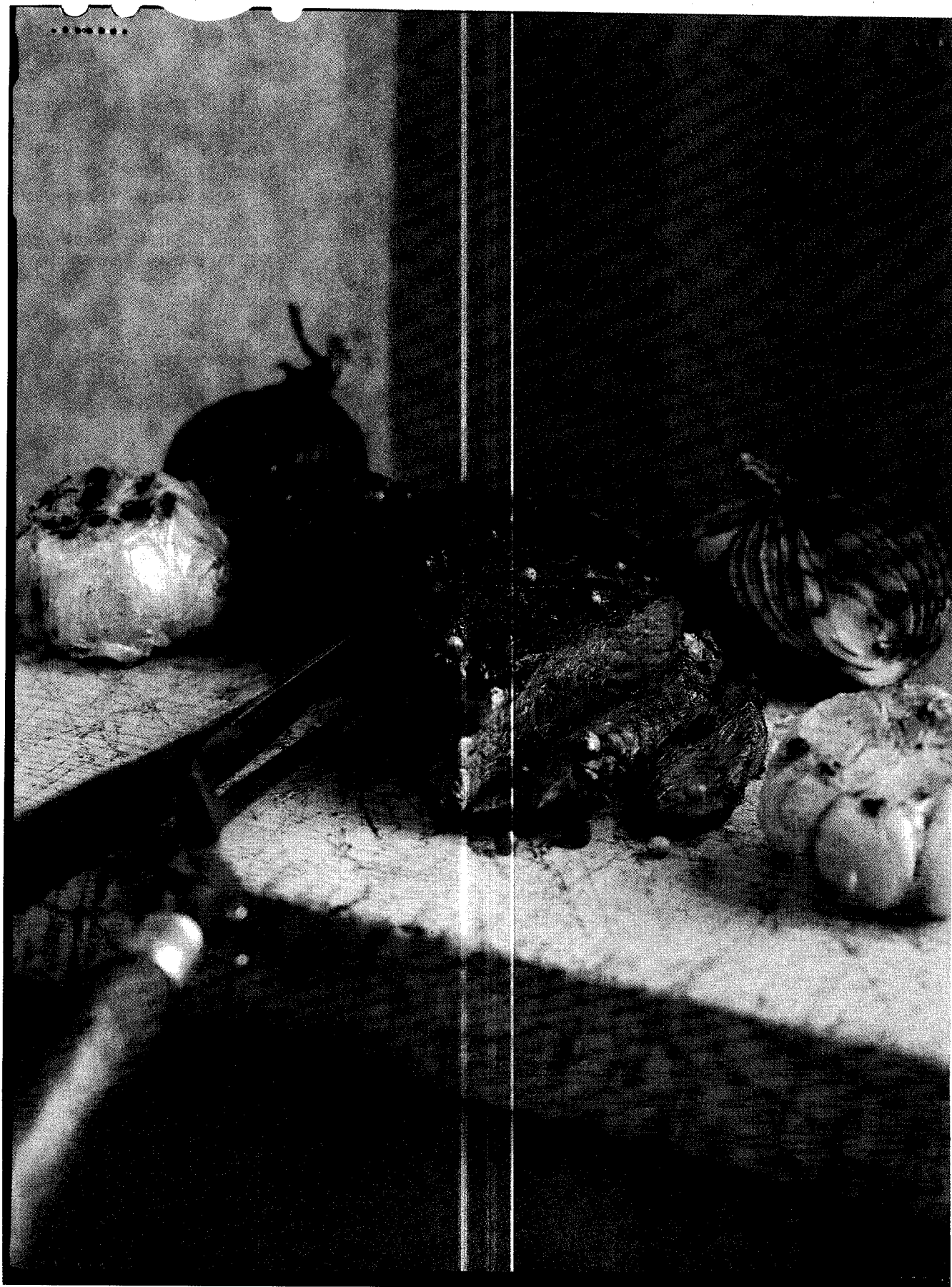
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PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEATRIZ DE COSTA

WHERE'S THE BEEF?

Tired of T-bone that tastes more like *T. rex*, restaurateurs are heading for buffalo. By Gillian Duffy

WHO EVER THOUGHT THE hottest newcomer to Manhattan menus would bear the name of that *other* New York city? Buffalo is stampeding into New York restaurants, and beef as we know it is bolting out of the way. Chef Waldy Malouf at the Rainbow Room serves twice as many buffalo burgers as hamburgers on his bar menu. At City Wine & Cigar Co. in TriBeCa, buffalo is the only steak offered. Despite the \$38 price tag, it's the most sought-after dish on the menu. And two weeks after buffalo steaks appeared at Windows on the World, the restaurant was moving 100 pounds a week.

But let's get things straight: Technically, we've been chowing down on American *bison*, those bearded, lumbering animals the Sioux hunted on the Great Plains. Buffalo was a misnomer that somehow stuck—"Bison Bill" Cody wouldn't have nearly as much swagger. And although bison were once close to being wiped out, no one need worry about dipping into an endangered species for dinner—these farm-raised animals now number more than 200,000. The largest private herd (10,000 head, managed purely as breeding stock) is owned by Ted Turner.

Connoisseurs are fond of saying buffalo tastes the way beef did 20 or 30 years ago. But this is beef minus the grief: Buffalo has less cholesterol, less fat, and fewer calories than either beef or chicken. It has actually won a nod from the American Heart Association and is guaranteed to be totally organic—no hormones or antibiotics—since buffalo are the original free-rangers, grazing at will.

In the kitchen, buffalo shouldn't be intimidating. Treat it basically as you would beef (though it would behoove you to keep an eye on the buffalo burgers browning on the grill. The meat is leaner than beef, so they'll cook faster). And while Sitting Bull didn't know from portobello burgers and slabs of buffalo

au poivre, it's hard to believe he'd pass up sangria from the folks at Spartina—the perfect chaser.

Waldy Malouf
The Rainbow Room

BUFFALO BURGERS WITH GRILLED PORTOBELLOS AND FENNEL SLAW

SERVES 4

2 medium fennel bulbs
1 red bell pepper, julienned
1 tablespoon lemon juice
10 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
1 tablespoon chopped fresh rosemary
4 large portobello mushrooms, stems

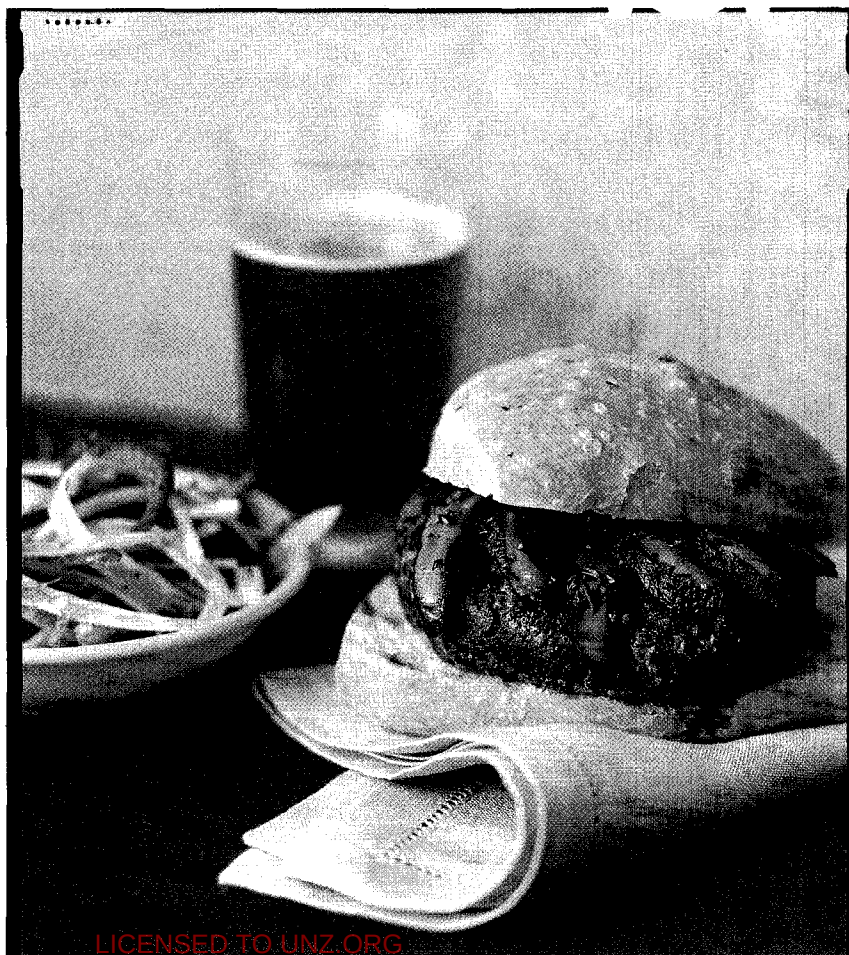
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1½ pounds ground buffalo (chuck, shoulder, or neck meat)
4 onion rolls or hamburger buns

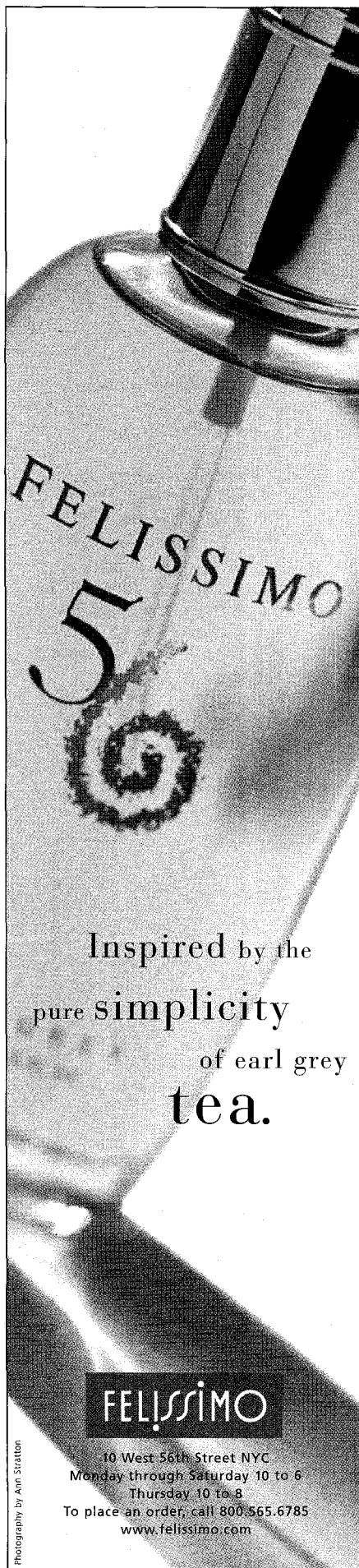
Trim tops off fennel and reserve. Split fennel bulbs in half and remove cores. Using a mandoline or sharp chef's knife, slice fennel thin. Toss fennel and red pepper with the lemon juice and approximately 5 tablespoons of the oil in a large bowl. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Stir in ¼ cup reserved, finely chopped fennel tops. Set aside for at least 1 hour before serving.

Mix 4 tablespoons of the oil, the rosemary, and ¼ teaspoon each of salt and pepper in a bowl. Add mushrooms,

BURGER HEAVEN: GROUND AND GRILLED WITH PORTOBELLOS.



OPPOSITE: THE KINDEST CUTS.



Photography by Ann Slatton

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Food

and coat with oil mixture. Grill over medium coals for about 3 minutes on each side.

Season meat with salt and pepper, and shape into 4 patties. Brush with remaining olive oil. Grill over hot coals for about 2 to 3 minutes on each side for a medium-rare burger. (Buffalo is best served rare to medium rare.)

Lightly toast onion rolls, and place each burger on a bun half; top with thin mushroom slices. Serve with the fennel slaw.

BUFFALO STEAKS

WITH GRILLED ONIONS AND GARLIC

SERVES 4

½ cup plus 2 tablespoons olive oil
4 heads garlic, plus 3 cloves garlic, sliced
2 bay leaves, crumbled
1½ tablespoons crushed green peppercorns, drained, juice reserved
2 18-ounce boneless buffalo sirloin steaks cut 2 to 2½ inches thick, or 4 9-ounce shell steaks
Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper

3 large onions

1 teaspoon coarse sea salt

Garnish: 1 tablespoon whole green peppercorns, drained

Combine ½ cup oil, sliced garlic cloves, bay leaves, crushed peppercorns, and 1½ tablespoons peppercorn juice in a small bowl. Pour into a zipper-lock bag, add steaks, and marinate in refrigerator 4 hours or overnight, turning occasionally.

Remove the meat from the refrigerator an hour before cooking and allow to come to room temperature.

Slice ½ inch off the top of each garlic head. Add ½ teaspoon kosher salt to a medium-size saucepan of water, bring to a boil, and cook garlic heads for 30 minutes. Remove from water and drain on paper towels. Peel onions and cut each in half, root end to stem end; cook in boiling salted water for 15 minutes. With tongs, remove onions carefully and drain on paper towels. When cool, brush onions and garlic with oil. Season with kosher salt and pepper.

Remove meat from marinade, reserving marinade. Place the steaks 4 to 5 inches from very hot coals. After 5 min-

WHERE TO FIND IT

Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue, at 9th Street (673-2600). Fresh New York strip steak, \$19.99 the pound; ground buffalo, \$8.99 the pound.

Ottomanelli & Sons, 285 Bleecker Street (675-4217). Fresh and frozen (Ottomanelli ages and freezes buffalo, so customers can tell how long it's been around). Ground buffalo, \$6.49 the pound; one-pound packs of patties, \$6.49 the pound; stew meat, \$6.49 the pound; shell, strip, and boneless rib-eye steaks, \$19.99 the pound; top round for roasting, \$9.99 the pound.

Old Homestead Gourmet Shop, 56 Ninth Avenue, at 14th Street (242-9040). Fresh boneless rib-eye, \$16.95 the pound; bison sausage, \$7.95 the pound; ground buffalo, \$10 the pound. Mail order, too.

Lobel's Prime Meats, 1096 Madison Avenue, at 82nd Street (737-1372). Must be ordered four to five days in advance; fresh ground buffalo, \$19.98 the pound; New York sirloin strip, \$32.98 the pound; whole tenderloin (about six pounds), \$39.98 the pound.

Citarella, 2135 Broadway, at 75th Street (874-0383). Fresh

boneless strip buffalo steaks (twelve ounces each) cut to order, \$19.95 the pound; ground buffalo, \$9.95 the pound (four-pound minimum), to order two days in advance.

Food Emporium (to order at all locations four days in advance). Sirloin only.

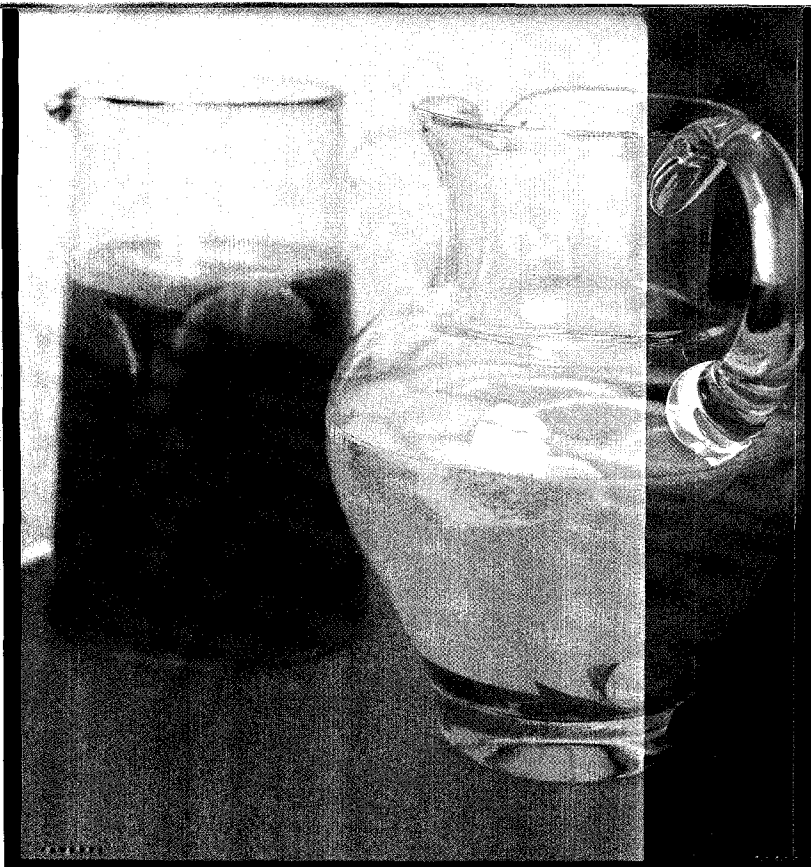
MAIL ORDER

D'artagnan (1-800-DARTAGN). Fresh tenderloin, \$26.95 the pound; strip loin, \$17.55 the pound; buffalo burgers, \$6.20 the pound; top round, \$7.60 the pound. Order four days in advance.

Frontier Buffalo Company (1-888-EAT-BUFF). Frozen primary and secondary cuts of buffalo. Strip loin, \$20.09 the pound; ground buffalo patties, \$7.14 the pound; tenderloin, \$28.41 the pound. Order one week in advance. There are plans to open a retail sales outlet in New York.

American Bison Co. (633-6600). Free-range, New York State-inspected buffalo in ten-pound freezer packs, which include burgers and steaks (\$100). Overnight delivery; order two days in advance.

Food styling by Roscoe Betsill; prop styling by Valorie Fisher.



RELIEF PITCHERS: TWO SANGRIAS.

utes, turn the steaks over and let them cook for another 5 minutes before turning again. (Remove 9-ounce steaks at this time.) Baste the 18-ounce steaks with marinade frequently, making sure some of the green peppercorns adhere to the surface. Cook for another 4 to 5 minutes, turning several times. Total cooking time for very rare 18-ounce steaks is about 15 minutes. For medium-rare meat, cook until steak is springy to the touch. When turning meat, always use tongs rather than a fork to avoid piercing the meat and releasing its juices. Let meat rest for 10 to 15 minutes before slicing.

While the meat is resting, place the garlic on the grill, cut-side down, and cook for about 10 minutes. Then turn to root end, and cook 5 minutes more. Grill the onions cut-side down, turning them once, until they are lightly

browned, about 5 minutes on each side. Slice the steak $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, and arrange on a platter with the onions and garlic around the meat. Sprinkle meat with sea salt and garnish with green peppercorns; serve with grilled bread or potatoes.

Stephen Kalt and Cindy Smith
Spartina

SANGRIA

SERVES 4

- 1 bottle (750 ml.) red wine (full-bodied Rioja or Cabernet Sauvignon)
- 6 tablespoons Spanish brandy
- 6 tablespoons fresh orange juice
- 2 tablespoons lime juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 orange, cut in half and sliced $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick
- 1 lime, cut in half and sliced $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick

Mix wine, brandy, juices, and sugar together in a jug. If the sangria is to be served immediately, add the sliced fruit; otherwise, add it just before drinking.

Layer a glass with ice and fruit, then add sangria (should keep for about 48 hours when covered and refrigerated).

For white sangria, substitute white Rioja for the red, increase lime juice to 5 tablespoons, and garnish with sliced peaches, plums, oranges, and lime.

NUTRITIONAL ANALYSIS

for a 6-ounce serving (calories, cholesterol, and protein rounded off):

	BUFFALO	BEEF
Calories	243	481
Fat (g)	4.08	31.47
Cholesterol (mg)	139	148
Protein (g)	48	46
Iron (mg)	5.78	4.59

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AND COLORIST RITA HAZAN**



Mykel J. Hirschhorn

If you were lost on a desert island, what is the first thing you would do?
Look for a location to open a salon.

How did you get from teaching horseback riding to becoming a top stylist?
I sort of jumped into it. You know, working as a riding instructor taught me a lot about sensitivity, perfection and flow.

What's the secret of your versatility?
I'm a chameleon. There are so many great looks, and I love creating them all.

How should a hairstyle look?
Hair should say you're real. My goal is to do the best for your hair type and individual style.

Who's your favorite singer?
Bette Midler, Barbra Streisand, Patti LaBelle. And they've all got great hair!



Rita Hazan

Did you always have a thing for color?
At 15, I colored my grandmother's hair. She couldn't believe how great it looked. That's when I learned the power of color. It can change your life; it certainly did mine.

Does it surprise you that so many color-correction clients call for you?
I'm sort of the SOS of haircolorists. I rescue a lot of at-home color. Want to know my deep-down secret? Schwarzkopf's Igora Modulat. It's like a color eraser. It's pure magic.

What's your favorite color?
Energy colors. The kind you can't forget when you pass them on the street. The kind that excite clients.

What keeps your clients coming back?
Making the client happy with a color that is absolutely 100% perfect for them. And, I tell great jokes.

How do you wind down?
Pink Floyd and Gloria Estefan. I love to pump up the volume!

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THE NEXT WAVE

Fifteen amphibious New Yorkers model the season's sharpest swimsuits at the city's vintage public pools. By Jade Hobson Charnin

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN WATTS



STEFANI JACKENTHAL

Sports Website Marketing Director, 30 (left)

"The first moment of getting wet in the morning is dreadful, and my master class is really challenging. But it really connects you to nature—if you use your imagination."

Suit, \$155 by Future Ozbek at Barneys New York and Anika in Miami.

JACKIE LEWIS

Owner, Holistic Spa, 59

"Do I swim? I'm like a fish. I think I was a fish—or a mermaid—in another life."

Suit, \$280 at Hermès, 11 East 57th Street.



VERONICA HINMAN

Publicist, 27

"You're concentrating on your laps, but it gives you the chance to think about what went on during your day. It's kind of like pure thought time."

Suit, \$280 by Liza Bruce at Bergdorf Goodman and Saks Fifth Avenue.

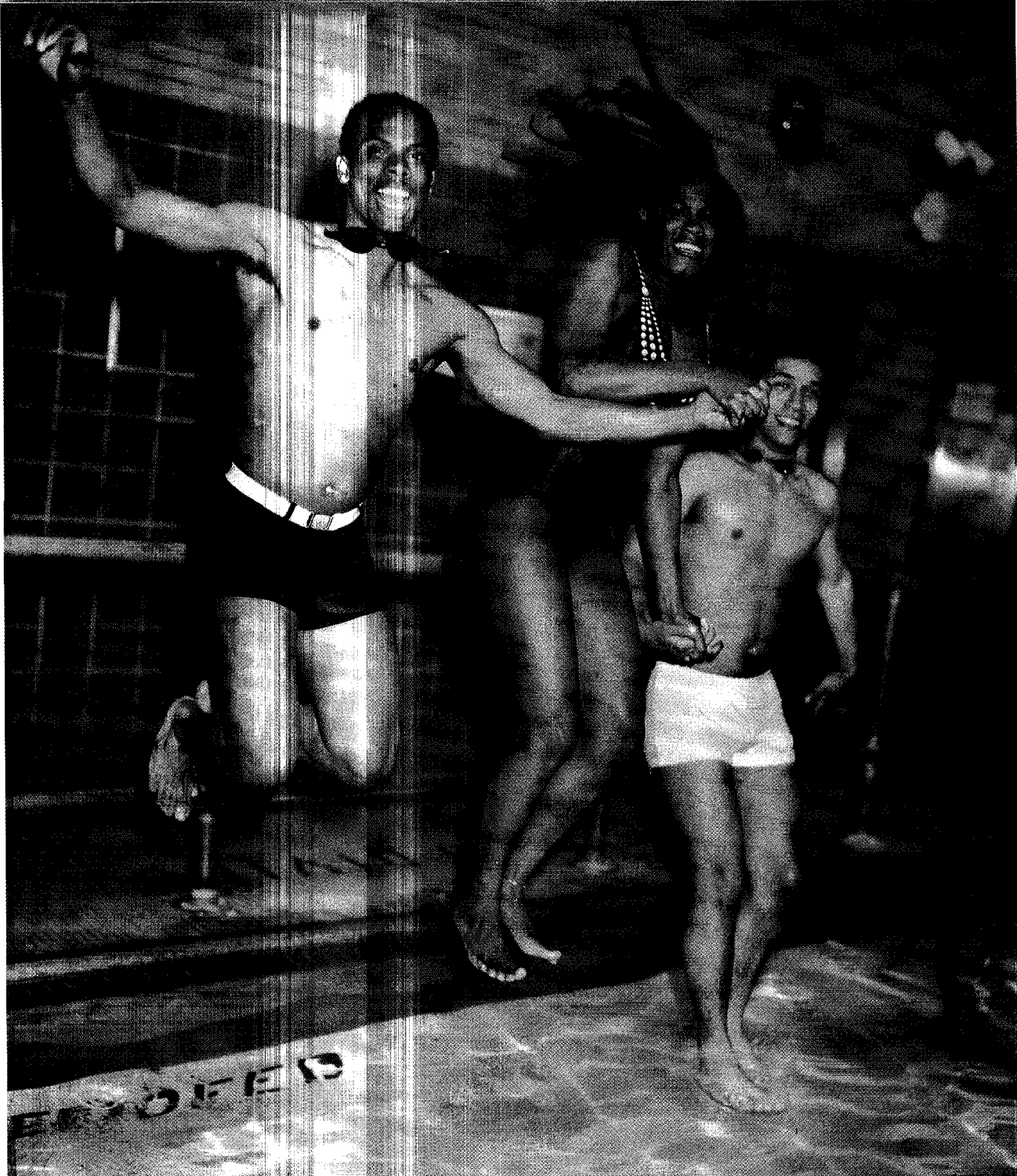
LIZ HICKEY

Interior Decorator, 31

"With other forms of exercise, you're doing it to attain a goal. But swimming is more of a game, like playing. And it doesn't hurt so much."

Suit, \$125 by Rachel Crespin to order at Neiman Marcus.





DUANE WHITLEY

Choreographer, 26

"Since the day when I was 5 that my father threw me in a Louisiana creek and yelled out to swim, I've enjoyed the adventure—and calmness—of the water."

Suit, \$165 by Gottex at Barneys New York. Goggles, \$10 to \$12 at Speedo Authentic Fitness.

PAULA DAVIS

Lifeguard, 22

"I was No. 1 in Queens for breaststroke from 1992 to 1993. It has always been my thing to get away from all my problems, to put my mind at ease."

Suit, \$695 by Chanel at Chanel and Saks Fifth Avenue.

NEFTALI DE LOS SANTOS

Lifeguard, 19

"Being a lifeguard is fun, but it has its responsibilities, like saving kids who fall in. In my dreams, I'm doing CPR and all I'm thinking is, *What are the parents going to say?* So I try to keep it real safe."

Suit, \$82 by Moschino Mare at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Hair by Louis Angelo and Dan Sharp for Garren New York at Henri Bendel; makeup by Helene Macaulay for Make Up Forever at Nordstrom.

SUMMER FUN

ashion

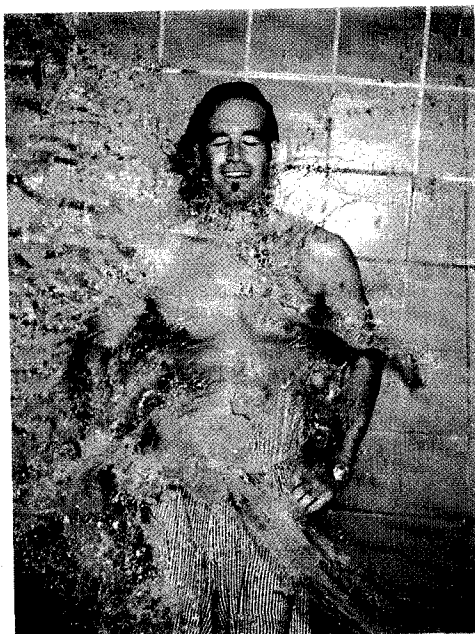


DARA TORRES

Sports Commentator, 30 (left)

"I retired from competitive swimming after my third Olympics, and then I didn't touch the pool for a few years. It was like a full-time job, and now I like sleeping in."

Suit, \$280 at Hermès.

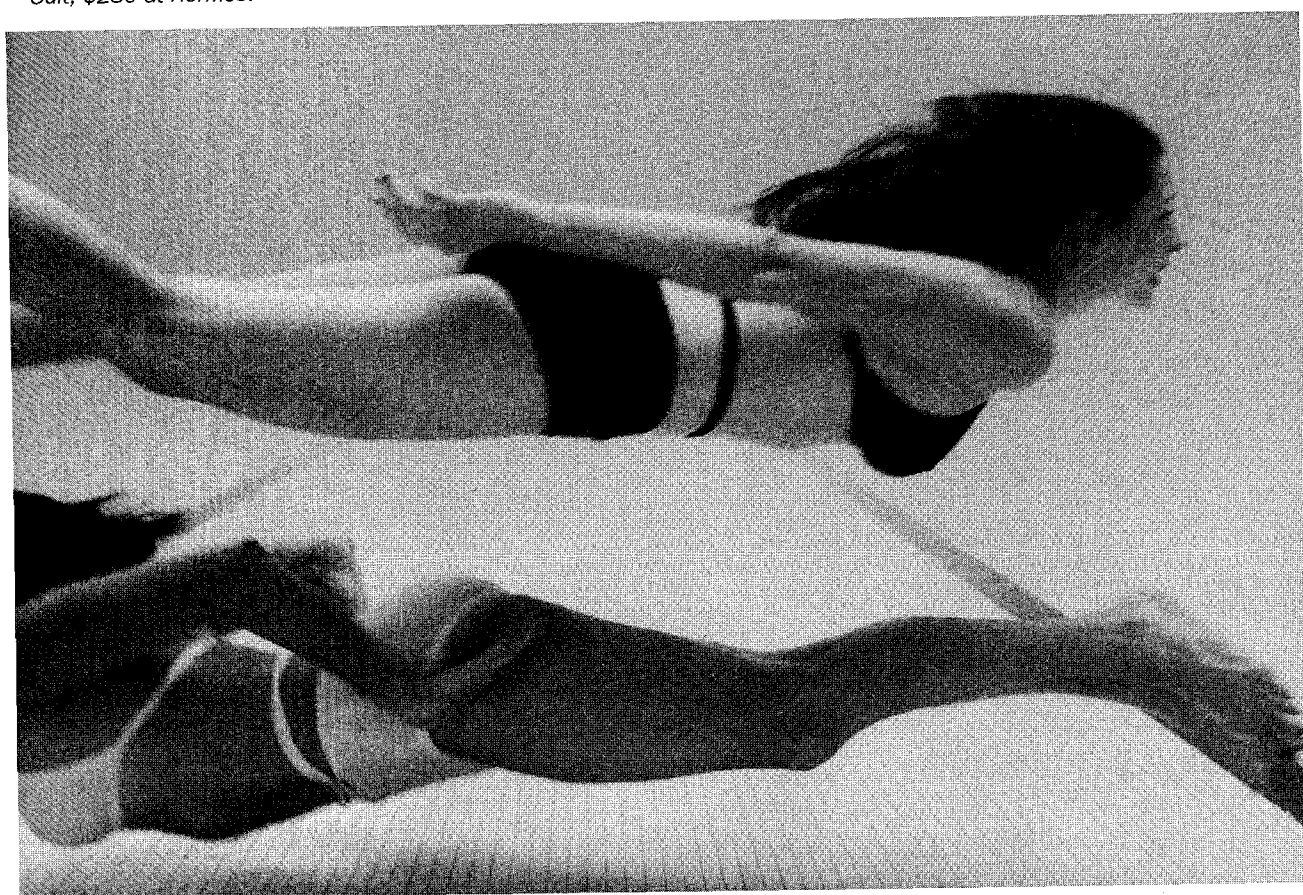


PAT CONLON

Online Personality, 26

"I beat Mark Spitz when I was twelve but now I surf. I try to surf before work, just to get in a little soul-cleansing. It's like an addiction. When I don't do it, I'm hard to live with."

Suit, \$170 at Giorgio Armani, 760 Madison Avenue, near 65th Street.



LAUREN YOUNG WIGO

Massage Therapist, 21 (top)

"I've been a state champion swimmer and an all-American water-polo player. I love how comfortable I am in the water, just floating around."

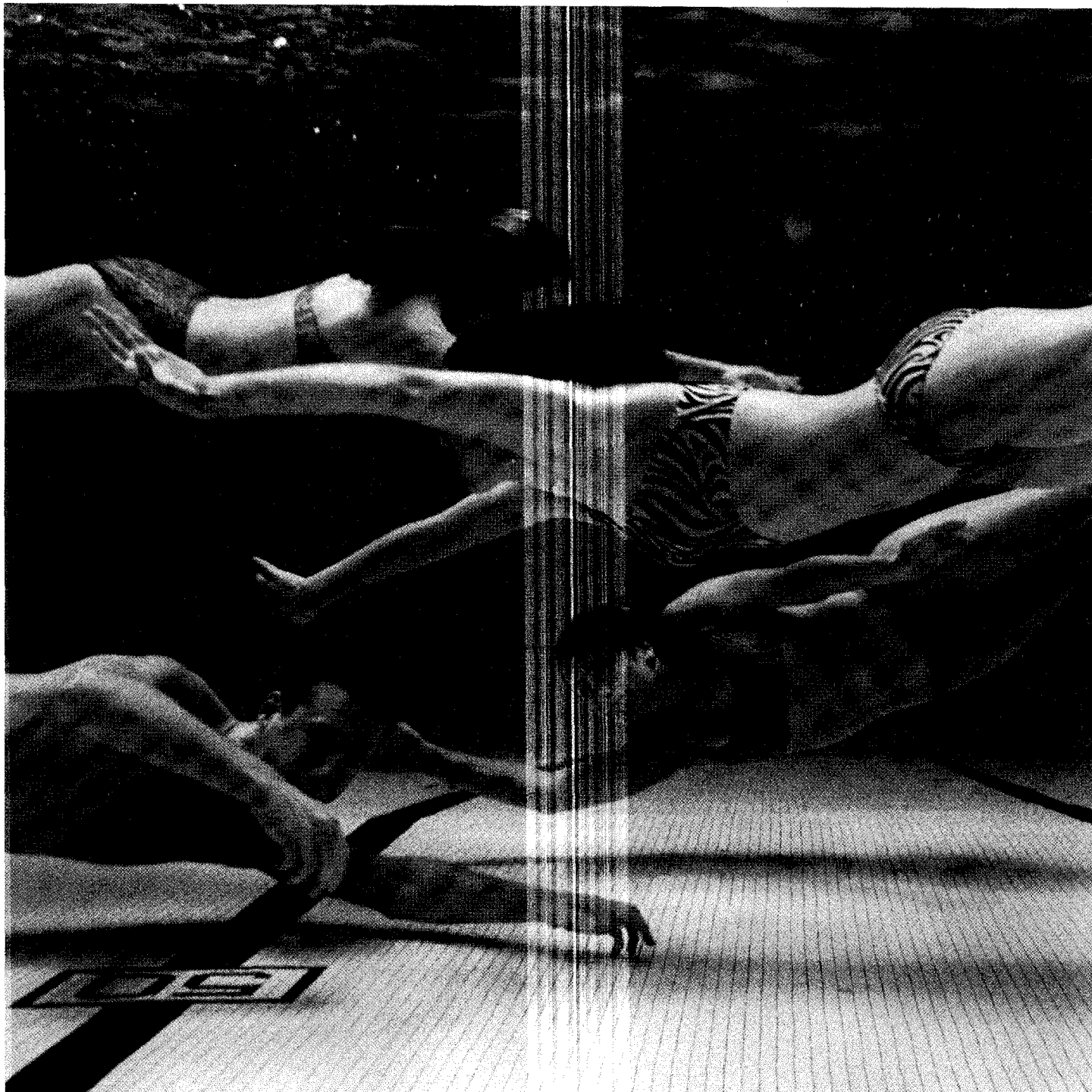
Suit, \$325 at Hermès.

DAWN YOUNG

Actress and Teacher, 49 (bottom)

"I've been swimming since I can remember. Now I swim a few miles, three times a week. It's totally relaxing, and a great way to stretch out."

Suit, \$325 at Hermès.



KATIE MCGUINN

Stuyvesant Swim Team, 18 (top left)
City champion.

"The individual race and competition—yet being part of a team—is a great release."

Suit, \$145 at OMO
Norma Kamali, 11 West
56th Street.

ARIANNE DONAR

Stuyvesant Swim Team, 17 (top right)
City champion.

"I love how I can benefit from the hard work in practice."

Suit, \$145 at OMO
Norma Kamali.

BIANCA MISLOWACK

Stuyvesant Swim Team, 17 (bottom right)
City champion.

"It's very peaceful to be underwater. I can be alone with myself."

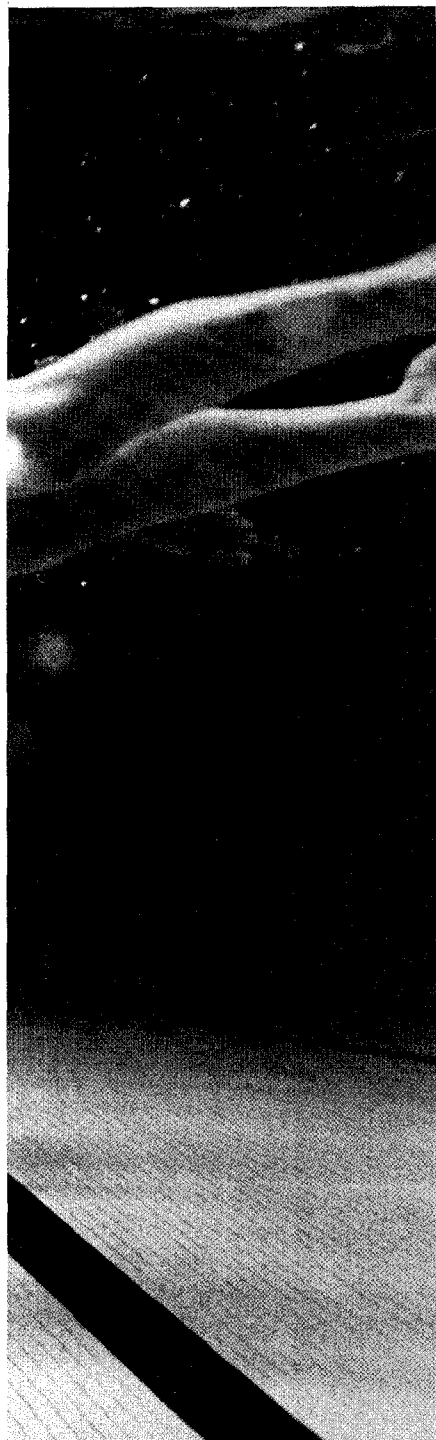
Suit, \$145 at OMO
Norma Kamali.

BRIAN SKORNEY

Stuyvesant Swim Team, 18 (bottom left)
City champion.

"The competition is thrilling."

Suit (see Table of Contents), \$120 by Gucci at
Barneys New York.

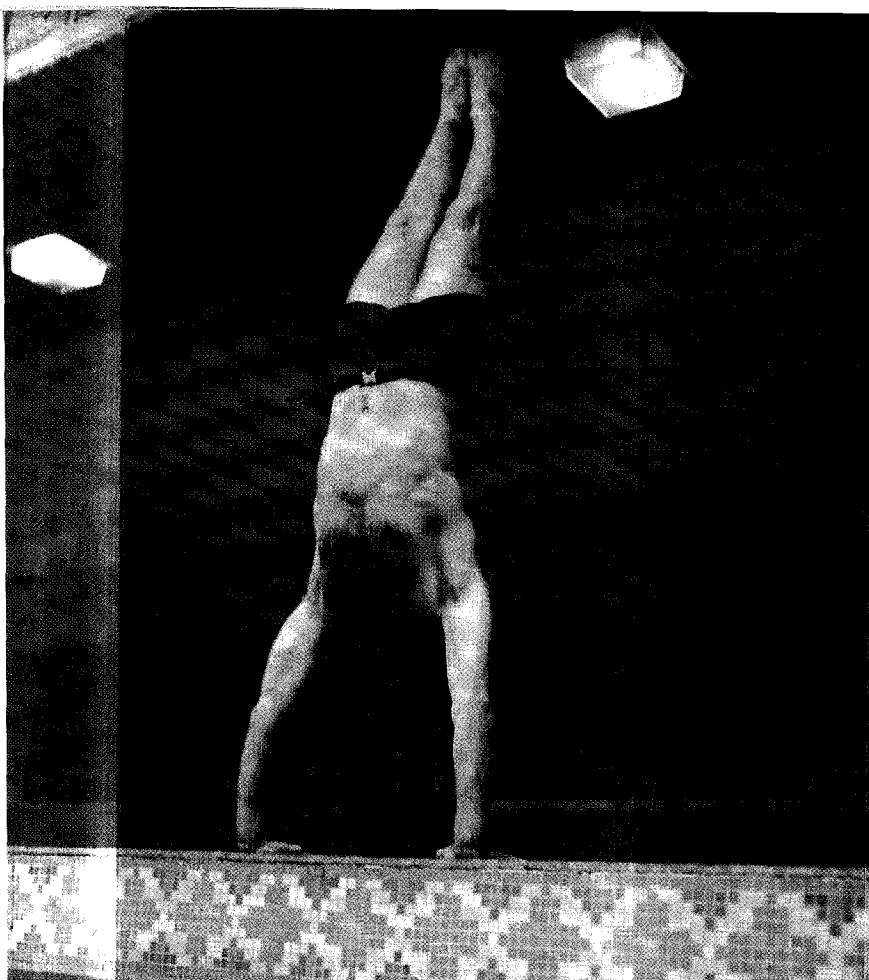


TODD KOLEAN

NYU Diving Coach, 34 (top right)

"When you perform a dive well, whether in practice or competition, there is no better feeling. Of course, performing the dive poorly can be painful."

Suit, \$126 by Prada Uomo at Prada, 841 Madison Avenue, at 70th Street.



THE FANCIEST DIVES

Majestic anachronisms, New York's public pools look like they were designed for something grander than swimming. The **Hansborough Recreation Center** pool (35 West 134th Street; 234-9603)—or NATATORIVM, as the engraved sign outside reads—is a languid hothouse ringed by a blue-and-green mosaic and a broad wooden balcony, all dating from 1925. Larger tiles along the perimeter depict the twelve signs of the zodiac alongside azure seahorses, starfish, and flounder. The décor is reminiscent of the regal tiled subway stations of the same period. Downtown, on East 23rd Street, the interior of the **Asser Levy Recreation Center** (447-2020) continues the railroad theme; the pool's marble fountain and vaulted skylight could have been lifted intact from a Parisian train station.

But these fanciful structures were designed with a practical purpose in mind: hygiene. Asser Levy's 1908 landmark

originally housed one of the first public bathhouses, built to cleanse New York's unwashed masses. Back then, there was just one bathtub for every 79 families on the Lower East Side, a problem that was viewed as more than simply aesthetic: "Clogged skin" was once blamed for such ills as foul-temperedness, divorce, and even business failure.

Now that plumbing is more or less universal, it's recreation that draws more than 1 million people to the Parks & Recreation Department's 33 outdoor and 10 indoor pools each year (a \$25 annual fee buys access to them all). Users include everyone from children in a citywide learn-to-swim program to the Harlem Honey Bears, a Hansborough senior-citizens group that stages water ballets.

Both Hansborough and Asser Levy are open year-round. On July 3, Levy opens its huge outdoor pool, a definite improvement over the "floating baths"—actually cages moored in the East River—that it once featured.

BRETT MARTIN

FASHION EDITOR: Elizabeth Shepherd PRODUCER: Michael Green FASHION COORDINATOR: Janice Laneve

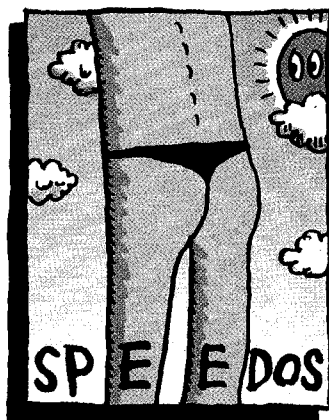
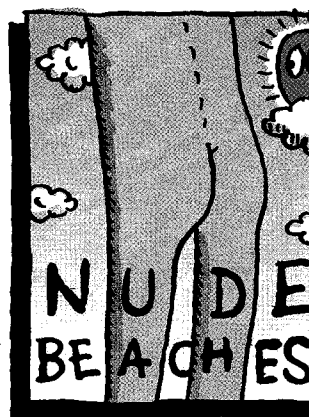
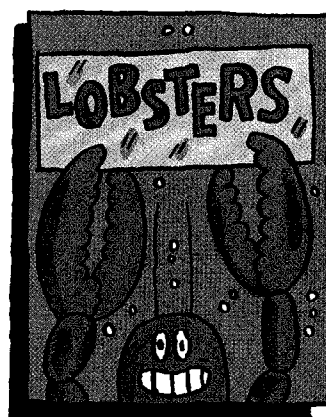
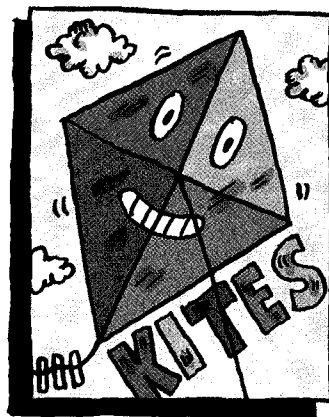
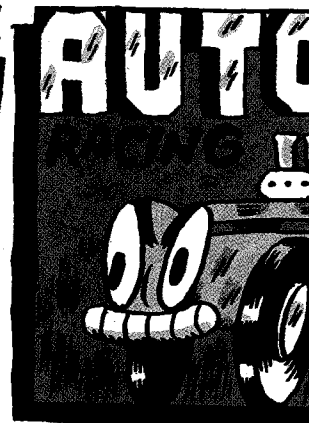
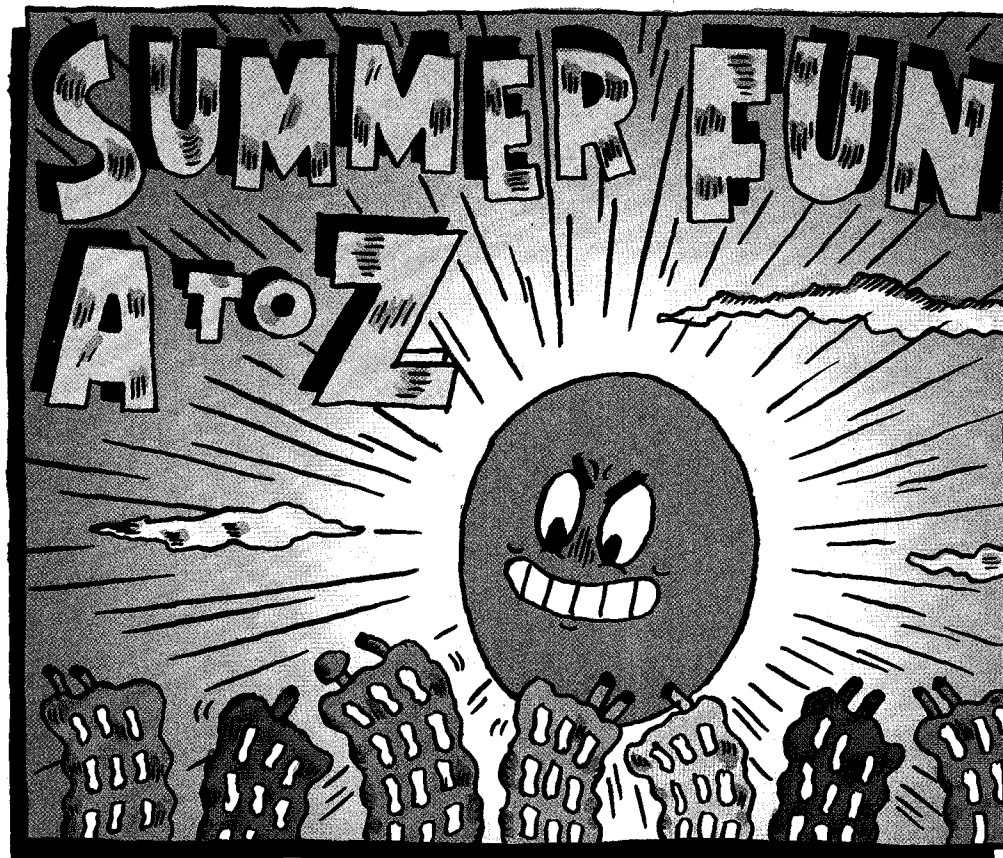
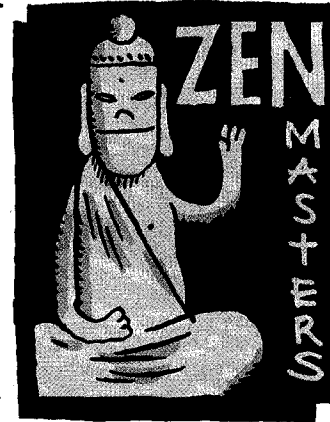
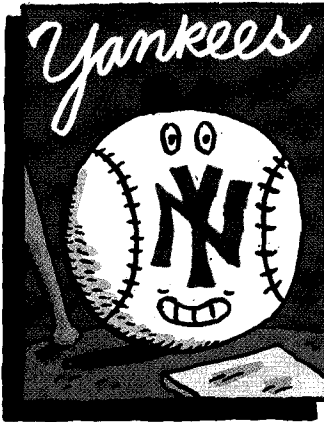
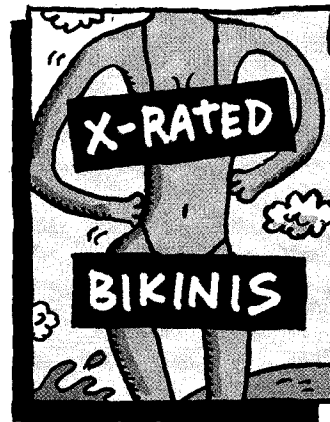
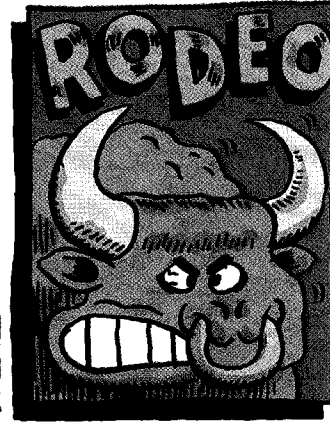
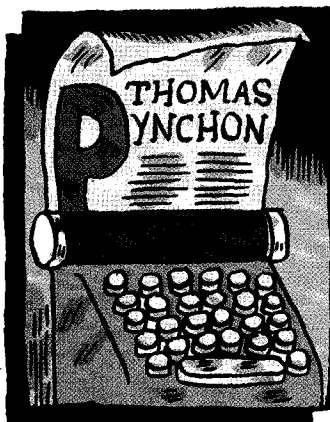
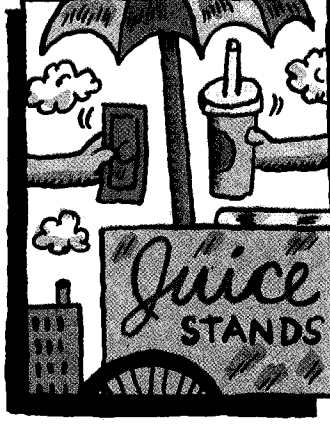
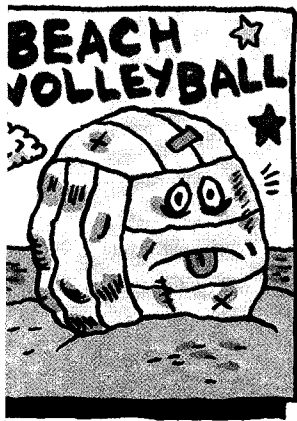


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SALES & BARGAINS DANY LEVY

Hey, Baby

*The rise in temp left you with the itch to spend? This week,
a pastiche of sales for small fry, moms, and moms-to-be.*

A CURIOSITY SHOP FILLED WITH ANTIQUES and decorative tchotchkes of all sorts, Factum Est is having a storewide sale. The selection of cuff links ranges from Victorian to forties-retro; originally \$20-\$300, they're now \$16-\$240; farmhouse pine table, was \$500, now \$400. *Factum Est*, 301 W. 13th St. (807-6849); checks accepted; daily noon-7; 7/1-7/5.

Write On

RAE MICHAELS, STATIONER TO THE LIKES OF Rupert Murdoch and Wendy Wasserstein, is opening up her midtown atelier to clear out selected merchandise such as: hand-painted journals, were \$12-\$15, now \$3; boxed stationery, was \$10, now \$4; packaged place cards, were \$4-\$6.50, now \$2; hand-painted porcelain boxes, were \$25, now \$10. *Rae Michaels Ltd.*, 521 Madison Ave., near 53rd St., sixth floor (688-2256); cash only; Mon.-Thurs. 10-6; 6/23-6/26.

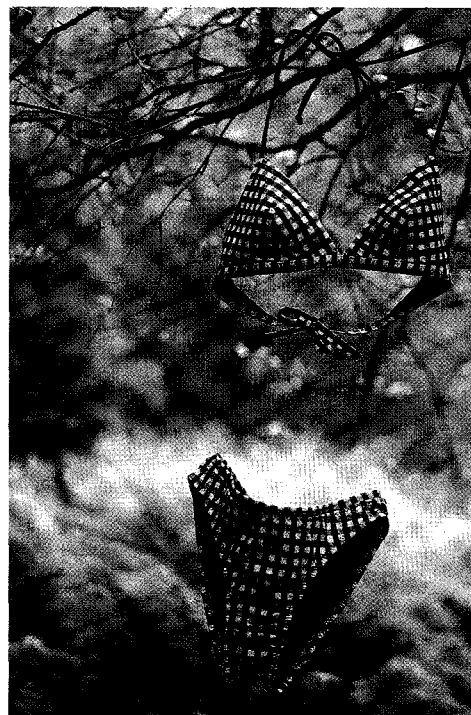
Singular Sensation

THOSE WITH NUPTIALS ON THE BRAIN HAVE been so supportive of the Vera Wang sample sale that the designer's decided to give the otherwise concerned a reason to queue up. The eveningwear sale has: short bi-color silk-satin dinner dress with sleeveless bib in lavender and A-line lime skirt, was \$1,320, now \$200; long cinnabar matte-jersey bib-top gown with ruffled trim, was \$2,575, now \$350. *Vera Wang*, 251 W. 39th St., third floor (575-6400); A.E., M.C., V., and checks (with I.D.); Wed.-Thurs. 10-7; 6/18-6/19.

Beach Décor

BECAUSE THEIR SALE IN BEDFORD WAS SUCH a screaming success, a group of designers from the D&D Building is taking on the Hamptons. They're gathering their wares and caravanning out to the beach for a sale to benefit DIFFA (the Design Industry Foundation Fighting AIDS) on the July 4 weekend. The procession of five

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



Must-Have Malia Mills, swimwear's grooviest muse, rings in summer with a sample sale next week: Separates are \$35; one-piece suits are \$70. *Malia Mills Swim Wear*, 150 W. 28th St., suite 1003 (645-5222); cash only; Mon.-Wed. 10-7; 6/23-6/25.

48-foot trailers filled with merchandise from Brunschwig & Fils, Lewis Mittman, Kreiss, Pratesi, and other top manufacturers heads east Tuesday, July 1 (so stay clear of the L.I.E.). Discounts include: Stark Carpet needlepoint rug, was \$3,000, now \$1,200; Smith & Watson English Windsor chair, was \$1,800, now \$800. Bridgehampton Community House, Route 27 (call 212-753-7920 for information); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Wed. 4-8, Thurs. 10-7, Fri.-Sat. 9:30-6, Sun. 9:30-5; 7/2-7/6.

Einstein's Dreams

MILLINER ESTEE EINSTEIN REDEFINES THE essence of *hatness* by doing things like perching a cluster of tiny bumblebees atop a wide-brimmed straw hat. She also designs by the book (for those who prefer such styles), and she's teamed up with clothing designer Lorain Croft for a four-day sample sale in her East Village stu-

dio. Knotted-sisal sun hat, was \$275, now \$159; upside-down straw vase hat with flowers and beads, was \$269, now \$159; jacket, was \$300, now \$159. *Estee Einstein, 184 Second Ave., near 12th St., suite 1B (677-2350); A.E. and checks (merchandise held until they clear); Thurs.-Sun. noon-6 or by appointment; 6/19-6/22.*

Broadway Boogie Woogie

NEVER MIND THAT YOU CAN SCOOP UP A PIE plate made for the government in 1972 for 50 cents: This year's yard sale at Broadway Panhandler features Miss Babs (the lead singer of Babs and the Kickin' Boogie Band) jamming on the cookware. Prospects on the discount front include: Cuisinart vari-speed blender, was \$59.95, now \$49.95; Le Creuset two-quart casserole, was \$39.95, now \$29.95; Hanson scale, was \$21, now \$9.95. And there's loads of delightfully cheap enamelware and dinnerware. *Broadway Panhandler, 477 Broome St. (966-3434); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Sat. 11-6; 6/21 (rain or shine).*

Garden Party

THE SCENT SWAMIS AT FLORIS ARE HOSTING their annual summer sale with discounts such as: 2.6-ounce Florissa concentrated bath essence, was \$69, now \$34.50; box of three soaps (choice of moss rose, wild hyacinth, or lavender), was \$22, now \$11. *Floris, 703 Madison Ave., near 63rd St. (935-9100); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.-Sat. 10-6, Thurs. till 7, Sun. 6/22 and 6/29 noon-5; 6/21-7/19.*

It's a Small World

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF SALES ON KID GEAR this week: Small Change is offering 50 percent off labels such as Galipette, Simonetta, Petit Faune, Cheignon, and others: dresses, were \$60-\$300, now \$30-\$150; jackets, were \$68-\$120, now \$34-\$60. Meanwhile, Robin's Nest is emptying its aerie with spring and summer merchandise by Jean Bourget, Magil, Petit Bateau, Babymini, and others, priced at 50 percent off: dresses and skirts, were \$48-\$98, now \$24-\$49; infantwear, was \$14-\$108, now \$7-\$54. And with its dual outposts, Shoofly supplies kids both uptown and down with cool shoes that are now on sale: Pom d'Api mock-reptile open-toe sandals, were \$96, now \$48; Buckle My Shoe platform sandals with cut-out heart, were \$68, now \$34. *Small Change, 964 Lexington Ave., at 70th St. (772-6455); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.-Fri. 10-5:45, Sat. till 4:45, closed Saturdays*

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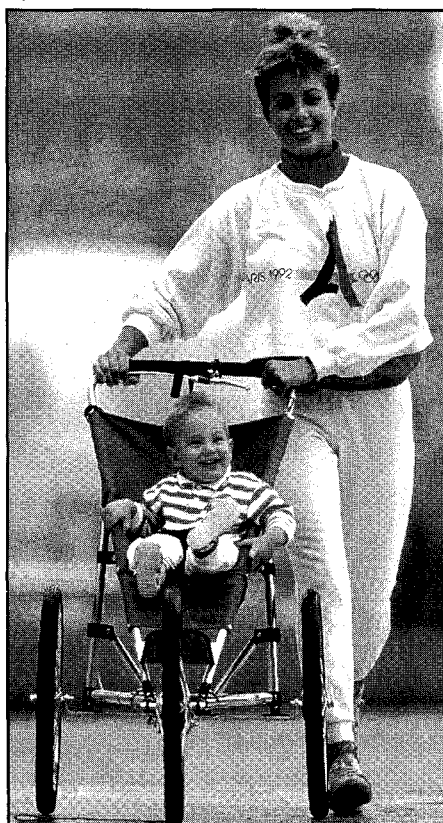
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SALES & BARGAINS

in July and August; while supplies last, starting 6/23. Robin's Nest, 1168 Lexington Ave., at 80th St. (737-2004); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 11-6; while supplies last, starting 6/16. Shoofly, 465 Amsterdam Ave., near 82nd St. (580-4390), and 42 Hudson St. (406-3270); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 11-7, Sun. noon-6; 6/28-7/31.

Fine Time

FINERY—IN THE MOST LITERAL SENSE OF the word—is what Andra Gabrielle designs: exquisitely delicate blouses, lingerie, and dresses prinked with detailing like embroidery or beads. This week, it's on sale at the Gramercy Park shop Chapeaux Carine: dusty-pink tulle peignoir, was \$500, now \$250; silk-chiffon nightgown, was \$650, now \$300; linen cap-sleeve blouse, was \$380, now \$190. Chapeaux Carine, 125½ E. 17th St. (777-8393); cash only; Thurs.-Fri. 11-7, Sat. 10-2; 6/19-6/21.

Springs Eternal

TO PROMOTE URBAN HYDRATION, THE BEVERAGE-delivery service BevEx is tossing in two free cases of water with the first order of four or more cases. They stamp their potables with a pretty decent price tag, too: Snapple, for instance, comes to 79 cents a bottle when you buy it by the case. BevEx, 1-888-GO-BEVEX; 6/16-9/1.

Maternal Instinct

MADISON AVENUE MATERNITY AND BABY, a second-story boutique that carries maternity gear stylish enough to make even the *unpregnant* look twice, is having its first-ever sale: spring and summer dresses, were \$279-\$389, now \$99-\$129; tees, were \$84-\$96, now \$49-\$59; Italian baby clothing is 50 percent off, and French babywear is 20 percent off. Madison Avenue Maternity and Baby Boutique, 1043 Madison Ave., near 80th St. (988-8686); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 10-7, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon-5; 6/23-7/7.

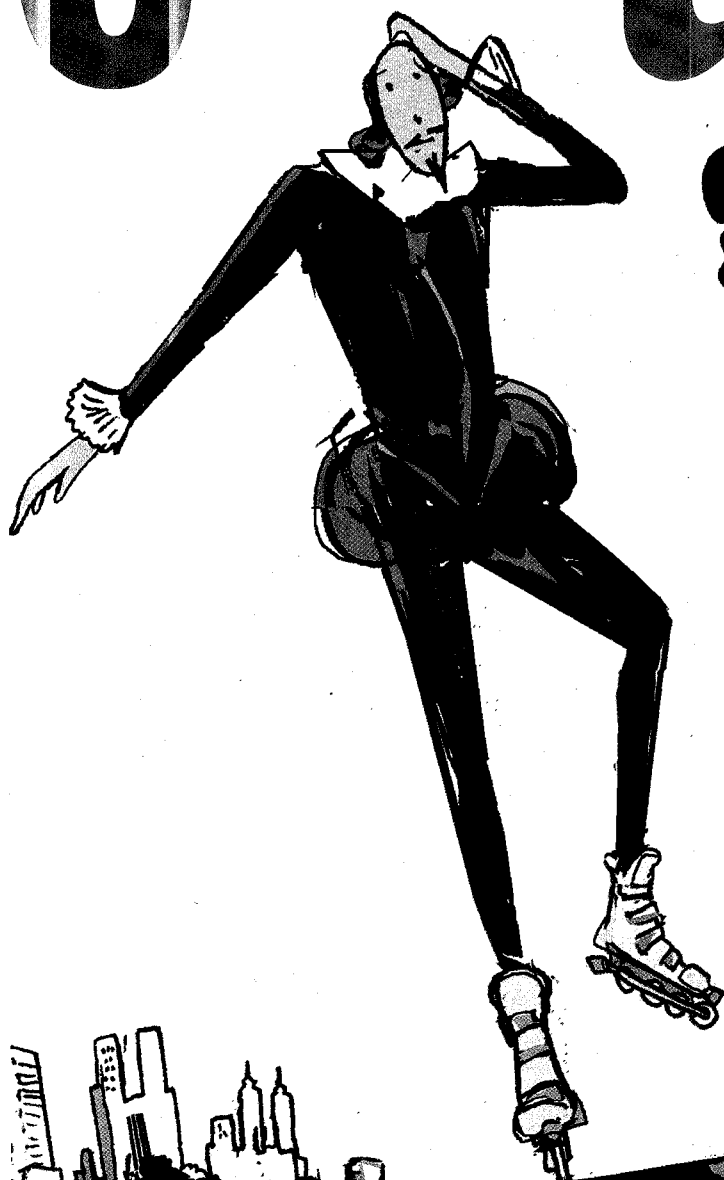
On the Mark

MOST WAY-CUSHY JOINTS WON'T DO THE discount thing, but the Mark hotel offers a suite deal through early September. An executive suite, which is an experience more than a room, with fresh flora, Biedermeier furniture, Frette linens, Molton Brown toiletries, and such, usually priced \$625 a night, is \$395. A deluxe double room, usually \$355, is \$260. Based upon availability. The Mark, Madison Ave. at 77th St. 1-800-THE-MARK; 6/27-9/7. ■

C

U

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Park'n'Bard

*The first of Central Park's summer plays is also the last of a decade-long **Shakespeare Marathon**—the Public Theater's 'Henry VIII' (page 131)*



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movies

Godard's Contempt... Shall We Dance?

New Films

Addicted to Love—Directed by the actor Griffin Dunne (it's his first feature), *Addicted to Love* is a near-success that promises more for the future. Matthew Broderick is a mild-mannered Midwestern astronomer named Sam; he adores Linda (Kelly Preston), a beautiful blonde teacher. The two of them have a rather cloying, faithful-dog relationship. But Linda is bored. She goes to work in New York for a while but doesn't come back; she leaves Sam for Anton (Tcheky Karyo), a French restaurateur, tough guy, and all-around great lover. Sam pursues her; he sets himself up in an abandoned loft on Wooster Street, right opposite the Frenchman's apartment, and, using a camera obscura, spies on the lovers, projecting an image of the goings-on across the street onto his own wall. He's joined in this peculiar vigil by Maggie (Meg Ryan), Anton's abandoned fiancée, who is some sort of downtown art person—a photographer, a motorcyclist who wears black leather and lots of eyeliner. Maggie quickly bugs Anton's apartment, and she and Sam sit there, day after day, watching and listening in masochistic pleasure and misery as their ex-partners eat, talk, and noisily make love. The material goes further into perversity than most Hollywood movies but, alas, not far enough. *Addicted to Love* is just strange and interesting enough to make one angry that it's not fresher and more daring. (Denby; 6/9/97) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Austin Powers—Mike Myers stars as a Brit supersleuth of some sort who was cryogenically frozen in the sixties; now thawed out, he can't negotiate modern life. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Batman & Robin—The fourth installment in the franchise, with George Clooney as the Dark Knight and Chris O'Donnell as the loyal yet petulant sidekick. Directed by Joel Schumacher. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13). *Opens June 20.*

Bliss—Craig Sheffer and Sheryl Lee are a young married couple who attempt to salvage their relationship through the study of Tantric sex. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

Brassed Off—Ewan McGregor and Pete Postlethwaite star in this drama about the Scottish miners



Opening Bat Out of Hell

Director Joel Schumacher—who has transformed Tim Burton's gothic vision of the *Dark Knight* into a cartoonish, homoerotic campfest—brings us the fourth installment on June 20. In George Clooney (left) replaces somnolent hero Val Kilmer, while Chris O'Donnell (right) reprises his role as the eager but slow-on-the-uptake sidekick.

who face the closure of their mine and the collapse of their surrounding hometown. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; New York Twin.*

★**Breakdown**—This picture is very good—lean and tense, without a superfluous shot, an extravagant performance, or a slip in tone or style anywhere. Kurt Russell and Kathleen Quinlan play a Boston yuppie couple crossing the country in a red Jeep Cherokee, a perfectly fashionable and competent car that mysteriously breaks down on the open road. In the middle of nowhere, Quinlan, trying to get help, climbs into a passing truck. And promptly disappears. Has she been kidnapped? The truck driver (J. T. Walsh) had seemed friendly enough. Baffled, Russell sets out to find her, without much help. He's a big-city boy, and the emptiness of the landscape mocks him: There are very few people around, the police are ineffective or perhaps treacherous, and under an enormous barren sky the road stretches on forever and goes nowhere. *Breakdown* may be a genre movie, but it presents a kind of primal American nightmare—the great wilderness as a glaring, hollow space that offers little reflection of the human presence. Russell's loss of confidence is both social and metaphysical; the breakdown is complete. Compare this movie with the typical big-scale action picture of the nineties (*The Rock*, *The Fifth Element*), in which

everything is exaggerated or burlesqued and the shots are thrown together from nowhere to nowhere. Making his first feature, the director Jonathan Mostow doesn't overstate anything; he sticks to his business, gets us cleanly and coherently from one place to another, and pulls the line of tension taut. (Denby; 5/26/97) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Buddy—Rene Russo stars as Gertrude Litz, an eccentric New Yorker who lived with her beloved apes in her Brooklyn home. Directed by Caroline Thompson. (1 hr. 24 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street East; Gemini; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying: What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.;

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

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R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**Con Air**—Nicolas Cage is Poe, an ex-U.S. Ranger who returns to his wife after duty, gets into a bar-room brawl, and kills some nameless thug in self-defense. A morally innocent man, he's nevertheless shipped off to federal prison for eight years, where he does nothing but exercise religiously in his cell and think about the little daughter he's never seen. When he gets paroled, just in time for her birthday (he holds a stuffed bunny as a present), he hitches a ride home on a U.S. Marshals prison plane, a plane that is flying the worst criminals in the country to a new maximum-security facility. Up in the air, Grisson (John Malkovich), the most intelligent of the convicts, leads a rebellion and takes over the plane, setting off a pursuit led by a U.S. marshal (John Cusack). Should the plane be shot down? Poe has an opportunity to get off, but he refuses; he won't leave behind a diabetic convict and a female prison guard. As always in these quasi-fascist entertainments, anarchic violence, after running loose for a while, has to be restrained by righteous violence. Nicolas Cage has gone from the Everyman reluctant hero in *The Rock* to a superman style that can only be called neo-Clint. His Poe is primed to explode, and when he does, lean yet bursting out of his undershirt, with ropy trapezius muscles leading up to his neck, he becomes a spectacularly violent man—a superhero who speaks, like Clint, in sardonic little sentences. Cage, a great, daring actor, underplays; for all his gallantry as Poe, he's faintly inhuman (and will proba-

bly become a huge box-office star because of that inhuman quality). Fortunately, there's someone else in the movie for us to look at—John Cusack, who represents rational intelligence. The director, Simon West, has just enough technique, in his feature-film debut, for what he has to do here—that is, he's good at moving men and machinery around, and he's good at brutal action. *Con Air* is a cartoon that combines extreme violence and extreme sentiment, a classic American duo. Through all the carnage, Poe supposedly wants only to save his diabetic buddy; save the woman guard, who is chained up and menaced by a rapist; and get back to his wife and daughter. He drags that bunny right through the movie and finally presents it to his flaxen-haired little girl. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

★**The Daytrippers**—A suburban woman (Hope Davis) happily married to a New York publishing executive (Stanley Tucci) discovers a mysterious love letter in her husband's things. Is he having an affair? With her dissatisfied parents, her bickering sister, and her sister's boyfriend improbably in tow, she searches through Manhattan for her husband, who seems to be spending the day with his lover. Writer-director Greg Mottola shares with David O. Russell, the director of *Flirting With Disaster*, a satiric, picaresque style—loosely inclusive, chatty, naggingly funny. In its small way, this New York independent movie is very penetrating. (Denby;

4/21/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Screening Room; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Dream With the Fishes—A suicidal young man encounters a dying stranger, who offers to murder him in exchange for friendship. Written and directed by Finn Taylor. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R). *Opens June 20.*

Dust of Life—Rachid Bouchareb's fact-based drama about a 13-year-old Amerasian boy in Saigon who longs to escape to America. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

East Side Story—A documentary about the former Soviet Union's wildly popular Marxist musicals. Directed by Dana Ranga. (1 hr. 18 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Face/Off—John Travolta and Nicolas Cage star as arch-enemies who each try to ensnare the other by literally swapping faces. Directed by John Woo. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R). *Opens June 27.*

Fall—Writer-director Eric Schaeffer stars as a downtrodden cabbie who embarks on a highly unlikely romance with a married supermodel. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR). *Opens June 20.*

The Fifth Element—The dream project of the noisily ungifted French director Luc Besson, a man trying awfully hard to make American "event" movies. Set (mostly) in the twenty-third century, one of its few successful elements is an animated version of a future Manhattan, with traffic whizzing through the air at many different levels and fast-food stands suspended from the sides of buildings way up high, maybe a mile from the ground. Bruce Willis does his hairy-ape prole-Everyman thing, and he's good at it. He plays some sort of defrocked special agent reduced to driving a cab, and into his lap falls a beautiful female creature who has been restored from DNA. At the same time, great actors stand around projecting bits of business into a void—Ian Holm, fussing and giggling as a benevolent priest, and Gary Oldman, straight hair flapping to the side like Hitler's, vamping the camera in ecstasies of nastiness. Except for Willis, *The Fifth Element* is a carnival of geeks. (Denby; 5/19/97) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Flamenco—Director Carlos Saura assembled 300 singers, dancers, and musicians in his love letter to the Spanish dance. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

For Roseanna—An Italian villager (Jean Reno) desperately tries to secure his sick wife one of three remaining burial plots by relentlessly tending to anyone who has a chance of dying before she does. Directed by Paul Weiland. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR). *Opens June 18.*

Gabbah—Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf's epic love story about a young woman kept from her ardent suitor by her intractable father. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR). *Opens June 25.*

★**Grosse Pointe Blank**—John Cusack plays a professional assassin who goes home to his ten-year high-school reunion and picks up with the girl he abandoned on prom night. Cusack's character, Martin Blank, has pushy clients, supply problems, and rivals who want to dominate him. He botches a couple of jobs; his heart is no longer in it. Depressed, and worried that he has chosen the wrong line of work, Martin goes to a shrink, the great Dr. Oatman, who is very frightened of his troubled patient. That John Cusack was likable became as clear as early as *Say Anything*; that he was a terrific film actor became obvious in *The Grifters*. Now it's evident as well that he knows how to be a movie star. With his long, pale face and small mouth, Cusack can look like a degenerate or a choir boy, and his smoky voice has surprising registers. He's very adroit with tiny, rapid shifts of mood, from mild mockery to sweet literalness and then back again. *Grosse Pointe Blank* is as funny as *Get Shorty* and as hip as *Pulp Fiction*, though not as sleek and high-powered as the first or as ostentatiously ironic as the second. It's a real charmer—a dark comedy that is too romantic and affectionate to be called black. Directed by George Armitage. (Denby; 4/28/97) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII.*

Head Above Water—A black comedy about a judge (Harvey Keitel), his new wife (Cameron Diaz), and her visiting ex-boyfriend (Billy Zane)—and the latter's untimely death. Directed by Jim Wilson. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13). *Opens June 25.*

Talent Odd Couple

When the script for *My Best Friend's Wedding* arrived on his doorstep, Australian director P. J. Hogan promptly tossed it aside. "I was prejudiced because it had the word *wedding* in the title," recalls Hogan, who had just finished writing and directing 1994's wonderfully off-kilter comedy *Muriel's Wedding*. But his wife—director Jocelyn Moorhouse—read it and was charmed; Hogan then met with Julia Roberts, who, he later learned, had personally requested his services. It's a strange pairing. A fairly unknown foreign director, Hogan is a surprising choice for the marquee actress; Roberts seems an odd match for the quirkily distinctive Hogan. Yet the director, who knows little of the Roberts oeuvre, denies coercion on either side, and rejects talk that this is a comeback vehicle for America's once-favorite sweetheart. "Julia had everything the part needed," Hogan insists. "She's both the hero and the villain, so she *has* to be charming." Roberts plays Julianne, a neurotic, nearly-30 New Yorker who is devastated by the news that her best friend, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), is about to be married—so she wages an ill-conceived campaign of terror to spook the bride and hook the groom. Much as he did with *Muriel's Wedding*, Hogan takes a trite, contrived predicament and suffuses the ensuing wackiness with moments of genuine emotion and longing. "I really saw the movie as a character piece about someone who feels like she can't find anybody to love her," says Hogan. "She wants to have the guy who she thinks will make everything all right." Also, Hogan notes, Muriel and Julianne are in a sense quite similar, both drawn to the wedding pageant's subtext. "A wedding is proof to everybody that you are wanted by a stranger who you made fall in love with you, and that brings with it a real sense of power and belonging," says Hogan, suddenly serious. "We all worry whether we'll ever find love," he adds. "We've all heard it exists, but we want to know if it's true."

MAUREEN CALLAHAN



Hogan, left,
with Roberts.

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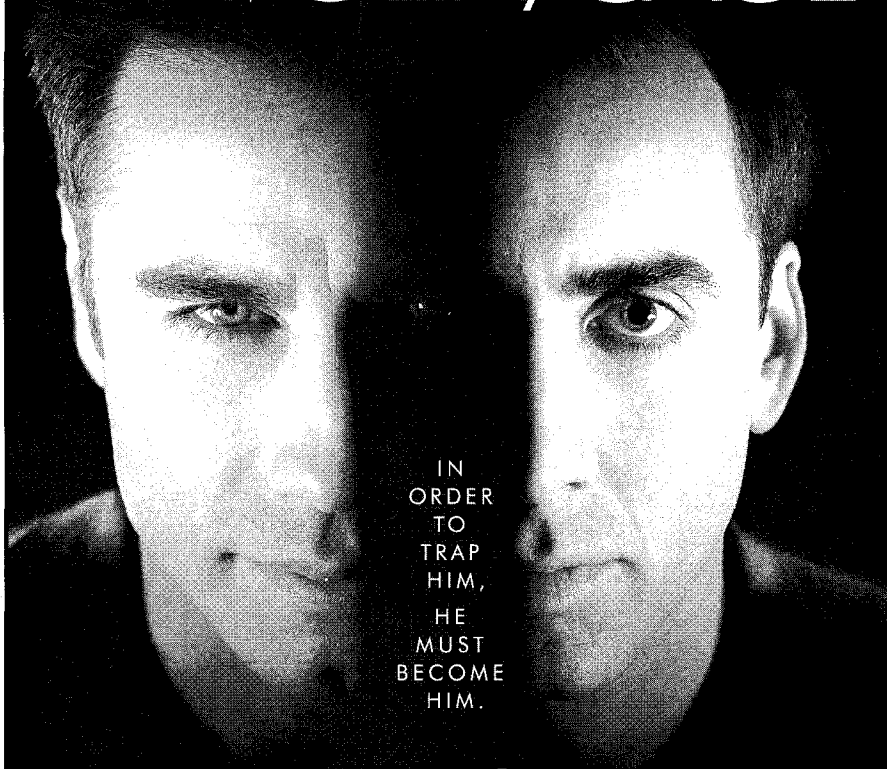
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IN THEATRES EVERYWHERE JUNE 27

movies

Hercules—Disney's animated feature based—very loosely—on the Greek hero. Written and directed by John Musker and Ron Clements. (1 hr. 27 mins.; G.) Area theaters.

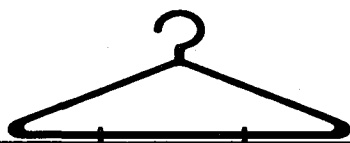
Innocent Sleep—A murder mystery based on an actual Italian case, in which a banker was found hung from a bridge; the ensuing investigation uncovered an enormous conspiracy. Directed by Scott Michell. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R.) Opens June 27.

★**Irma Vep**—Like Truffaut's *Day for Night*, this is a movie about the making of a movie. Jean-Pierre Léaud, who starred in Truffaut's *The Four Hundred Blows*, plays the (fictional) director René Vidal, a fading genius who has been asked by French TV to undertake a hopeless project—a remake of the French silent classic *Les Vampires*. Directed by the legendary Louis Feuillade, *Les Vampires* is about a gang of cat burglars led by the music-hall performer Irma Vep (an anagram of vampire). Vidal wants to recapture Feuillade's simplicity and poetry. He casts as Irma Vep not a French actress but a star of Hong Kong quickie action movies (Maggie Cheung, a real Hong Kong star) who he thinks has the grace to play the role. A sensible professional actress, Maggie is willing to do whatever is asked of her, but the poor girl gets thrown into a bog of Parisian vanity and incoherence. René cannot explain what he wants; trying for Feuillade's magical plainness, he produces only weird, dead footage. Olivier Assayas, who both wrote and directed, keeps the personal and professional disasters moving at an extraordinary pace, and the movie becomes a kind of comedy of catastrophe. Assayas seems to be getting at widely shared character flaws—egotism and vanity as well as intellectual pretension substituting for creativity. (Denby; 5/5/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR.) Film Forum.

★**Kolya**—The hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is Franta (Zdenek Sverak), a man who has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor—a man who calls one married woman after another at night, looking for an absent husband—is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of *Kramer vs. Kramer*, though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) 86th Street East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Last Time I Committed Suicide—A romance based on a letter written by Neal Cassady to Jack Kerouac. Directed by Stephen Kay. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R.) Opens June 20.

The Lost World—Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), the chaos theorist who so correctly predicted the disasters in *Jurassic Park*, journeys to a second, hitherto secret island, where the dinosaurs for the original park were bred. A hurricane has destroyed the facilities at the island, but some of the animals have survived in the wild. The visionary but irresponsible entrepreneur John Hammond (Richard Attenborough) sends Malcolm to the island with a team to record the wonders for posterity, and Malcolm agrees to go for one reason only—his paleontologist girlfriend, the headstrong Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore), is already there, on the loose. What Hammond doesn't know is that his snooty nephew (Arliss Howard) has sent another, larger team to capture some of the fangy beasts and take them back to a stadium in San Diego. The two teams join forces and flee from the aroused dinosaurs; the movie becomes a simple chase and hunt, with characters we don't care about moving through the night and getting lost and then picked off in jungles or fields. *Jurassic Park* had a strong, simple idea—the madness of using technology to control nature. But *The Lost World* has no idea at all. Directed by Steven Spielberg. (Denby; 6/2/97) (2 hrs.; PG-13) Art Green-wich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Plaza Twin; Plaza.



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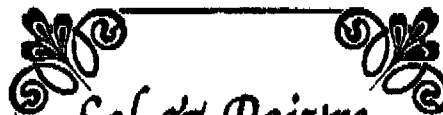
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Opening Teacher's Pet

Koji Yakusyo (above) is an unhappily married businessman who spies a ballroom-dance instructor from afar, signs up for her class, and falls deeply in love with her in *Shall We Dance?* Director Masayuki Suo's lovely romance—which won every Academy Award in its native Japan—opens here June 27.

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The adaptation of Terrence McNally's Tony-winning play about the enduring friendships among eight gay men. Directed by Joe Mantello. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Mondo—The adventures of a young gypsy boy in Nice. Directed by Tony Gatlif. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts stars as a woman who learns her best friend, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), is about to be married and promptly sets about sabotaging the nuptials. Directed by P.J. Hogan. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13). *Opens June 20.*

Night Falls on Manhattan—In Sidney Lumet's twentieth movie set in New York, a veteran Queens cop (Ian Holm) gets shot three times when attempting to arrest a notorious Harlem drug dealer. The dealer, who has been paying off cops for years, surrenders himself to a William Kunstler-type liberal lawyer (Richard Dreyfuss), and the case goes to trial. The D.A. wants to improve his own chances for re-election, so he seizes on the wounded cop's son (Andy Garcia), a young prosecutor, to try the case. The trial and its aftermath sorely test the idealism of the young prosecutor, whose own father may be involved in corruption. Is moral behavior in public office possible, or even desirable? Does compromise necessarily destroy the compromiser? The movie wrestles with these familiar Lumet themes, but what it's really about is Lumet's fantasy of New York—a city endlessly loud and confrontational. *Night Falls on Manhattan* is never dull, but one wishes it had been done with more precision. (Denby; 6/2/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street East; Chelsea; 72nd St. East; UA East; Lincoln Square; Plaza.*

Nowhere—The final installment in Gregg Araki's "Teen Apocalypse Trilogy." With James Duval, Kathleen Robertson, and Jeremy Jordan. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman (Vivian Wu) with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

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JUNE 23-30, 1997 NEW YORK 121

★**Ponette**—The 4-year-old girl Ponette (Victoire Thivisol) has lost her mother in a car crash, and writer-director Jacques Doillon tells the story of her grief entirely from her point of view. Ponette's father, young and tense, conscious of his responsibility yet also terrified, tries to console his daughter but then leaves, dumping the girl into the arms of her aunt. The aunt does all she can, and so do Ponette's cousins, especially little curly-haired Mathias (Matiaz Bureau), who offers his protection with romantic tenderness and the readiness of a cavalier. But Ponette still has to bear up by herself. She does so by not letting go of her sorrow, holding to her grief as closely as she does to her little rag doll. Jacques Doillon keeps the camera low to the ground and respectfully records lengthy conversations among the children, their metaphysical speculations and their ideas about marriage and love and singleness. Doillon doesn't offer any "mature" view of death because, of course, there isn't any. Ponette manages her unbearable loss as well as anyone ever does. Flinching from nothing, she's a true heroine. (Denby; 6/9/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Wa-*

vely; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.
★**La Promesse**—Roger (Olivier Gourmet), an unemployed factory worker, runs a scam operation in illegal foreign workers. His chief assistant and disciple is his 15-year-old son, Igor (Jeremie Renier), whom he desperately loves and furiously dominates. The two men bring Turks, Romanians, Croats, and Africans into the country and charge them rent to live in abandoned housing; they rip them off and exploit them any way they can. When an African worker falls and injures himself badly (he may be dying), Igor wants to take him to the hospital, but Roger, fearing that the police will close down his operation, forces the kid to help him bury the still-living man in cement. At first, Igor conceals the gruesome death from the African's wife, a proud and beautiful woman carrying a little baby in a sash. At the same time, he tries to help her escape the awful fate his father has devised for her, but she doesn't want help. The movie chronicles the beginnings of moral feelings in a boy whose instincts are almost always larcenous—a transformation that forces a break with the father who loves him.

Directed by Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne. (Denby; 5/19/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quadr Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shall We Dance?—Masayuki Sou's lovely romance—about an unhappily married businessman who spies a ballroom-dance instructor from afar, signs up for her class, and falls deeply in love with her—won every Academy Award in its native Japan. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG.) *Opens June 27.*

Speed 2: Cruise Control—Sandra Bullock and Jason Patric star in this sequel to *Speed*; this time, a mad terrorist has rigged a cruise ship with dynamite. Directed by Jan De Bont. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Temptress Moon—Chen Kaige's chronicle of a young peasant boy's long and convoluted involvement with a wealthy crime family. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

'Til There Was You—Dylan McDermott and Jeanne Tripplehorn are two singles who are fated for each other, though both remain blissfully unaware. Directed by Scott Winant. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Embassy 2-4; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Trial and Error—Michael Richards stars as an actor who impersonates a lawyer. Directed by Jonathan Lynn. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Ulee's Gold—Peter Fonda plays a Florida beekeeper, Ulee, who is all bottled up inside. Ulee's wife has died; his son is in jail after a bungled robbery; his daughter-in-law has disappeared, only to show up a druggie mess; and Ulee has to hold the family together himself, ir-

ritably raising his two granddaughters while carrying on the delicate and exacting work in the marshes of the panhandle that produces an extraordinary honey. Victor Nunez (*Gal Young 'Un, Ruby in Paradise*) loves this back-country Florida, and he shoots it with a precise, dry color palette. Ulee, a hero of day-by-day integrity, has been hurt so much he won't let himself feel anything; he's become joyless and censorious, and the movie, of course, chronicles his slow thawing-out. The theme is banal, the treatment decent but parched, in the manner of foundation-supported public-TV drama. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Regency.*

The Van—Two unemployed Irishmen start a fish-and-chips business, and endanger their friendship in the process. With Colm Meaney. Written by Roddy Doyle. Directed by Stephen Frears. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 62nd and Broadway.*

Wedding Bell Blues—Paulina Porizkova, Illeana Douglas, and Julie Warner are three women who decide to head to Vegas to get married and then divorced—just so they can say they were married before turning 30. Directed by Dana Lustig. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII.*

When the Cat's Away—A heartsick Parisian girl's search for her lost cat introduces her to a wild network of would-be artists, benevolent senior citizens, and hipster love interests. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Opens June 20.*

The Winner—A thriller about a group of low-aiming and low-achieving hustlers in Las Vegas. With Vincent D'Onofrio and Rebecca DeMornay. Directed by Alex Cox. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens June 27.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Brassed Off; Chasing Amy; Temptress Moon; The Pillow Book; Ulee's Gold; The Van.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Lost World.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Waco: The Rules of Engagement.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Dust of Life; Irma Vep. Opening 6/25: East Side Story.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Female Perceptions; Mondo; Nowhere; La Promesse; Timothy Leary's Dead.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Daytrippers; When We Were Kings.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Addicted to Love; Con Air; Speed 2: Cruise Control.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Austin Powers; Buddy; The Fifth Element; Grosse Pointe Blank; Love! Valour! Compassion!; 'Til There Was You; Trial and Error; Wedding Bell Blues.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Breakdown; Night Falls on Manhattan; Ponette.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Addicted to Love; Austin Powers; Breakdown; The Fifth Element; Love! Valour! Compassion!; Trial and Error.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Night Falls on Manhattan.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Lost World.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Bliss; Buddy; Night Falls on Manhattan; Speed 2: Cruise Control.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Con Air.*

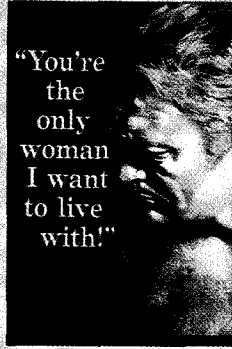
Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Con Air; Speed 2: Cruise Control.*

42nd-60th Streets

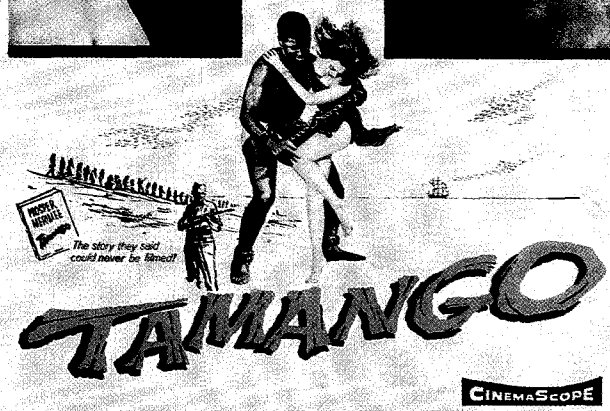
59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The English Patient.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Follow Me Home; Kama Sutra.*

DOROTHY DANDRIDGE CURT JURGENS



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Retrospective Lost in America

She was the nation's first black screen siren and the first nominated for a Best Actress Oscar, for 1954's 'Carmen Jones.' Yet Dorothy Dandridge—wary of being cast mainly in miscegenation melodramas—dropped from the scene in 1962, dying of an overdose just three years later. Film Forum salutes her criminally brief career with a two-week retrospective, beginning June 20. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Breakdown*.
Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Chasing Amy*; *Ponette*.
Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Love! Valour! Compassion!*; *Ponette*; *Ulee's Gold*. Opening 6/18: *Chasing Amy*.
Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Buddy*; *The Fifth Element*; *Love Jones*; *Murder at 1600*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*; *Sprung*; *Trial and Error*.
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Trial & Error*.
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Chasing Amy*.
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Con Air*.
Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Gone Fishin'*; *Scream*; *'Til There Was You*.
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Con Air*.
Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Austin Powers*; *Sling Blade*.
National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Volcano*; *Liar Liar*.
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Closed for Renovations*.
State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Addicted to Love*; *Austin Powers*; *Night Falls on Manhattan*; *Squeeze*.
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Con Air*.
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Absolute Power*; *Double Team*; *Inventing the Abbotts*; *Jerry Maguire*; *Kama Sutra*; *That Old Feeling*; *The Saint*.
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Lost World*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Wedding Bell Blues*.
72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Night Falls on Manhattan*.
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Lost World*.
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Buddy*; *Kolya*.
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *'Til There Was You*.
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Addicted to Love*; *Breakdown*; *The Lost World*.
Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Buddy*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Fifth Element*.
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Brassed Off*; *Fathers' Day*.
Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Addicted to Love*; *Austin Powers*; *Con Air*; *The Fifth Element*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*; *Trial and Error*.
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Night Falls on Manhattan*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Van*.
84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Con Air*; *The Lost World*.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Daytrippers*; *Flamenco*; *Kolya*; *La Promesse*; *Temptress Moon*; *The Pillow Book*.
Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Addicted to Love*; *Austin Powers*; *Bliss*; *Breakdown*; *Buddy*; *The Fifth Element*; *Love! Valour! Compassion!*; *Night Falls on Manhattan*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*; *'Til There Was You*; *Trial and Error*.
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Addicted to Love*; *The Fifth Element*.
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Buddy*; *Con Air*; *The Lost World*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Con Air*; *The Lost World*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.
Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Lost World*.



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movies

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Ulee's Gold*.

Bronx

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Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Sprung; Trial and Error*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (588-8800) *Breakdown; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Breakdown; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Trial and Error*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Buddy; Con Air; The Lost World*.

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Gone Fishin'; Trial and Error*.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Con Air; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Trial and Error*.

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Night Falls on Manhattan; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Con Air; The Fifth Element; The Lost World*.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Con Air; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Breakdown; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; Sprung*.

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Addicted to Love; Buddy; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Buddy; The Fifth Element; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Trial and Error*.

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Empire Strikes Back; Jungle 2 Jungle; Marvin's Room; Private Parts; Star Wars*.

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Con Air; The Lost World*.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Buddy; Con Air; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Trial and Error*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Breakdown; Con Air; The Fifth Element; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Addicted to Love; Austin Powers; Breakdown; Con Air; Gone Fishin'; Trial and Error*.

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Night Falls on Manhattan; Trial and Error*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Closed for Renovations*.

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Addicted to Love; The Fifth Element; Liar Liar*.

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Con Air; The Lost World*.

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Trial and Error*.

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Con Air; Gone Fishin'; Trial and Error*.

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Buddy; The Daytrippers; Fathers' Day*.

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Con Air; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Breakdown; Con Air; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Night Falls on Manhattan; Under the Domim Tree*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Volcano*.

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; Night Falls on Manhattan; Trial and Error*.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Buddy; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Night Falls on Manhattan*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Addicted to Love; Buddy; Con Air; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Trial and Error*. Opening 6/20: *Batman & Robin; My Best Friend's Wedding*.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Buddy; Con Air; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Trial and Error*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Addicted to Love; Austin Powers; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Speed 2: Cruise Control; 'Til There Was You; Trial and Error*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Music for Silents: Original Soundtracks for Silent Films." 6/21: *A Woman of Affairs* (1929) and *The Godless Girl* (1928). 6/22: *The Wedding March* (1928) and *Queen Kelly* (1928-33). 6/28: *Four Sons* (1928) and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1928). 6/29: *7th Heaven* (1927) and *Street Angel* (1928). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$8.

Anthology Film Archives—6/16: *Red Hollywood* (1996). 6/17-6/19: *The Corridor* (1994). 6/17 and 6/19: *Pretty Village, Pretty Flame* (1996), and *Foreign Land* (1995). 6/18: *Brigands* (1996), *The Opening Day of "Close-Up"* (1996) and *Moon Shadow* (1995). 6/19 and 6/21: "Austrian Avant-Garde." 6/20-6/22: *La Roue* (1922). 6/20-6/23 and 6/25-6/29: *Frank and Ollie* (1996). 6/20-6/29: *Underground* (1995). 6/24: *The Laughter of Maria Dracas* (1991). 6/26: *The Wild Raven* (1985). 6/26 and 6/27: *Dandy* (1988). 6/27-6/29: "The Cinema of Ed Emshwiller." Call for program info. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Hong Kong Films." 6/21 and 6/22: *A Better Tomorrow* (1986). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); \$4.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 6/23: *Father of the Bride* (1950). 6/30:



Revival Cinéma-Vérité

Long considered one of the most searing depictions of the moviemaking process, Jean-Luc Godard's 1963 film *Contempt*—about a malleable screenwriter (Michel Piccoli) caught between the high-minded demands of a director (Fritz Lang) and the salacious inclinations of a producer (Jack Palance)—gets a simultaneous rerelease, opening at both the Film Forum and the Walter Reade on June 27. Brigitte Bardot (pictured with Piccoli) co-stars as Piccoli's wife, who becomes increasingly disgusted with his floundering.

Sorry, Wrong Number (1948). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Casa La Femme—6/22: *Umberto D* (1952). 6/29: *Bread and Chocolate* (1973). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Different Light—6/22: "The Joy of Judy," a compilation of Judy Garland performance clips. 6/29: *The Sound of Music* (1965). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—6/18: *The Gang's All Here* (1943). 6/19: *Dizzy Gillespie* (1964) and *Machito: A Latin Jazz Legacy* (1987). 6/19: Animation editor George Griffin presents and discusses *Lineage* (1979) and *A Little Routine* (1994). 6/21: *A Great Day in Harlem* (1994). 6/25: *Reveille with Beverly* (1943). 6/26: *Let's Get Lost* (1988). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Dorothy Dandridge." 6/20-6/23: *Carmen Jones* (1954). 6/24 and 6/25: *The Decks Ran Red* (1958) and *The Decks Ran Red* (1958) and *Bright Road* (1953). 6/26-6/28: *Tamango* (1957). 6/29 and 6/30: *Island in the Sun* (1957) and *Malaga* (1960). Also, through 6/23: Fritz Lang's *M* (1931). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Human Rights Watch International Film Festival." 6/17: *A Petal* (1996).

6/17-6/19: *Blacks and Jews* (1996) and *The Betrayed* (1995) with *Children* (1996). 6/18: *Chronicle of a Genocide Foretold* (1996). 6/19: *The Square Circle* (1996). "The Films of Yvonne Rainer." 6/20, 6/21, and 6/23: *Privilege* (1990). 6/20, 6/22-6/23: *Film About a Woman Who...* (1974). 6/20-6/23 and 6/25-6/26: *Murder and murder* (1996). 6/21 and 6/23: *Journeys From Berlin* (1980). 6/22 and 6/25: *Kristina Taking Pictures* (1976). 6/22 and 6/25-6/26: *The Man Who Envied Women* (1985). 6/25 and 6/26: *Lives of Performers* (1972). "Open-Captioned Films for the Deaf and Hard-of-Hearing." 6/24: *Star Wars* (1977), *The Empire Strikes Back* (1980), and *Return of the Jedi* (1983). Beginning 6/27: *Contempt* (1963). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); \$8.

French Institute—6/17: *Round Midnight* (1985) and *Mississippi Blues* (1984). 6/24: *Tangos, the Exile of Gardel* (1985). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, seniors, \$5.50.

Japan Society—"Yasuzo Masumura Retrospective." 6/20: *Thousand Cranes* (1969). 6/27: *Play* (1971) and *Lullaby of the Earth* (1976). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); \$7.50.

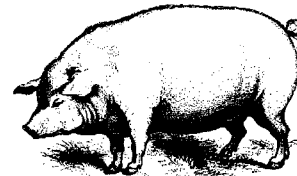
Museum of Modern Art—"The Play's the Thing." 6/16: *Hamlet* (1964). 6/17: *Othello* (1965). 6/24: *Looking for Richard* (1996). 6/27: *As You Like It* (1936). "Salaam Cinema! The Films of Mohsen Makhmalbaf." 6/16: *The Cyclist* (1989). 6/16 and 6/19: *A Selection of Images in Ghajar Dynasty* (1993). 6/17 and 6/21: *Close-Up* (1989). 6/17 and 6/22: *Salaam Cinema* (1995). 6/19: *A Moment of Innocence/The Bread and the Vase* (1996) and *Time of Love* (1990). 6/20: *Fleeing From Evil to God/Seeking Refuge in God* (1984) and *Once Upon a Time, Cinema* (1992). 6/20 and 6/22: *The Actor* (1993). 6/21 and 6/22: *Cinema Cinema* (1994). 6/22 and 6/23: *Boycott* (1985). 6/23: *Gabbeh* (1996). "DCTV Twenty-Fifth Anniversary." 6/20: *One Year in a Life of Crime Part I* (1989) and *Part II* (1997). 6/21: "An Overview From the 1970s to the Present, Part One," and *Chinatown: Immigrants in America* (1978), *Snakeheads: The Chinese Mafia and the Slave Trade* (1996), and *The Story of Vinh* (1989). 6/22: "An Overview From the 1970s to the

Present, Part Two," and *Third Avenue* (1980), and *Hard Metals Disease* (1987). "Frances Marion and Her Circle." 6/23: *Humoresque* (1920), *A Girl's Folly* (1917), and *The Big House* (1930). 6/24: *Zander the Great* (1925) and *The Wind* (1928). 6/26: *Emma* (1932), *The Champ* (1931), and *Secrets* (1933). 6/27: *Going Hollywood* (1933), *Blondie of the Follies* (1932), and *Dinner at Eight* (1933). 6/28: *Love* (1927) and *The Secret Six* (1931). 6/29: *Let Us Be Gay* (1930) and *Min and Bill* (1930). "American Race Films." 6/27: *Two Gun Man From Harlem* (1938) and *Within Our Gates* (1920). 6/28: *Double Deal* (1939) and *Broken Strings* (1940). 6/29: *Underworld* (1937) and *Miracle in Harlem* (1948). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—Unveiling Vera Miles." Through 6/29: *The House Where Time Stopped* (1955), *Revenge* (1955), and *Incident at a Corner* (1960). Also, through September: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); \$6.

Screening Room—Beginning 6/20: "Spice and Mike's Festival of Animation." Call for program info. Also, Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

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Elena Climent—New paintings and watercolors on the theme of the house in Mexico City where the artist was raised in the fifties and sixties; through 6/28. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).

Bernhard Gutmann—Paintings and watercolors of landscapes, figures, interiors, and still life by the American Impressionist; through 7/11. Beacon Hill, 980 Madison Ave. (734-3636).

Anne Peretz/John Griefen—Recent landscape paintings/New abstract paintings; 6/17-8/1. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Peter Waite—Paintings on paper that continue the artist's themes of landscape, interiors, seascapes, graveyards, and buildings; through 7/12. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

57th Street Area

Ella Bergmann-Michel/Albert Renger-Patzsch—Biomorphic abstractions/Photographs of machine parts; 6/24-9/10. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Steve Currie—Wood and plaster sculptures that appear to have a utilitarian function; 6/18-7/25. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Morris Graves—Recent paintings of images from nature; through 7/31. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Whitfield Lovell—Large-scale drawings in charcoal and oil-stick that incorporate images of African-Americans based on anonymous studio portraits from the twenties, thirties, and forties; through 7/11. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Paul Marcus/Sue Coe—New paintings by both; through 7/12. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Ephraim Rubenstein—Recent paintings of figures in interiors; through 7/3. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Joaquin Torres-Garcia—A selection of paintings and drawings executed between 1899 and 1949 from the collection of the artist's grandchildren; through 7/18. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Michael Wetzel—Plein-air landscapes and studio scenes of birds; 6/18-7/25. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Conrad Atkinson—New installations on the themes of identity, nationalism, immigration, and transience; through 7/11. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Greg Drasler/Roe Ethridge—New works by both; through 7/12. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Joseph Greenberg—Heavily impastoed paintings of New York City views; through 6/28. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

Don Hazlitt—Recent paintings that combine free-floating images of architecture, still life, and landscape; through 6/28. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

Herzog & De Meuron—Drawings by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Ed Kerns—Recent abstract paintings; through 6/28. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

John Lavelle—Paintings in which the orchid is a central image; through 7/5. Sundvik, 26 Grand St. (226-6361).

Alun Leach-Jones—Recent charcoal and pastel drawings shown with tribal art from New Guinea; through 7/25. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Ming-Wei Lee—Works that create or document encounters designed to heighten awareness of human interaction; through 7/3. Lombard Fried, 470 Broome St. (334-5060).

Peter Nagy—Five "altar" assemblages by this artist who has been living mainly in New Delhi since 1992; through 7/25. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157).

Peggy Preheim—Drawings that transform anonymous Victorian photographs of young children into meticulously rendered reliefs; through 7/3. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Julie Roberts—Paintings that depict medical instruments, period furniture, clothing, and isolated objects in thickly impastoed paint against flat or minimally textured grounds of dense color; through 7/3. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Donna Rosenthal—Sculptures that take an ironic look at women's traditions, their identities, and the roles imposed upon women by society; through 7/12. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Dieter Roth—Large artist's books by the German artist who began his career as a graphic artist; through 7/3. At the Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (925-2035) and Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).

Michael Rouillard/Rainer Splitt—Conceptual paintings by both; through 7/3. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Annika Ström—A video installation by a Swedish artist; through 7/12. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Toshiko Takaezu—Recent ceramic works; through 7/18. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway. (925-3500).

Denyse Thomasos—New large-scale abstract paintings; through 7/25. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Simon Ungers—A site-specific sculpture of a large cube whose sides create narrow passageways with the gallery walls; through 7/3. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Dan Walsh—Recent diagrammatic paintings; through 7/26. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Chelsea

Mac Adams/Michael Snow—Color and black-and-white photographs that continue the artist's investigations into the disjunctions between object, shadow, and reflection, and one sculpture that allows a viewer to explore three-dimensionally the ideas



Installation Too bad school's out—the kindergartners at P.S. 152 in Woodside, Queens, would probably love to spend some summer days in their new classroom. One of the Public Art Fund's more functional projects, "Roots and Wings," turns the school's outdoor play/learning center into an art project. Designed by the mother-daughter artist team Betye and Alison Saar, the space offers attractions like whimsical planters—shaped like a circle, a sailboat, a crescent moon, and a heart—along with spinning whirligigs and folkloric birdhouses. The installation is open by appointment only—for information, call the Public Art Fund at 212-980-4575.

implicit in his photographs/A slide installation and holographic works. Through 7/13. Stux, 535 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Lawrence Anderson/Eric Willmer—Small-scale paintings based on snapshots of urban landscapes/Small-scale geometric abstract paintings; 6/21-7/20. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Jaime Arredondo—Paintings and drawings that depict intricate geometric patterns; 6/20-7/13. Billis, 526 W. 26th St. (645-2621).

Fabian Burgos—Recent abstract paintings by the Argentine artist; through 7/3. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Pamela Harris/Chris Johnson—Paintings of iconic ranch and split-level houses/Paintings whose imagery suggests out-of-focus snapshots taken from moving cars. Through 7/18. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Lucio Pozzi/Steve Currie—Large-scale paintings of flowers/Insectomorphic sculptures of wire lathe and cement plaster on poplar stilts. Through 7/25. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Other

Agnes Dones—Lithographs from "The Pyramid Suite," part of the artist's 25-year investigation of the pyramid form, and drawings of recent projects; through 7/12. View, 250 E. 51st St. (317-9757).

Ellen Kozak—Recent paintings; through 9/16. Pratt Institute, President's Gallery, 200 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-3517), Mon.-Fri. 9-4.

Susan Mastrangelo/Ana Kariotakis—Plaster sculptures of figures/Photographs of abandoned dolls. Through 7/20. Curcio/Spector, 304 E. 5th St. (505-0409).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). An invitational show of works by 30 artists, including Blosser, Borocz, Gillespie, Kruger, Merz; through 8/7.

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). Depictions of roses, with works by Homer, Chase, Sargent, others; through 7/18.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Sculpture editions published by Art Foundry, Inc. of Santa Fe, including works by Adams, Benglis, DiRobillant, Nauman, Rothenberg, Salle, Tuttle, others; 6/18-8/22.

Reinhold Brown—26 E. 78th St. (734-7999). An exhibition focusing on the influence of Russian Constructivism on international graphic design, with works by Anderson, El Lissitzky, Malevich, Matter, Scher, the Stenberg brothers, Weiner, others; through 7/26.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme"; through 8/16.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Escape Artists," with works by Behnke, Dodd, Kraft, Laub, Nick, Sullivan, others; 6/27-8/16.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscape, still lifes, and interior paintings by Anderson, D'Elia, Skarloff, others; through 8/29.

Kraushaar—724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730). Works in black and white by Callahan, Degner, Gechtoff, Lechay, Schrag, Sperry, others; through 7/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Figurative works by twentieth-century artists, among them Avery, Bishop, Delaney, Johnson, Soyer, Thompson, others; biomorphic drawings from 1944-1947 by Charles Seliger; through 8/20.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Abstract works by Diller, Kelpie, Scarlett, and Jaudon; through 8/15.

Ground Rules:

In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

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Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Life drawings by fourteen artists, among them Bartlett, Doyle, Hull, Massad, others; through 7/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (966-3970). "Tampering With the Reel," with film, video, and video installations by Bordwin, Lewis, Sogo, Toufic, Yeomans; through 7/19.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). A show that examines an aspect of painting in which certain artists deliberately sabotage the medium in order to revitalize it, with works by Bacon, de Benedetto, Dona, Marcaccio, Stella, others; through 7/19.

Exit Art/The First World—Works in various media by ten contemporary Korean artists; through 7/5.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). "Off the Wall," with works by Calderon, Deese, Harris, McCarty, Norrie, Okulick, others; through 7/7.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Works by Bordwin, Calame, Craven, Darling, Dowell, Goldberg; through 7/3.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Paintings by Ferren, Greene, Grillo, Pace; summer scenes by gallery artists and new talent; 6/21-7/16.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). "Closed Circuit," a site-specific project by Silvia Kolbowski that addresses the recent move of a number of SoHo galleries to Chelsea; object-works that allude to craft, design, and performance by Mack, Rose, Wampler; through 7/12.

Rosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). Works by Ashkin, Gursky, Fischl & Weiss; through 7/11.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). Works on paper by Kuitca, Laib, Lasker, Moore, Nauman, Smith, Tuttle, and Vital; through 7/25.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). "In Transit 3," with site-specific works by the Swiss artists Sabina Bauman, Karim Noureldin, and Felice Varini; a selection of works by the Swiss artist Dieter Roth; through 7/3.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). Paintings by Amer, Byron, Dona, Hollingsworth, Howe, Macias, Schoen; through 7/28.

Chelsea

Baldacci—521 W. 21st St. (463-0919). "Ut Scientia Pictura," with works that suggest a scientific bent, by Cemin, Hyde, Long, Lucas, Moylan, Muniz, Raskin; through 7/31.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). Works by Benglis, Fuss, Salle, Spitzer; through 7/31.

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). Works by Heilmann, Jonas, Koether, Prieto; through 7/31.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (279-9219). New paintings by Abbott, Featherly, Gonzalez, Ruyter; through 7/13.

Other

Art in the Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251), Thurs.-Sun. 1-6. Digital and media installations by Bookchin, Cooke, Johnson, Joo, Kurgan, Lanier, Wortzel, others; through 8/3.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.-Sat. 12-5. "Home Is Where the Heart Is: Our Family Values," with works by Elliott Bassman, Cathy Cade, Tress, Wertheim, others; through 7/12.

YWCA—610 Lexington Ave. (735-9781). "The Bathing Suit Show," with bathing suits by 21 artists, including Fried, Guarnaccia and Hochbaum, Lovell, Mischak, Oji, Williams; through 7/26.

Photography

John Abbott—Photographs of jazz musicians; 6/18-7/19. Carr, 478 W. Broadway (673-5518).

Mario Algaze—Photographs of Latin American cities; through 7/5. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Lillian Bassman—A retrospective of works by the 80-year-old fashion photographer who began her career at *Harper's Bazaar* as an assistant to the de-

signer Alexey Brodovitch in 1941 and whose innovative graphic effects and mysteriously elegant style helped define the trajectory of fashion photography; through 8/16. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.-Fri. 12-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

Ken Botto—A retrospective of the artist's early color photographs of tiny constructed tableaux made from old toys, postcards, and memorabilia; through 7/19. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Marilyn Bridges—A survey of the artist's aerial photographs of the United States; through 7/31. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Kenneth Chen/Jason Yates—Collaborative works that incorporate paintings, performance, and video; 6/18-7/22. Gallery at 678, 678 Broadway (477-8422).

Jessica Craig-Martin and Lucas Michael—Two separate series of photographs—one by each artist—that are meant to be viewed as a collaborative effort; through 7/25. Boesky & Callery, 51 Greene St. (941-9888).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Cameron, Cunningham, Leibovitz, Weston, others; photographs of nudes by Larry Colwell made between 1943 and 1959; through 7/31.

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Photographs by the painters Paul Cadmus, Jared French, and Margaret French that were taken during their summers together on the beaches of Fire Island, Provincetown and Nantucket, and during winters back in their New York and New Jersey studios; through 7/11.

Charles Henri Ford/Allen Frame—Vintage black-and-white photographs from a series taken in Italy in 1954 and portraits of his friends and colleagues, among them Andre Breton, James Van Der Zee, and his sister, the actress Ruth Ford/Haunting black-and-white images of urban spectacles and interior dramas that pay homage to the films of Antonioni, Visconti, Fellini, and Cassavetes. Through 8/15. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2.50 students and seniors. "Marc Riboud: Forty Years of Photography in China." Photographs taken in China over the past four decades; 6/27-9/14. "Mountain Folks in Yunnan: Selected Photographs of Wu Jialin"; 6/27-9/14.

International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.-Sun. 11-6, Tues. 11-8 (6-8 admission by voluntary contribution); \$4, \$2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Crosstown." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7. "Fast Forward: Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood." Photographs exploring the youth culture of Los Angeles by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Young Photographer; through 7/13.

Doris Kloster—Self-portraits of the artist wearing masks, wigs, and imitation body parts; through 7/11. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Herbert Matter/Mike Disfarmer—Still lifes, landscapes, nudes, and portraits by the Swiss designer (1907-1984)/Black-and-white portraits of local farm families and townspeople taken in the thirties in Heber Springs, Arkansas, where the photographer (1884-1959) had his studio. Through 7/3. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Fred W. McDarragh—Photographs documenting the Gay Pride Movement; 6/27-29. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "About Painting," with photographs that explore photography as a painterly medium by Eggleston, Gerber, Gursky, Kalpakjian, Polidori, Welling; 6/24-8/1.

Ozzie Sweet—Photographs of baseball stars; through 7/25. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Augustina von Nagel—Photographs of compositions of found images; through 7/3. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 6/26-9/7. "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; 6/26-9/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10-6, Thurs. till 8 (pay what you wish 6-8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. "Extinct." Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$7 suggested contribution, \$5 students and seniors, \$4 children.

Asia Society—"Picturing Hong Kong: Photography 1855-1910." Scenes of local life, family portraits, and depictions of the British colonial presence during the early period of the city's phenomenal growth; through 8/17. "Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." Paintings and decorative objects dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries from the former royal court of Kotah in northern India; through 7/20. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6-8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Masterworks: Italian Design, 1960-1994." A selection of furniture, metalwork, glass, ceramics, and lighting by Italian designers, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum; through 8/10. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Talk Back! The Community Responds to the Permanent Collection, Part II"; through 6/22. "Catheleen Lewis and Michael Richards: Recent Works." Installation and sculpture by both artists; through 6/22. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$3 suggested donation; \$2 students; \$1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Process on Paper—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. "From Pockets to Pouches: Three Centuries of Handbags at the Brooklyn Museum of Art." A selection of historical and period handbags from the museum's own collection; through 6/22. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-9, Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; 6/24-10/19. "The Jewelry of Tone Vigeland"; through 8/24. "Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929-72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/31. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10-9, Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: A Place Called Abroad." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. "Project: Print." Works by high school students who participated in a ten-week art workshop sponsored by the museum's education department; through 8/31. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Lillian Bassman." A retrospective of fashion photographs; through 8/16. . . "Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; 6/24-10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642); Tues.-Fri. 12-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

Frick Collection—"The Proud Republic: Dutch Medals of the Golden Age." A selection of seventh-century Dutch medals; through 7/27. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"The Art of the Everyday: France in the 90s." Works that explore the quotidian by eight young French artists; through 6/28. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780); Tues., Thurs., and Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8:30, Sat. 11-5; voluntary contribution of \$2.50.

Guggenheim Museum—"Cristina Iglesias." A survey of recent sculpture by the Basque artist; 6/20-9/7. . . "From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing, Masterworks From the Albertina and Guggenheim." Works on paper from the past five centuries, from the collections of the the Guggenheim and the Graphische Sammlung Albertina in Vienna; 6/20-9/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$8, \$5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Reversible Destiny: Arakawa/Gins." Collaborative works by Arakawa and Madeline Gins; 6/25-8/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-8, Sun. 11-6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"The Art of the Japanese Buddhist Sculptor (7th-14th Centuries)." A selection of carved images of Buddha dating from the seventh to the fourteenth century, by Japanese Buddhist sculptors; through 7/6. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$3 suggested donation.

Jewish Museum—"Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigration experience in the United States; through 10/13. . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 6/28. . . "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 10/13. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5; free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Ivan Albright: Magic Realist." A major retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and lithographs by the American artist (1897-1983); through 9/7. . . "Cartier: 1900-1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; through 8/3. . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . "The Glory of Byzantium." The Second Golden Age of Byzantium (A.D. 843-1261) is the subject of this exhibition, which comprises more than 350 masterpieces in all media from the museums and church treasuries of more than twenty countries; through 7/6. . . "American Tonalism: Paintings, Drawings, Prints, and Photographs"; through 6/29. . . "The Print in the North: The Age of Albrecht Dürer and Lucas van Leyden"; through 7/13. . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900-1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. . . "Indian Court Painting: 16th-19th Century"; through 7/6. . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313);

Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A Passion for the Past: The Collection of Bertram K. and Nina Fletcher Little." A collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and furnishings gathered by the Little family over several decades for their eighteenth-century summer retreat, Cogswell's Grant, in Essex, Massachusetts; through 7/6. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Russian Design." Movie posters; studies for posters, magazines, and journals; designs for theatrical sets; and a selection of the Stenberg early Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 9/2. . . "Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life." A survey of still-life paintings and sculpture that focuses on the innovations introduced to the tradition by twentieth-century artists; through 8/26. . . "More Than One: Twentieth-Century Print Portfolios"; through 9/2. . . "Cindy Sherman: The Complete Untitled Film Stills"; 6/26-9/2. . . "Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects." Highlights drawn from the portfolios, sketchbooks, and models of the ten architects asked to submit designs for the museum's expansion and renovation; through 7/8. . .

"Brought to Light: Black Cinema, 1921-1959." Postcards, lobby cards, pressbooks, and heralds that focus on African-American independent cinema, from the collection of James A. Wheeler; through 7/6. . . "From the Grace M. Mayer Collection." Photographs and prints bequeathed to the museum by its former curator emeritus; through 7/15. . . "American Photography 1890-1965: From the Collection"; through 7/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed.; \$8.50, \$5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Gets Married: Dressing for a Special Day, 1765-1997"; through 6/21. . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building" Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . "A Museum for a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"172nd Annual Exhibition"; through 6/22. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

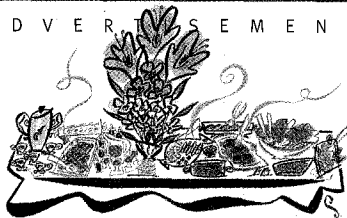
Retrospective Flesh Story

The obsessive, hyperrealist paintings of Ivan Le Lorraine Albright (1897-1983), on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art through September 7, are revelations of meticulous technical mastery and harrowing imagery. Renowned in his native Chicago but barely known in the East, his portraits offer documentations of flesh in decay (a state Albright called "corrugated mush"), unflinching ruminations on the nature of human vanity and mortality. The son of an artist, Albright (whose identical twin, Malvin, became a sculptor) was first drawn to studies in architecture. But shortly thereafter, he was recruited in World War I to make sketches of the wounded and their surgery. Doubtless his preoccupation with the vulnerability of the human body took root at this time, although it would be ten years before Albright would find a way to express it. While his early portraiture shows a debt to Rembrandt—with its earthy tones and dramatic chiaroscuro—his own idiosyncratic voice began to emerge in the late twenties. From this period comes the weary Melville-esque boatsman in *Heavy the Oar to Him Who Is Tired, Heavy the*



Coat, Heavy the Sea (1929) and *Into the World Came a Soul Named Ida* (1929-30), in which a saturnine woman gazes into a mirror with resignation at her fading beauty. Albright's greatest fame came in the mid-forties with *Picture of Dorian Gray* (1943-44), which he painted in Hollywood for MGM's Oscar-nominated adaptation of the Wilde novel. But his presence and spirit have become more subtly pervasive through the years. Not only did Albright's startling vision anticipate Chicago artists like Jim Nutt, Ed Paschke, and the other members of the figure-deforming "Hairy Who" school, but it finds increasing corollaries today. It's there in the creepy prosthesis creatures of Cindy Sherman, or in the mutated animals of Alexis Rockman—or for that matter, in the films of Davids Lynch and Cronenberg. Albright's heirs make up a dark, decidedly modern fellowship.

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Illustration by Steven Salerno

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley," through 9/13. ... "Wild New York: The Printmaker and the Natural Landscape From the Age of Exploration Through the Twentieth Century," through 6/28. ... "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society

"Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. ... "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

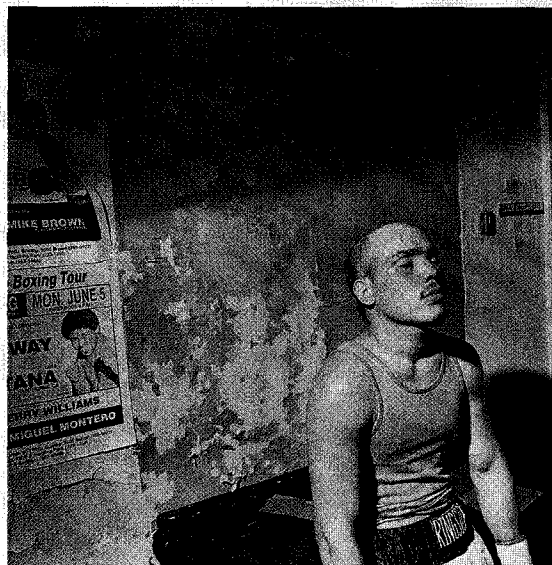
Pierpont Morgan Library

"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. ... "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Queens Artists: Highlights of the 20th Century." Works by Benny Andrews, Joseph Cornell, James Brooks, Alex Katz, Melissa Meyer, Isamu Noguchi, Ad Reinhardt, Art Spiegelman, and other artists who have lived or worked in Queens; through 7/6. ... "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3 suggested donation, \$1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986-1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Keith Haring: Retrospective." The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958-90) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, and antic Everyman figures; 6/26-9/21. ... "Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922-1932." Drawings, architectural models, and computerized reconstructions of projects that were never realized as architecture, produced during the most prolific years of the architect's career; 6/25-9/14. ... "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882-1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his inter-



Photography A Knockout

Larry Fink's black-and-white boxing photographs capture the workaday world of this brutal American sport with eloquence and affection. They're on view at the Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Avenue (through September 7); at Yancey Richardson, 560 Broadway (July 2 through August 29); and in a handsome new monograph, 'Boxing: Photographs by Larry Fink' (Powerhouse Books; \$49.95).

est in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. ... "Larry Fink: Boxing Photographs." Photographs of boxers taken at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris

"Quicker Than a Wink: The Photographs of Harold Edgerton." More than 75 prints by the inventor of stroboscopic photography and the electronic flash from the Whitney Museum's permanent collection; through 6/27. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.-Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 6/25 at 6:30: "Dresses, From the Collection of of Diana, the Princess of Wales." On view from 6/19. 6/26 at 10: "Watches." On view from 6/20. 7/1 at 10: "Stamps." On view from 6/27.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 6/25 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorative Arts & Paintings." On view from 6/20.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 6/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana." On view from 6/14. 6/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Americana." On view from 6/16. 6/21 at 10:15: "Disney." On view from 6/16. 6/21 at 2: "Animation." On view from 6/16. 6/23 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 6/19. 6/24 at 10:15: "Stamps." On view from 6/21. 6/25 at 10:15 and 2: "Coins." On view from 6/21.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 6/19 at 10:30: "Art & Architecture Books." On view from 6/14.

Photograph by Larry Fink.

theater

Mark Brokaw... Notions in Motion

Broadway

Now Playing

An American Daughter—Wendy Wasserstein's new political comedy. Lynn Thigpen picked up a Tony award for her portrait of a middle-aged, African-American Jewish doctor. \$35-\$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/13/97. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. \$40-\$70. Wed.-Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi mono-drama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). \$25-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Candide—Voltaire with a Leonard Bernstein beat. Hal Prince revives this musical satire, starring Jim Dale, Andrea Martin, Harolyn Blackwell, and Jason Danieley. \$20-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/29/97. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who

gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. \$49.50. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 drama. Janet McTeer won the 1997 Tony award for her interpretation of Nora, as did Owen Teale, for the ordinarily thankless part of Torvald. \$25-\$60. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/2/97. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/3/97. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Gin Game—D. L. Coburn's play, about two people in a retirement home, shows off the talents of two older actors. It is the thing the theater needs if its aging stars are not themselves to end up in like fashion. So we must be grateful to Coburn for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. Weller fancies himself a wizard at cards, and entices the seemingly frail Fonsia, new to gin rummy, to provide him with an easy mark. But Fonsia has both a canny and a lucky streak, and goes on, over a week or so, to win every single hand. This makes Weller angrier and angrier, and Fonsia sweeter and sweeter, enraging her partner until the otherwise uneventful play ends in a tragicomic climax. (Simon: 5/5/97). \$15-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/20/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Olympic gymnast Dominique Dawes joins the cast as cheerleader Patty Simcox, Jeff Conaway plays D.J. Vince Fontaine, and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. \$30-\$67.50.



Previews Heads Will Roll

Until this summer, the New York Shakespeare Festival had never in its 43-year history staged a production of *Henry VIII*. Some say it's because Joseph Papp, the festival's founder, was a deeply superstitious man—and it was during a performance of this particular drama that the Globe Theatre burned to the ground. But Papp's widow, Gail, offers a more probable explanation: "I think he believed it wasn't as viable a play as some of the others." Not for want of good dialogue or an interesting plot, she points out: It's just that the play's authorship is in question—even more so than that of the others—and it is awfully difficult to stage, thanks to an oversupply of short scenes and an overabundance of pomp. (It was the script's call for cannon fire that got the Globe into trouble in 1613.) But Papp was charmed enough by *Henry VIII*'s good qualities (complex characters, juicy story) to include it in the Shakespeare Marathon, which he launched in 1987. The story of the fickle-hearted monarch is the marathon's thirty-sixth and final production—and also, coincidentally, this summer's first offering in Central Park's Delacorte Theater. Currently in previews. Opens June 26.



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Opened: 5/11/94. Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W.
49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Jekyll & Hyde—What do you think it's about? Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy*, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*. Winner of the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsisizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). \$15-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. \$40-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).

London Assurance—Brian Bedford stars in Boucicault's 1841 comedy of manners and irresistibly named characters (Sir Harcourt Courtly, Lady Gay Spanker). \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 6/29. Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacré* herself. \$32.50-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. Broadway Theatre, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. \$40-\$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. Majestic Theatre, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experi-



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In Adobe Theatre's 'Notions in Motion,' no theatrical conceit is sacred: An actor bathed in the spit of an overenunciating colleague mops his face in disgust; a television screen reveals an actress offstage, reapplying her makeup. The mirthful, frame-smashing technique well serves this modern adaptation of Pirandello's 'Each in His Own Way,' underscoring the script's basic premise—that truth and illusion are tough to separate. Call 560-7387 for details. Performances run through June 28.

ence—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65–\$75. At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Steel Pier—Think Atlantic City, 1933: dance marathons, lovebirds, and cotton candy. A new musical by Kander, Ebb, and Thompson, starring Gregory Harrison, Karen Ziemba, Daniel McDonald, and Debra Monk. \$35–\$75. Mon.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/24/97. Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

Titanic—Go down with the ship—and its 1997 Tony award for Best Musical. Directed by Richard Jones. \$45–\$75. Mon.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

Victor/Victoria—Curves be damned! Raquel Welch, whose va-va-voogie figure has tormented men for three decades, succeeds Julie Andrews as the sexual palindrome of Broadway—a woman-playing-a-man-playing-a-woman. Written and directed by Blake Edwards; musical adaptation by (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse. Also starring Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York. \$20–\$75. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Marquis Theatre, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Young Man From Atlanta—There's good down-home, Southern-fried atmosphere at the Houston house of Will and Lily Dale Kidder, but where the hell is the play? Rip Torn, terrific when he plays disturbingly shady characters, must here keep reinventing himself in Shirley Knight is stuck with the hard task of making a stupid woman lovable, which would tax a much better actress. Once again, the Pulitzer has gone to bogus profundity. (Simon: 4/7/97). \$25–\$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 6/27/97. Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Always ... Patsy Cline—Opryland Theatricals presents a two-character musical about the two-year correspondence between Patsy Cline and Texan housewife Louise Seger. The show features more than twenty songs by the country superstar, including the one most favored by wacky presidential candidates when they're making their exits. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. \$40–\$45. Mon.—Wed. at 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 6/24 opening. Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).

As Bees in Honey Drown—Mark Brokaw, whose subtle direction of *How I Learned to Drive* won him a Drama Desk award, tries his hand at a new comedy by Douglas Carter Beane (author of *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything, Julie Newmar*). \$12. Wed.—Sat. at 8. In previews for a 6/19 opening. Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow Street (629-4656).

Henry VIII—The Shakespeare Marathon, started by Joseph Papp, has lasted more years than this king had wives. It concludes its decade-long spree this month with the story of England's most fickle-hearted monarch, coincidentally the season's first production of Shakespeare in Central Park. Free. Tues.—Sun. at 8. In previews for a 6/26 opening. Through 7/9. Delacorte Theatre at Central Park (539-8655).

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Jest a Second!—Jewish Repertory Theatre presents James Sherman's sequel to his *Beau Jest*. \$35. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 6/15. Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).

Queens Blvd.—A new comedy about the turmoil wrought by an attractive new roommate. Written by Paul Corrigan, Shubert Award winner for playwriting. \$20–\$25. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 6/23 opening. No performances on 6/17, 6/24, or 6/29 at 3. Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (239-6200).

Seeking the Genesis—Kia Corthron's newest drama. C Ana, a single mom from the projects who has already lost one of her two sons to gangs and drugs, is confronted with a moral dilemma about how to spare the other. \$32. Tues.—Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/17 opening. Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).

Something Blue—The honor of your presence is requested at a trailer-park-wedding fiasco. Written and performed by Michaela Murphy; directed by Tim Blake Nelson. \$32.50–\$35. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Wed. at 7; Sat. at 2 and 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 6/22 opening. Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).

You Don't Miss the Water—A collaborative effort from Pulitzer Prize-nominated poet Cornelius Eady and jazz composer Diedre L. Murray. \$30. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4 and 7:30. In previews for a 6/18 opening. Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (353-3874).

Now Playing

All My Sons—A fiftieth-anniversary production of Arthur Miller's classic, starring John Cullum and directed by Barry Edelstein. \$45. Tues.—Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 6/29. Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).

Baby Anger—A yuppie couple's baby boy is cast in an award-winning commercial—as a girl. Quel drag! Presented by Playwrights Horizons, written by Peter Hedges (*What's Eating Gilbert Grape*), and starring Kristen Johnston (*3rd Rock from the Sun*). \$35. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/8. Anne G. Wilder Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. \$50. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$39–\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. \$40. Tues.—Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).

Capitol Steps—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. \$40. Mon., Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

Chez GARBO—A revival from last season. In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the reclus's life. \$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. Through 8/24. DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).

Clean—A married woman falls for a drag queen. A young male teenager pines for a priest. Edwin Sanchez, author of *Trafficking in Broken Hearts*, takes these already-delicate dilemmas and sets them in the potentially unforgiving context of Latino culture and mores. \$32. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. 2 and 8, and Sun. at 7. Opened 6/9. Through 7/7. Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).

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Collected Stories—The conflict between the established artist and the adulatory fan who becomes a protégé, disciple, colleague, and friend—and finally threatening rival—is one of those great topics that have fascinated us at least since Paul Bourget's *The Disciple* (1889) through Joe Mankiewicz's movie *All About Eve* (1950) to our time. It resurfaces in Donald Margulies's provocative new play, which confronts the prominent short-story writer Ruth Steiner with her student turned confidante turned competitor Lisa Morrison. As always, Margulies is literate, intellectually stimulating, and able to create characters of both dramatic and human interest. A good play. (Simon: 6/1/97). Awarded by the Los Angeles Drama Critics Circle for best new play; stars Debra Messing and Maria Tucci. \$45. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Opened 5/20. *The Manhattan Theater Club/Stage I at City Center*, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).

Fairy Tales—Eric Lane Barnes's naughty musical revue about gay life. Directed by Mark Cannistraro (*Vampire Lesbians of Sodom*, *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You*). \$12–\$30. Mon.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. Through 6/28. *WPA Theatre*, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater*, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$35–\$40. Mon., Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad*, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monoforce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. (Simon: 10/14/96.) \$37.50–\$40. Mon.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. \$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre*, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$37.50–\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse*, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).

The Great Hall—A new musical about a motley (what else?) crew of immigrants arriving at Ellis Island in the 1920s. \$20. Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened 6/6. *Sanford Meisner Theater*, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 23rd St. (352-4474).

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—After a long and giddy run at the Greenwich House, the Tectonic Theater production has found a finally home on Off Broadway. From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together a show about Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." \$20–\$45. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre*, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).

Home—Melting Pot Theatre Company revives this drama by Sam-Art Williams, which won the Outer Critics Circle award in 1979 and a Tony nomination in 1980 for best new play. \$15–\$25. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through

6/29. *Theatre of the Riverside Church*, 490 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. (279-4200).

Homework—Kim Coles, the thoroughly engaging klutz from *Living Single*, now stars as a thoroughly engaging adolescent in this coming-of-age comedy, which she co-wrote with Charles Randolph-Wright. Drawn from the actress's own life, the script makes ample use of Coles's gift for mimicry (she plays about a dozen auxiliary female characters, in addition to her young self) and sparkles with oddball cultural references. To wit: "I don't give a damn what Damita Jo Freeman is wearing. Turn that *Soul Train* off, and go do your homework." \$20. Wed.—Sat. at 8. Through 6/28. *HERE*, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Miss Vogel uses the topography and chronology of her own life for L.B.'s story; is this done merely to anchor fiction more firmly in reality, or are we nudged into speculating about her self-proclaimed lesbianism, even if we accept her asseveration that this is not autobiography? Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. David Morse is an utterly disarming U.P.: cunning pedophile and self-deluded good ol' boy in warm-hearted blend; Mary-Louise Parker dons several ages from 11 to 35 with the skill of a quick-change artist. (Simon: 3/31/97). \$25–\$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; re-opened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater*, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. \$45. Mon., Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater*, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. And he would have loved this: the management's throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. \$25. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East*, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex*, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. \$25–\$45. Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. \$30–\$35. Tues.—Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse*, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).

Men on the Verge of a His-Panic Breakdown—Multiple monologues about the gay Hispanic experience starring Felix A. Pire. \$30. Tues.—Sat. at 9, Sun. at 5. *47th St. Theatre*, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).

More Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. \$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *Primary Stages*, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).